



THROUGH THE YEARS

SOMETHING OF A LIFE STORY

By

HYMAN LEROY HARRIS

An expression of my personal desire to
chronicle some of the experiences and events
that have meaning for me and maybe also for
others who share this interest.

Wendell, North Carolina
1975

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PREFACE

There are certain reasons why I undertook the task of putting this sketchy record together but chiefly because of my love for and interest in history. First it was an effort to record some of the facts that were known about my family. The larger task of bringing together the known relevant facts about this Pitt County family in a satisfactory historical record, was something that was waiting to be done. Perhaps in the not too distant future the person with the necessary time and talent will come along and give us such a record. But while we are waiting for this to happen, it seemed wise at this juncture to chronicle the few facts that are known lest they be overlooked and forgotten. Since there was no written record the only procedure seemed to be that of enquiring from the older members of the family and noting the facts retained by their uncertain memory. My father who at the time was the oldest living member of this family, rendered invaluable aid. There is hardly a family anywhere today whose individual members do not keep in the Bible or some other place a record of the birth, marriage and death of the members of that particular family. But if a family record was kept by anyone any further back than my parents, nothing is known about it. Hopefully the individual record of our families today will be available to those interested members who will come after us.

Very little history gets written compared to the great volume that might be written. We are not a history minded people. If we are making progress in this respect, it is slow. During my years in the itinerant Methodist ministry, it was my lot to move around from point to point over the boundary of the North Carolina Conference which includes the eastern portion of the State. I discovered that there was a great deal of history of a local nature in almost every community waiting to be uncovered. The historical groups that are found in most communities have in many instances done a commendable job. But there are many reasons why the finished product of these groups is all too limited. Too few of our urban centers as well as our counties, have what could be called a satisfactory written record. Something invaluable in this field was accomplished when, during the great depression, the Federal Works Agency gave to us the American Guide Series dealing with the history of the various states. The North Carolina volume

of this series is perhaps the most satisfactory source of local history yet available to us. Back in 1939 these otherwise unemployed writers, journalists and research workers, traveled in every nook and corner of our state and sent to headquarters in Raleigh between one and two million words of roughly transcribed source material. It is this material that has been classified and edited by a competent group of individuals that constitutes this North Carolina volume in the Guide series.

In addition to the varied experiences that came to me in my work as pastor of the churches I served, I discovered also that there were interesting bits of local history that had interest for me. Some of this history was well known; some not so well known. This record has been extended to incorporate certain aspects of this history. The select papers that are found in the concluding portion of this work are given a place as they seem to fit into the general pattern of this work.

Wendell, N. C.
February 25, 1976

John L. Harris

Origin of the Harris Family

We would like to know more about our ancestors. It is not too difficult to secure general information. Modern research institutes that specialize in genealogical records have compiled "histories" but they tell us little about those whom we are pleased to call our ancestors. To get this line established requires skill, patience and resources that are hard to come by.

We quote from a publication supplied by the American Geological Institute: "Genealogy, being as it is the study of individual people and their relationship within the social unit of the family, parallels and in some degree reflects the history of mankind. Practically every civilization on earth has found root in the organization of the family, and, thus, each history is composed of many family histories. The royal pedigree of the Roman emperors and of the European monarchs are but another form of the histories of these civilizations. And even today it may be seen that the history of America is not dissimilar to the history of any of our great colonial American families...Undoubtedly the greatest impetus to the development of genealogy and family history has been common curiosity. This innate characteristic of man probably accounts for more pedigrees and family histories than any other one thing. People are, have been, and will always be inherently curious about those distant figures who bore their name. The history of those ancestors records the origin of their family names, the basis of their family traditions, indeed, in some cases, even the reasons for their very existence. And such curiosity is in fact a healthy and vital thing, for it identifies and perpetuates traditions and truths which make for a meaningful and moral existence."

We have heard it said by those whom we thought out to know, that there were three Harris brothers who came to America from England. One settled in Eastern North Carolina, one went to Georgia and the other settled in Virginia. There are possibly two basic truths in this otherwise

broad and general statment: The Harrises did come from across the waters. All the other families did too. And they did come from England. About this latter fact something further might be said. It is the name Harris that concerns us right now.

We are told that the Romans were the first Europeans to make use of family names, a practice that suffered a decline with the fall of the Riman Empire about 500 A. D. Throughout the years most Europeans used only the given or baptisnal name. With the increase of the population and the growth of urban communities, it became obvious that a single name was not sufficient for the purpose of identifying individual people. Out of this situation evolved the hereditary use of the surname (family names which are passed down to later generations in the same or similar fashion). With the Norman invasion of England in 1066, the influence of the French language along with the feudal society was introduced to the Anglo-Saxon culture. After a period of a few hundred years the Anglo-Saxon language abd traditions were completely absorbed. Some kind of system of hereditary surnames evolved and in time were transferred intact to the American colonies. A good example of what happened might be seen in the patronymic Harris.

The name is a derivative form of the French Henri, meaning "home ruler" or as sometimes interpreted "little Henry" or "son of Henry." This name "Henri" was common among the Franks that conquered the Lorie valley in Riman Gaul. The Normans taking up abode along the coast of France in the 9th and 10th centuries also adopted the name Henri and when those Normans conquered England in 1066, they brought this name with them. The first Norman king born in England, Henry I, helped popularize his given name among his subjects. For political reasons he deemed it expedient to identify with his English subjects and to this end he chose to speak the English language and encouraged his barons to do likewise.

The English pronouncement of the nasal French Henri came out Harry and because Henry was so widely used by the Anglo-Norman rulers, all English kings came to be nicknamed Harry even when the monarch's name was entirely different. And so the cognomen Harris not only derived from "Henry", it also stems from the word harrier which refers to a hunter particularly of small game.

Among other things the Normans brought many of their game laws to England. Peasants were prohibited from hunting without the

permission of their feudal lord. It seems that Harriers on a baron's manor were men who had that privilege and who took care of the hunting dogs belonging to the estate. And so we have Harrase - "to trouble by repeated attacks; to disturb persistently" a word that derives from these medieval Germans and old French hunting expressions. Some Harris ancestors undoubtedly were harriers or hunters.

It is reasonable to believe that the three Harris brothers came from England. In the area where the Normans were the most numerous, the name Harris is most frequently found. This includes the area in the south, north of Lincoln and Chester counties. The Harris name is frequently found in Monmouthshire, Cornwall, Devon and South Wales. It is less frequently found in north Oxford, Northampton, Warwick and Worcestershire. In the north-central part of England, Harrison is more common. A census taken by the Normans soon after coming to power supplies the record of men of landed wealth and contains some of the earliest entries of Harris as a formal surname. By the 16th century Harris was firmly established in spelling and usage. When the first census was taken in the new United States in 1790, it was then the thirtieth most popular name. The files of the Social Security system in 1964 reveals that Harris is now the sixteenth most common name in this country. We are told that there are approximately 587,000 adult Harrises in the United States today.

Sketches of the Harris family show that the Harris name was frequently found in New England in the early period of colonization, i. e., previous to 1640. One William Harris was in Salem, Mass. in 1636. He removed with Roger Williams to build Providence, R. I. in 1636. His brother, Thomas, settled in Providence the next year. Captain Thomas Harris, aged 38 years, arrived in this country in 1611 on the vessel Prosperous and settled in what is now Henrico County, Virginia. He was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1623-1629-1647 and held many grants of land. He married Adria Osborne and from this union descended Major Robert Harris. One James Harris, born about 1640, settled in Boston, Mass. He married Sarah Denison in 1666 by whom he had eleven children. The eldest son, Lieut. James Harris (2nd) of New London, Conn. attained some prominence in the community where he lived. One Edward Harris, born in Scotland, May 16, 1741, came to America and settled in

Washington, Ky. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War under Washington. Charles Kassel Harris (May 1, 1865--Dec. 22, 1930) son of Jacob and Rachel Harris of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. attained prominence as a song-writer and music publisher. When quite young a received an old banjo from an actor and learned a few tunes by ear. Music soon became a part of him. A disappointment in love, inspired his first song. In 1892 he wrote his biggest hit, "After the Ball" which netted him over \$100,000 and is still selling at the rate of 5,000 copies annually. James Arthur Harris (September 29---April 24, 1930), son of James Thomas and Ida Ellen (Lambert) Harris, was a native of Plantsville, Athens County, Ohio. He received the A. B. degree in 1901 from the University of Kansas, the M. A. degree in 1902 from the same institution, and the Ph. D. degree in 1903 from Washington University in St. Louis, Mo. From 1901 to 1903 he was botanical assistant at the Missouri Botanical Gardens; from 1904 to 1907 he was librarian at the same institution. He married Emma Lay on April 20, 1910 and to this union four sons were born. One Colonel James Harris was born in Pennsylvania. April 3, 1739. He settled on Clear Creek in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. He was chosen by his fellow countrymen a delegate to the Mecklenburg Convention, May 1775. In 1785 he served in the State Senate and distinguished himself, we are told, as a capable leader.

The names listed are mere names to us taken from a great host of names to show that the Harris name is found among some of the earliest settlers in the New World and that there are some among them that attained prominence. Paul Green in his symphonic drama, the Lost Colony which met its fate off the coast of North Carolina in 1587, elevates one Thomas Harris or "Old Tom" to prominence in his popular drama. He is one of the 117 who made up the personnel of the colony. "Old Tom" is perhaps the earliest Harris immigrant to come to the United States.

One Jacob Harris

Until further research is done, we will have to start with Jacob Harris about whom something is known. He was the father of four boys, James, Jacob, Matt (Matthew) and John. He settled on a farm in Pitt County, Pactolus township, known to the older settlers as the "Harris Place." This parcel of ground at the time of this writing is owned by a highly respected negro, Silas Langley. Jacob Harris is buried in some unmarked grave on this

farm. Where he came from, the line beyond him, is something yet to be determined. James, Jacob, John and Matt are the four boys born to Jacob Harris and his wife. The three elder boys, the 3 J's, lived on a farm near Pactolus where they died in their old age. They owned several farms one of which they gave to a young man, Jake Paramore, who was close to them and who befriended them on several occasions. James, Jacob and John are buried on one of the farms the three brothers owned, the Langley farm. The other brother, Matt, lived on a farm in the lower part of Pitt County known as "Possum Town". He died suddenly having dropped dead on the street in Greenville. He is buried on an undesignated place on the farm where he lived. John Harris married Sally Langley and was the father of two children, Bessie and Jim. After the death of his first wife he married Maude Dudley.

The elder Jacob Harris had a brother, James, James, who more directly concerns us for he was the progenitor of our line. He married Sally Briley. To this union the following children were born: Shade, James, Henry, Ben (Benjamin), Richard, Bettie, Mary and Sarah. Sarah was the longest survivor of this large family having died about 1939. James Harris lived on an adjoining farm to his brother Jacob already referred to. During the writer's early years the home place of James Harris was owned and farmed by Marion Tripp but long since passed into other hands. James Harris is buried in what was for so many years a pine thicket on the back part of the farm he owned. His grave is unmarked and only a few if any of his descendants know even of its general location. He was co-owner with his brother Jacob of a farm in "Possum Town", doubtless the same farm where their brother. When James Harris was about fifty years of age he moved to the Stanley Daniel farm where he was living when he died about the age of eighty.

My father described James Harris, his grandfather, as a tall, toothless, white-headed man when he knew him. He was regarded by those who knew him as an honest, industrious man. My father says that his father, Henry Clay Harris, had sincere affection for his father and he often heard him speak of sitting up with him during his last illness.

One of the boys of James Harris, Shade, left Pitt County about the year 1861 and settled in Beaufort County in the section known as South Creek. It is said that he left his native community to escape

conscription to the army. The Civil War was in progress at the time. It is said that he made his way quite secretly through the woods mostly at night to escape detection by guards who were keeping watch along the main travelled roads. He swam the creeks and streams with his clothes tied to his back. He loved and died in the South Creek community near the site of the present town of Aurora. He was something of a pioneer in that section of Beaufort County. By thrift and industry came to own considerable property consisting of farms and a saw mill. Shade Harris was the father of two children: one son, John who had descendants, lived near Aurora; a daughter, "Sid" married a local boy and settled in her native community.

Another son of James Harris, James Jr., was conscripted and lost his life in the Civil War. He was unmarried.

Another son, Henry Clay, grandfather of the writer, followed the example of his brother James, joining the army as a volunteer. He entered the service about the second year of the war, 1862, and served until the end, 1865. He fought with Lee at Gettysburg but fortunately escaped with nothing more serious than a wound in his side. The place of this wound left a large scar which he carried the rest of his life. Another of the boys, Ben, married Louise Coggins, and died of pneumonia while still a young man. He was a farmer, cultivating rented acres in the neighborhood. He left three children: Charlie J., Bennie and Fredonia. He is buried in the same place as his grandfather, the pine thicket on the back of the Marion Tripp farm. The site has already been referred to. The widow of Ben Harris married the brother of her husband, Richard. Of the first set of children, Charley J. was the longest liver and is well remembered by the writer. We will have more to say about this subject later. Bennie married Ed May, to which union one child, Nina, was born. Some of the older members of the family remember Nina. Fredonia died at the age of 10 or 11. To the union of Louise Coggins and Richard Harris, the following children were born: Anna, who died about the age of 12; John Hargett, who spent the larger part of his mature life in Farmville where he operated a merchantile establishment; Richard Edward, who died in 1836, launched a merchantile business in Falkland which prospered. Later R. E. Harris moved his family and business to Greenville and opened a larger merchantile establishment on Evans Street. He might well be called the merchant prince of the Harris family for he achieved considerable success in this field. He

also had extensive real estate holdings. Other children of Richard Harris, "Uncle Dick" we called him, were: Zebulon or "Teet" who operated a merchantile business in Bethel for a number of year but later retired to a farm in the vicinity where he was living when he died. Zebulon married Maude Barnhill, daughter of Cortez Barnhill and wife, Annie Proctor, a sister to my mother; Shade M. a successful farmer in the Belvoir community of Pitt County; one daughter, Lizzie, who lived the greater part of her life in Washington, D. C. where she held a civils service appointment; William Chester, a licensed attorney in Greenville where he spent the greater part of his life.

Uncle Dick, with a manifest ability for acquiring real estate, bought out the other heirs and lived for a number of years on the farm of his father, James Harris. Later he sold this farm and bought the farm that we know as the Albritton place. Inclined to be restless he later sold this tract of land and moved further up the Tar River and settled in the Belvoir community. He first bought the Randle place, later adding to this tract by other purchases. His wife died in 1890. Later he married Alma Parker. Upon the death of his second wife he married Sarah Moore. Perhaps this member of the family had at this time broken the record for the number of matrimonial ventures he had made, but he was destined to marry once again, this time to an older sister of my mother, Capitola Proctor Mayo, widow of Rufus J. Mayo who died in 1936. Richard Harris survived his fourth wife by a few years. At the time of his death he was the last surviving child of his parents.

There were three daughters of James Harris and wife, namely, Bettie, Sarah and Mary. Bettie married Bryant Augustus Tripp, to which union the following children were born: Lizzie, Lucy, Ashley, Annie, Henry or "Hen" as he was generally known, Fannie, Queenie, Snowdie. These children all lived out their lives in Pitt County except Queenie. She married Irvin Austin and settled in the South Creek community of Beaufort County. Descendants of this couple live in that community today. "Aunt Bet" survived her husband by a few years. Sarah married John Smith to which union the following children were born: Dave, Joseph and James. Sarah married a Mr. Moore when she was well advanced in years. Mary married William S. Leggette to whcih union the following children were

born: Jim Frank, Mattie, Jane, Richard or "Dick", Bett and Melbie.

Dick was probably the last surviving member of this couple and some of the older members of the family remember him. It is not known that any descendants of this branch of the family are living at this time.

As a boy my frequent visits to the home of Uncle Buck and Aunt Bett were pleasant and enjoyable. The couple lived alone during the years of my boyhood. The children were all grown and gone out and established homes of their own. The little farm upon which Uncle Buck lived and reared his family could not have contained more than thirty acres of open land. The house in which they lived had been constructed by the family on a piecemeal fashion. In many ways it must have been typical of the dwellings built by the early settlers along the frontier. A frame structure of five or six rooms of small dimension. One brick chimney on the East end of the house provided all the heat available for the cold winters. The old-fashioned wood cook stove in the kitchen served the double purpose of cooking and heating. The latter was particularly noticeable during the heat of summer. The house never knew the luxury of paint either on the interior or exterior. Because of the limited acres needed for the growing of crops, the dwelling, stock barns, shelters, yard and garden, the latter a valuable asset for the growing of vegetables for the family, were all compactly and neatly arranged. As a boy I thought Uncle Buck was some kind of genius in arranging all the necessary adjuncts of his farm in a pleasing and attractive manner. The front yard was enclosed by a picket fence as was also the garden and the stock barn area. The front yard was not without attractive shrubs. In the spring of the year it was some kind of show place as there was nothing in the neighborhood to compare with it. I was always attracted by the blooms and must have pestered Aunt Bett all too much by asking for just a little piece of the various shrubs to plant in our yard at home. She was very cooperative and I made a faithful effort but I do not recall that a single one of the "sprouts" lived. The sweet shrub, one of my favorites, would live long enough to put forth a few buds and like all the others, it just couldn't make it.

In retrospect from the vantage point of our modern day, it seems almost incredible that so large a family, parents and eight

children, could have found a farm of such limited acres sufficient to provide what was in that day a good living for such a large family. It is not enough to say that it was the trend of the times and what this family was doing was being done generally throughout the countryside. In some degree, maybe. But something else needs to be said. The thrift and industry of the family was an important factor. Independency and self-sufficiency, the almost unknown ingredient in modern life, was their stock and trade. They didn't have a beaten path to the local grocery store. They didn't have water, fuel, electric and phone bills in ever increasing amounts to pay each month. As my father was wont to say, they lived at home and boarded at the same place. With the help of the Lord they made the little farm produce the necessities for the family's living. The small ~~farm~~ area devoted to the vegetable garden was joined on one side by an extensive grape vine. They were the most luscious scuppernon grapes to be found anywhere. And following a well known scientific principle which Uncle Buck might or might not have known, was a near-by colony of honey bees numbering several hives. These were co-workers in supplying the family with an essential food. And always there was, at that long looked-for time of taking honey, enough honey for the neighbors. These and other sensible provisions provided for the needs of the Tripp family and helped them maintain a standard of living that was probably on a little higher level than that which prevailed in the neighborhood generally. The good Lord blessed the Tripp family with reasonably good health. This coupled to their thrift and industry found this not so little family supplied with ample resources for living. When the neighbors who boasted of greater acres and bigger houses found themselves in need of resorting to borrowed loans, they often made their way to the door of Bryant Augustus Tripp.

Life on the frontier

Those whom we have listed were part of that great host who were too late to belong to the old frontier that followed the trails to the old west, but they were identified with a new frontier. Sometimes we call this the transition period for it marked the boundary between

the old and the new.

Robert Hatten and his brother, John, were early settlers on the north side of Tar River and this included the Ram's Horn road community. They secured a patent to much of the land in this area at a price that was hardly more than fifty-cents per acre. Catherine Hatten (May 29, 1818--February 11, 1888) was the daughter of Robert Hatten. Catherine had a half-sister, Polly, who married a Mr. Rogers and a brother, David. The Hattens are important in our family line because Catherine married Ben Bell Albritton and the Albrittons' daughter, Henrietta Louisa, married Henry Clay Harris who plays an important role in any story of our family line. We will learn more about B. B. Albritton as our story unfolds. B. B. Albritton was the son of Sam Albritton who is said to have been a Major in the Revolutionary War. This fact, however, is not well confirmed. B. B. Albritton was born December 11, 1816, thirty-three years after the close of the War. So far as age is concerned, Sam Albritton could have held the rank ascribed to him. At the time of his death he was living in his native community and is buried in the Reddin cemetery near Pactolus. The exact spot is not known.

B. B. Albritton had three sisters: Tabitha, who married Henry Harrington. Jack Harrington who was for so many years a familiar figure around the Pitt County Court House, was a descendant of this union; Elizabeth married Enoch Moore and Lydia married Luke Short.

The Rev. Ben Bell Albritton was an interesting figure in his day and would be in any day. He died September 20, 1899 in his 83rd year. I doubtless looked upon him when I was some two years of age, which I was at the time of his death, but I have no recollection of him. There was a tall, lonely tombstone that marked his grave in the family burying ground near my boyhood home. For a long time his stone and that of his wife, Catherine, were the only two stones in the cemetery. There are many others there now. I remember how mystified I was by those strange, bold letters atop my great grandfather's tomb stone: A F W B P. What did they mean? I asked my father for an explanation. He said the stone was put there by some group in the Free Will Baptist Church of which he was a member and an honored minister. It was a way of showing the esteem in which my great grandfather was held and the letters simply meant: A Free Will Baptist preacher. Will the generations coming after us be able to correctly interpret these letters?

It is unfortunate that we know so little about those who have preceded us and who are our forbears, There is much in the life of this man that the Lord was pleased to call into the ministry of His Word that has interest for us today. After the fashion of his day he travelled those many year through the swampy lowlands of Eastern North Carolina, in and out of the homes of people who were glad to share with him their humble abode. What great interest these experiences would have for us today if he had taken the time to have recorded some of them for us. Many of us would prize such a record if it were available to us today. We are told that he was an effective evangelist, dedicated to the task of preaching the Word. We know, too, that he was a lover of children. I like the story my father used to tell of my great grandfather taking my sister, Sadie, born the same year the honored minister died, into his arms and blessing her. "She is beautiful" he said, "and some day she will make the heart of some man happy."

Parker's Chapel Free Will Baptist Church, the church with which my family has been in some measure connected since itsbeginning in 1856, came into being largely as the result of the labors of B. B. Albritton who was its first pastor. On October 9, 1955 Parker's Chapel observed its centennial anniversary. In 1855, according to he best information we have, two young ministers by the name of Utey and Rayfield, held a revival on the old River road near Greenville. During this revival, a young man of 39 years, was converted. Soon after this he felt the call to preach the Gospel and was ordained according to the usages of the Free Will Baptist Church. When Parker's Chapel was organized, he became the first pastor. His work in this capacity is not very well known. It is probable that the Parker's Chapel pastorate was his forst. We know he served Corinth church, near Plymouth, for a number of years. B. B. Albritton died in 1899 in his 83rd year. His wife Catherine preceded her husband in death by eleven years, having died in 1888. Both are buried in the family cemetery on the Albritton tract of land.

The Parental Approach

The record of any family in the South at this period must take note of the fact that the year 1861 was an important date in the history of this country. It marks the beginning of the tragic Civil War. The treaty

that was drawn in the process of settling the Mexican War included the Wilmot Proviso. One provision in this treaty disallowed slavery in any territory acquired from Mexico. Two years later the Compromise of 1850 admitted California as a free state and abolished slavery in the District of Columbia. The so-called Kansas War between "free" states and "slave" states began in 1854. John Brown raided the arsenal in Harper's Ferry in 1856. In 1860 Abraham Lincoln was elected to the presidency on an anti-slavery platform and South Carolina seceded from the Union. In the spring of 1861 Fort Sumter had been shelled into submission by a new Confederate States of America. The United States was no longer united. The Union invaded the Confederacy that summer but was beaten back in the battle of the first Bull Run. The South was blockaded by the Union Fleet and all that fall and winter the Union army prepared for the coming spring offensive.

The bloody battle of Antietam was fought the next year as was the awful battle of Shiloh. England failed to recognize the South. The Union gained control of the Mississippi River as far south as Vicksburg thereby dividing the South in two segments. In 1863 the battle of Chancellorsville led the Confederacy far up the Shenandoah valley into Pennsylvania only to be tragically beaten at Gettysburg. In the West the battle of Chattanooga opened the way for the Union to advance out of Tennessee into Georgia. The year 1864 opened with the battle of the Wilderness campaign which ultimately denied the South its invasion route up the Shenandoah Valley. At this time the superior resources of the North were becoming more and more decisive. Sherman began his drive toward the sea and the world was to see, somebody has reminded us, total war in modern form for the first time. He burned Atlanta and advanced to ravage the Carolinas. Then in 1865 the Confederacy was bloody, exhausted and hungry. General Lee surrendered the last fighting army of the Confederacy at Appomattox, Virginia, on April 9th and the tragic war between brothers came to an end.

The battle field doesn't tell the whole story of war sad and tragic as that is. The full tragedy is not fully comprehended until you look from that point down into the family circle. James Harris and his family was no different from many other families. One son, Jim, lost his life; another, Shade, left home and became a voluntary exile in the interior of Beaufort County, an area where the Union army had taken possession. My grandfather, Henry Clay Harris, was a volunteer although he wasn't but 17 years of age at the beginning of the war. We are told that

he fought with Lee at Gettysburg and was fortunate enough to escape with nothing more serious than a wound in his side leaving him with a scar he carried the rest of his life. He was in the service when the War ended in 1865.

Did my grandfather feel the futility and uselessness of that war as those of us feel who have a perspective he did not have? Did slavery enter the picture so far as my grandfather was concerned? A poor innocent, country lad who cherished his freedom and rights as youths do in every age, desired nothing more or less than to live out his life in freedom. Slavery was a system of tremendous political and economic proportions. Those who owned slaves counted them of great value in money and prestige. The poor white man had to live in competition with slaves in the economic world. His situation from every angle was an unenviable one. Many young men, no doubt, if they could have made a choice would have cast their vote against those who for whatever reason would perpetuate the iniquitous slavery system. There were others no doubt, beside Shade Harris, who followed the instinct of self-preservation and sought by one means or another to escape conscription and possible death. We have seen this kind of thing repeated over and over again in the recent Vietnam War.

I first learned about the Civil War not from the history books but from the lips of a participant, my grandfather. It seemed to me that I was hearing something that had happened a long time ago. It had in truth been only thirty-two years and the country was even then suffering the hardships of the reconstruction period.

The military history connected with the life of Henry Clay Harris is not very well known. The Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army 1789-1903, lists the names of men who served in the Civil War from both North and South, and many Harrises are listed. There is one Henry Harris listed from North Carolina and it reads as follows: "Henry Harris (birth and death dates unknown), C. S. A. (Confederate States of America), Private in the 1st North Carolina State Troops who enlisted on October 28, 1863." Those who thought he entered the service in 1862 could well have been mistaken. If it were in 1863, he was at that time 17 years of age. From the information we have, that was about right. He sustained a wound in his left side. He described the sensation as a feeling that he had been hit with a lightwood knot." The bullet penetrated his body, carrying a piece of his overcoat with it. A bad wound in the left side, doubtless near his heart, could have been fatal. The crude bandaging, a strong sedative to help deaden the pain and a

little time out, was about all that was done. The battle had to go on. They called this war a bloody one.

Coming out of the service he sought to take up his life and build toward a future of hope and promise. We are told that he had two plow traces and one bed sheet. His father gave him a young colt that might have been too young for the work to be done and in many small ways helped his son get started doing the only thing he knew, farming.. The war he had known on the battlefield was not much more severe than the war now beginning. It was in a framework of peace and that made a great difference. The whole Southland, exhausted by the long ordeal of war, was a kind of battlefield for everyone who undertook to produce the wherewithal for living. The severe economic conditions called the "Reconstruction" was just ahead. These hearty forbears of ours, accustomed as they were to a life of hardship, knuckled down to the serious business of making a living without a whimper. Our generation could learn a valuable lesson from them.

The father that made his contribution to the needs of his ex-soldier son, saw him off to rent a piece of land from a widow, Mrs. Martha Quinn, on the site of what we used to know as the Montgomery Spear place near Pactolus. This young man, fired with all the ambition and zeal of his nature, cultivated this farm for two years. The last year the Tar River went on a rampage, as it has been accustomed to do at intervals through the years, and completely destroyed my grandfather's crpp.

Along with the many bad things that happened to my forbear, there were, nevertheless, some good things. The choice of a life companion, a wife, a helpmeet of first importance, was not one of the least of these. It was a good day's work when Henry Clay Harris married Henrietta Louisa Albritton, his childhood sweetheart, the only child of B. B. Albritton. She was at the time about 27 years of age; he about 23. His four years seniority was doubtless more than compensated for by the maturity gained during his three years in the army. As difficult as the times were, it seemed that the young ex-soldier husband was succeeding very well in catching up the loose ends of his life. Maybe he had the colt given him by his father, the two plow traces and the bed sheet, but that was about all. They were very poor and so was the country and everybody else. It is true that the wife was in line to inherit some land, coming down the line from the Hattens, but there were some problems and uncertainties even here.

God blessed Henry Clay Harris in the choice he made of a wife, a truly worthy and noble woman. She lived a few years after the death of grandpa and maybe we came to know her a little better and appreciate her a little more. We will return a little later and have more to say about this good woman who always raved high in my affection and respect. The marriage of the young couple, we are told, took place in April 1867, two years after the close of the war.

The name "Albritton" never very numerous in the County, has in this latter day all but disappeared from the annals of our native County and certainly from our family. But among the names that we might call euphonious and beautiful, it should be close to the top. We heard it frequently when we were growing up there on the farm that was generally known as the Albritton place. The site of the old Albritton home was well known there on a high elevation close to the cemetery. A few broken bricks and pieces of crockery bore mute testimony to the days and the people that used to be.

The young couple's venture into the future, as always and more particularly so at this time, was a venture of faith. The first year of their married life they lived with the Albrittons. Next year they moved to the George Daniel place and here their first child, Martha Ann, was born. This was in 1868. The next year, living on the same farm, their second child, James Samuel, was born, March 28, 1869. My father referred to this farm as the old Barr place. The rewards for their labo on this farm were somewhat better than they had been but after two years another move was decided upon, perhaps a much wiser move than they realized at the time. With their limited resources, arrangements were made to purchase the farm that was destined to be their home the rest of their natural lives. This farm, interesting enough, was land that had formerly belonged to the Albrittons.

The difficult times through which they were passing was evident in many ways. The house in which they lived provided the necessary living quarters but few comforts. They made do with a dirt floor and few glass windows, something that was considered a luxury in that day. It was constructed of logs. All the money they realized came from the sale of five and six cents cotton. The land held by the Albrittons came through the parents of Catherine Hatten Albritton as we have indicated. My preacher ancestor whose dominant interest doubtless was not in conserving real estate values, soon found that he had to pay a pretty

severe penalty for his neglect. To secure necessary funds for operating the farm and living, a mortgage on much of the land was given to a merchantile firm, Perkins and Rollins of Pactolus. The economic conditions of the time did not make it easy to pay debts. As a consequence the mortgage was never paid and part of the ancestral land passed into other hands. My grandparents were able to redeem some of the land and these acres have continued in the family ever since.

The young couple faced many discouragments; rearing a family with additions every year or so, paying for land with five-cents cotton, drouths, floods, sickness. They could have been thankful, had they known, that they were not plagued with the boll weevil. Whether or not grandpa built the house with the dirt floor, is not known.. The house that was to be his home for so many years, one that we remember, he did build. This one was also built of logs, but was weather-boarded with a material that made it appear as a frame structure. It was neat in appearing with a brick chimney that must have been home made. It had the luxury of three small glass windows in one sizeable downstairs room that served both as living and bed room. It contained the only fire place for the comfort of the family in cold weather. Upstairs space under the roof, for it was only a one-story structure, provided much needed sleeping quarters for the sizeable family. A shed room on one side was a much-used portion of the house. Cooking arrangements were taken care of in another structure detached from the main house. This was in keeping with the prevailing custom of the times. At a later date when resources were ample for building the two-story frame house with more ample space, the main structure of the early dwelling was moved to another site on the farm where it was used for many years as a tenant dwelling. Only recently was it torn down and moved away.

The seven children born to the Harris couple were born within a period of ten years during which time grandpa was busy paying off the debt on the land. One or two negro men were kept to assist with the farm work and it is easy to understand that they were needed. A colored man, Simon Hardee nad family, lived with grandpa many years and after him his two sons, Ernest and Mahlon, continued to cultivate some of the acres. The wife "Aunt Mealie" was popular in the community as a mid-wife. Those hurried-up calls and that rapid moving horse and buggy

vehicle that took her to some farm wife suffering the pangs of birth incident to the arrival of a new addition to the family, are vivid in my memory.

"Uncle Simon" as we called him usually kept a mule on his premises most of the time, not to tend the main crop for grandpa furnished well-kept team for this purpose, but to tend his garden and cultivate the new ground that he always seemed to be bringing under cultivation. With the limited supply of corn and fodder that he had and this was not used, he neglected or underfed the poor animal until it literally starved to death. This happened on more than one occasion. It was difficult for me to understand why grandpa, the humanitarian individual I thought him to be, allowed this. "Uncle Simon" continued to live in the ancestral structure until his death.

Henry Clay Harris definitely reflected the time in which he grew up and lived. In addition to the prevailing hard times, there was the Civil War. Young men thrown into military service were thereby influenced for the rest of their lives. We have seen instances of this in our own time. Maybe modern wars are worse in this respect than earlier ones. Some are not hurt as badly as others, but all are hurt. The quiet, secluded life grandpa found out there on the farm was just what he needed to help him adjust to normal living. He wasn't born with any hankering for public office although he mixed pretty freely with the court-house crowd in Greenville. He argued politics and had settled convictions on the public issues that he understood. He would tell of making known to the face of a candidate with unconcealed frankness, "No, I am not voting for you. I'm voting a'gin you." That expression "a'gin you" was an expression he frequently used. I never heard anyone else use it. He never offered himself for any public office.

He was faithful to his church and served in many official positions. He and several others of the elderly group occupied a place in the so-called "a-man" corner or did until some of the younger set converted that particular corner into a choir loft. He was not one of the dependables that the pastor could call on to lead in public prayer.

The Harris clan to which I belong have all steered clear of political office. My father served for a short while as a magistrate. I never heard him recount any of his experiences in that office other than that of performing the marriage ceremony. He served in this office only a short while. The older generation, as the prevailing pattern of

the time, followed agriculture almost exclusively. The latter day has seen a departure, somewhat from the accepted pattern. B. B. Albritton, C. J. Harris, Junior and Senior made their contribution through the Christian ministry; Chester Harris went into law but never made it his primary business; Claudius McGowan went into Medicine, having followed the life of a general practitioner for many years in Plymouth, N. C. The younger generation that will have to remain unnamed at this point, have been book-keepers, accountants, Railroad station masters, brick masons and real estate brokers and etc.. Few Pitt County families have on the whole stuck closer to the soil and made its acres produce more abundantly than has this Harris family to which I belong.

In the latter years of grandpa's life he continued to personally cultivate a few choice acres on his farm, using hired help. For the most part these acres consisted of a few acres of corn. He fertilized highly, cultivated often and thoroughly. As a result his crop was, from the growing season on into the harvest, a little better than any to be found anywhere around. A white man, Zola Moore to whom grandpa seemed to have a special attachment, was employed to do the cultivating chores. Mr. Moore lived alone in a little one-room house built of rough drawn boards. A typical structure, one might say of the pioneer days. It had one of the first chimneys we don't see any more and was doubtless one of the last in our community. It was a chimney made of hand drawn lathes, chined of mortar made of clay. A few bricks were used to shape up the chimney and provide a greater degree of safety in the fire section. The art of building this type of chimney as well as the need has long since passed. Many of the older members of the family remember them and their wide use in the impoverished South.

Zola Moore was a well known figure in the community, a kind of adopted figure as it were by the neighbors. Grandpa gave Zola an acre of land and the neighbors contributed the material and built the little house in which he lived. On this lone acre there was space for a small vegetable garden and a little flock of chickens. The latter provided eggs for the table and there were some also to sell at the local store the sale of which helped to supplement his meager earnings on the farm. He was a familiar figure passing along late on Saturday afternoon with his little bucket of eggs going to Greenville. He walked the five miles and never got started until late in the afternoon after the neighbors, who would have been glad to have provided transportation, had made their weekly trip to market. He was in no more of a hurry in getting back than he was in getting there in the first place. The return trip was usually made late at night.

Another characteristic trait of Mr. Moore and one that at times annoyed the neighbors no little bit, was his habit of dropping in at unexpected times. If it were meal time and it usually was, he would certainly be invited to join the family around the dining table. This was never an overlooked courtesy when the guest happened to be Mr. Moore. The disconcerting factor about these visits was not the meal for there always seemed enough food for everyone, but the prolonged visit that followed afterwards. The tired, farm family desired nothing so much after a hard day in the fields, as to get off to bed. The family knew nothing about the temptation the radio and television provide today. The farm family arose early, worked long hours and because there was nothing more inviting, went to bed early. The practice did not vary a great deal from season to season as there was never a scarcity of chores waiting to be done. It was a common practice of Mr. Moore to prolong his visit into the late hours, maybe toward midnight. One by one the members of the family slipped off to bed. Often no one would be left to entertain Mr. Moore except mama who, in spite of the fatigue of a her day's work, maintained her accustomed courtesy. In spite of her polite suggestions that she was not feeling so well and that she had had a hard day's work, the guest continued to tarry. Next day he would arise at an hour the best suited him and make another visit to the home of one of the neighbors.

My mother, always willing to go more than half way toward being courtesy and considerate, would always take note of the fact if Mr. Moore for any reason delayed for too long his accustomed visit. What could be the matter? Did he get insulted about something? After one of these long delayed visits, mama was expressing concern and the possible reason for Mr. Moore's absence. One day during this time Mr. Moore happened to pass by. Mama spoke to him as she happened to be near the road and reminded him that she had not seen him in a long time. Mr. Moore continued walking with his eyes all the time focused upon the ground. After he had gone a considerable distance, he turned and said: "I know I look bad but I don't mean any harm by it", and continued his journey. The answer did not supply a satisfactory answer to mama's question. "I am sure he misunderstood me" she said. "He thought I said he looked bad." One day Mr. Moore was found by one of the neighbors under a tree in the woods near his house in a very serious condition. He was taken to a doctor and then to Tayloe's hospital in Washington where he died a few days later.

Grandpa appreciated Zola Moore for his good qualities and in spite of his peculiarities. The two in those latter days were companions to each other. He cultivated grandpa's crop and helped with the harvesting and nursed him when he was sick. Neighbors loved to visit with him in his shanty. He conversed about interesting matters. He had a down-to-earth philosophy of life. He belonged to a good family. A brother, Zeno Moore, was one of the early county agents of Edgecomb County. Miss Arley Moore, a niece, was assistant Dean at East Carolina Teachers College later known as East Carolina University.

As a boy I made many visits with Mr. Moore. He was always gracious and made me welcome. I often watched him prepare his meals in the open fire-place. These were those make-do meals between visits to the neighbors. On one of my visits I found grandpa had preceded me and that he and Zola were engaged in a pretty lively conversation. Grandpa was endeavoring to find out what engaged Zola those late hours in town at night. What was he doing? It was commonly understood that he had friendly relations with one of the residents in a particular segregated area. Grandpa was trying to find out something authentic from the proper source. He he seemed to be getting nowhere. Mr. Moore snapped his eyes and grunted in his characteristic fashion and said, "You ask me no questions, I tell you no lies." With that the conversation moved on to something else.

During the last, prolonged illness of my grand parent, Zola was engaged to nurse the man who had on so many occasions and over so long a period and in so many ways, befriended him. The companionship that had started many years before, continued until the end. Zola lived a few years longer than grandpa and when he died he was buried in the Moore family cemetery on the farm of his brother, Guilford Moore, near Stokes.

Most of us remember the impatience that was often ours as children and some of us still live with it in our later years. One of these instances I remember which involved grandpa. He never owned and probably never rode in an automobile. His mode of transportation that I remember so vividly as a boy, was "old Kate" the mule and the buggy that could not be called a late model. The occasion I recall was that of riding along with my grandparent while "old Kate" took her time in a "crow-hopping" fashion. I became impatient and begged grandpa to use some persuasion on Kate. The limited persuasion that was applied brought forth temporary results and soon we were back doing the accustomed jog.

We spoke of the buggy, the vehicle that with the help of Kate

provided our transportation, was always one of ancient vintage. It had the low back with flat springs. It was built after a style that had come down unchanged through the years. On one occasion when a new buggy was bought and this was always a day to be remembered, it was an exact reproduction of the old one, built to order by the Hohn Flanagan Buggy Co. On the old one one occasion when the old vehicle had been replaced with a newer one, somehow through a fortunate turn of circumstances, the old one found its way into our family. What a welcome addition it was! Papa's buggy built along more modern lines was strictly for his own use. It was not available to us boys. The old buggy was a great improvement over what we had and was most welcome. Now we could ride in better style. Heretofore it had been the cart. A cross board immediately above the axle provided a degree of comfort for three or four boys. Anyway it was preferable to walking. The modern custom of giving the boys complete freedom in the use of the family automobile, or as is often the case a car of their own, had no counterpart in my boyhood days.

For the most part I have been satisfied with my name. But on one occasion I felt I had been cheated because it was "Hyman LeRoy" instead of "Henry Clay." My brother, the second child, had the name of my paternal grandfather, "Henry Clay." Up to the time to which I refer, I had never realized that one name was any better or more preferable than another. One morning Henry came running home all excited, anxious to tell us about his good fortune. When he was finally able to tell his story it was this: He had been over to grandpa's and the day being his birthday anniversary and his name being what it was, grandpa had given him a birthday present. And what a present it was! Ordinarily nobody took note of birthdays in our family. But this time it was different. Grandpa had given Henry a dollar for every year of his age, all in fifty-cent pieces. There they were all right and shiny in his hands. There was no doubt about it. The evidence was all there. Thinking about Henry's good fortune I remembered I had to work all day for one fifty-cent piece. I had done it many times. How unfortunate for me that I did not have an important name. I was named for my mother's brother, Hyman Proctor. The only thing that Uncle Hyman had ever offered to give me was a billy goat several years ago. My parents vetoed this gift.

Grandpa had his own way of thinking and doing things. On one occasion. On one occasion I helped throw the corn into the barn. The wagons hauled and dumped the corn before the barn door. From this point the corn had to be picked up and manually thrown into the barn. It was no small job when there was a quantity of corn to be handled. On this occasion I worked faithfully hoping for the fifty-cents per day compensation that I usually received. I was politely dismissed with a word of thanks. The same thing happened on another occasion when I had helped for half a day with the others in stacking and saving the hay crop. Another "hand" and perhaps a more desirable one had appeared on the scene and again I was politely dismissed. I came home with a heavy heart wondering why anybody would take advantage of a poor boy as my granddaddy had twice done me.

Grandpa passed away on March 26, 1913, two days short of his 69th birthday. He was buried in the family plot on the Albritton place. His passing was one year before the beginning of World War I, which was the first important conflict since the Civil War in 1861-1865. An old soldier with scars and recollections of the Civil War conflict, what would he have thought of this modern version? This venture was the first venture of the world into this thing we call "total war" made possible by modern science and bore slight resemblance to anything that had gone before. World War II and the late Vietnam War has left us wondering if because of the fact that war in this modern day has become so unspeakably cruel and inhuman, if we are not approaching the time when civilization will have to end war or else end itself. As we have prayed for the end of war and the coming of that day when nation would not lift up sword against nation, we did not think it would come exactly in this way. Whatever our thinking was this may be the way God will answer our prayers.

When I was a boy of nine years I went to live with my Harris grandparents, not to make a visit but as a permanent member of the household. I was told that I had been given to my grandfather and being a boy and doubtless some desire for adventure, I went along with the arrangement without asking too many questions. It might have been that my parents thought that with six boys and one girl, Ben had just been born, that they could get along very well with one less in the family. It was in the fall of 1907, that memorable year when we lived with our maternal grandmother, Lydia Proctor, at the old Proctor place. Grandpa Harris made one of his

periodic visits. When he was ready to return home, I was bundled up along with a few clothes and sent off with my grandfather. It wasn't to make a visit, but for keeps. My parents in as thorough a manner as they knew, gave me to my grandfather. The transaction was, as I understood it, legal insofar as any unwritten, verbal agreement could make it.

There were certain difficulties in this arrangement that had to be overcome, as I soon discovered. I could think of my grandmother taking the place of my mother; grandpa taking the place of my father. But there the parallel ended. Who was to take the place of my beloved sister and brothers?. Grandpa's youngest son and family, William Robert, also lived in the home with my grandparents. At this time Uncle Robert and Aunt Sallie were in the midst of rearing their family. Their children were all younger than myself and not entirely satisfactory as playmates. I thought I could tell that both Uncle Robert and Aunt Sallie, not having been consulted about this arrangement, resented my coming and thereby adding something more to their responsibilities. They were not, as it seemed to me, cordial in their manner toward me. This was not something I was accustomed to in my homelife. I was not accustomed to any excessive display of affection or lack of affection. I found myself in a situation that I did not know how to cope with. My grandmother was sick in bed part of the time and for possibly other reasons, my few clothes remained wrapped in the paper exactly as they were when I arrived. I searched through the bundle in a chair in the shed room where I slept for what I decided was appropriate for me to wear. It all seemed so unlike homelife. My situation was obviously regarded by everyone as temporary. There were many evidences of this all around. My grandmother apologized for this later. Her apology for this seeming neglect helped me to know that at least somebody had taken note of a few of the things that had troubled me no little bit.

According to the agreement, I was to be entered in the local school when it opened. At this time the school on the Ram's Horn had not been built. The one I was assigned to was the little one-room school on the old River Road some two three miles distance. Just how I was to get to and from school through the deep, jungle-like Cannon Swamp all by myself over a road that was often flooded with water, I do not know. But some preparation had been made for the event that was to take place not too long after my arrival. Schools in those days did not extend through three-

fourths of the year as they do today. Three months was about the usual length if the county funds held out. Maybe some new clothes had been bought. I do remember grandpa, taking note of my bare feet, shoes being unnecessary through the summer, bought me a pair of coarse "brogans" for my use. Maybe a more discriminating parent would have chosen otherwise. Anyway I was terribly disappointed in the choice. I had dared to hope for something of a little better quality. But they were what I had been accustomed to. There was only one pair of young feet to be taken care of at this time. There were seven pairs at my father's house.

It was difficult for me. Homesickness for one thing. Often at night I was unable to sleep. I imagined I heard my father singing as he rocked one of the children in his favorite chair. This he loved to do after he got in at the close of the day and after the evening meal. He and my mother both had a good voice for singing in those days, a talent they never recognized or cultivated. The little dream world that I had built for myself was rapidly falling to pieces.

Grandpa went his accustomed way. He was 63 years of age at that time, a very, very old man as I thought. The farm tenants were busy getting in the cotton and corn crops. I worked as one of the "hands" throwing the corn into the barn. Grandpa was always around doing odd chores. When there was a little respite between the loads, grandpa would take his hammer and drive the nails deeper into the timbers of the barn. One of negroes that was helping was heard to say, "If he had time, he would go over all the barn and drive every nail a little deeper into the timbers."

Papa did finally come for a visit. This was my opportunity and without any clear recollections of details, I joined him on his homeward journey. The son that had been given away was back on his hands again. It is not clear that there was any music and dancing or that any fatted calf was killed in celebration of my homecoming. But mother's ways, her dinners, her painstaking watch over every detail to which I had grown accustomed as well as the fellowship of my sister and brothers were sufficient reasons for genuine feasting in my own heart. In December or thereabouts papa moved his family to the Avon Farm and we enrolled in the Simpson school some four or five miles distant. The distance we had to travel necessitated our leaving home about sun-rise and walking through dense woods the distance

to the Simpson school. Our older brother, David, who was about fifteen at the time, was our great strong defense against the wiles of the enemy.

Henry Clay Harris was most fortunate in selecting Henrietta Louise Albritton for his wife. She was born five years before grandpa and lived five years after his passing. While making her home in those latter days with her younger son and family, William Robert, she visited a great deal among her other children. Those visits she used to make in our home and those vertigo spells when she would fall to the floor, are vivid in my recollection. Something of the characteristic ruggedness of the pioneers was in her nature. But there was something also that hardly belonged to the pioneers: a winsomeness and nobility that came out of her inheritance, a combination that set her apart and made her the strong, gentle soul that she was. Her school advantages were quite limited. She was taught largely by precept and example of her parents. The wholesome home-life for which no substitute has been found, prepared her for the useful role she was to perform as a wife and mother. Henrietta Louisa Albritton and Henry Clay Harris were married in April 1867. The following children were born to them: Marth a Ann, 1868; James Samuel, March 28, 1869; Henry Benjamin, December 12, 1872; Jane Lou, July 18, 1873; Josep^h Fenner, April 15, 1875; George Hendrix, March 26, 1876 and William Robert, June 22, 1879.

The Unwritten Elegy

The mood that possesses one in a country churchyard is quite unlike that which is known in any other place. So it was with Thomas Gray, the English poet. In the church yard, more particularly the adjoining cemetery, of the Stoke-Pogis church, in the late afternoon with darkness approaching, he penned the immortal lines of his Elegy. Maybe it was penned over a period of eight years as some believe. In any case it was begun in Stoke-Pogis in the autumn of 1742 and is the poem that James Wolfe the British general who lead the assault on the French at Quebec in 1759 which cost him his life, read the night before the battle. After reading the poem he is reputed to have said that he would rather be the author of that poem than defeat the French in the battle of tomorrow. We quote a few of the lines:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness hilds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf of many a mould'ring heap.
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

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Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes be ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

It is good to visit the cemetery where rest those who our progenitors and whom we love. We may not rise to that high point of inspiration that prompted Gray to write his Elegy, but something of the spirit of the Elegy will rise within us though it may not find expression in loft words.

Two historic spots though not country churchyards, that have meaning for us are: the old Proctor cemetery on the old Proctor homestead, a few miles out of Greenville; and the old Harris cemetery on the old Albritton farm on the Ram's Horn road. In his Elegy the poet calls his country churchyard "the neglected spot." That could be in our case an understatement. These family burying spots as I observed on my recent visits, have been subjected to something more than neglect. They have been forgotten as it seems and handed over to the encroaching forest. One has to pick his way through the thick underbrush and wonder all the time if this could be the attractive, well-kept spot that he used to know not too long ago. In the case of the Proctor site, I was able to reach most of the grave sites and observe the markers. I record the inscriptions, moss covered with age, copied from all the stones that are there. Some we know, have been removed by the younger generation to other sites:

Sacred
to the Memory of
Alice J. Proctor
the wife of
Sylvester Proctor

Sept. 15th A. D. 1852
Departed this life
June 28th A. D. 1875
Aged 22 years 9 months
And 13 days.

Though lost to sight to memory dear
 Tossed no more on life's rough billow
 All the storms of sorrow fled;
 Death has found a quiet pillow
 For the faithful Christian's head
 Peaceful slumbers guarding o'er
 her lovely bed.

The stone of Sylvester Proctor has the following epitaph:

Sacred
 To
 The memory of
 Sylvester Proctor
 Born Oct. 4, 1849
 Died Dec. 3, 1883
 Aged
 34 yrs. 1 mo. & 28 days

For there is hushed on earth
 A voice of gladness, there is veiled a face
 Whose parting leaves a dark and silent place
 By the once joyous hearth.
 A smile has passed which filled its
 home with light
 A Soul whose beauty that smiled so bright.

In this cemetery is the resting place of Aunt Mary Ann Teel, sister to my grandfather, John Proctor. Aunt Mary Ann used to make periodic visits to our home. The last visit was probably in 1908 when we lived on the Avon Farm where papa was superintendent. The great Aunt was a person of small stature. It was her habit at that period of life to take an afternoon nap. Because she was so small, as I suppose, she chose the "crib" as the proper place. This was a small bed used by one of the children. An observing person, she noticed the green honeysuckles growing all around on the garden fence which adjoined the yard. She wanted to know if they remained green all winter. I told her I did not know but they were green when we moved there in December. My answer was sufficient. Her epitaph reads:

Mary Ann Teel
Daughter of
Abner and Nancy
Proctor

Born
Oct. 22, 1833
Died
April 20, 1911

John Proctor
Born
April 18, 1825
Died
February 12, 1905

"Gone but not forgotten"

nearby is the tomb of my maternal grandmother, Lydia Margaret Flake Proctor bearing the following inscription:

Lydia M
Wife of
John Proctor

Born, Aug. 27, 1837

Died, Dec. 13, 1916

"Having served her generation
By the will of God she
Rell asleep."

Having little interest in writing Elegies, we continued our visit to another spot that might have offered some inspiration to a genius like Gray but for me it had to be an unwritten Elegy. Halford E. Luccock reminds us that few people today know where their grandparents are buried. This is something, he says, that goes deeper than the lack of lasting physical roots. Our minds are involved. They can become cut off, detached, from the past and the great events that have helped shape and even make possible our very existence.

It was a Sunday morning, July 31, 1955, we visited the old Harris cemetery where some of my ancestors are in their narrow cell forever laid. While there between the showers that dampened our clothes and our spirits, we copied some of the epitaphs appearing on the stones:

P. B. Albritton

A. F. W. B. P.

Born

Dec. 11, 1816

Died

Sept. 20, 1899

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep
from which none ever wake to
weep.

Catherine

Wife of

Elder P. B. Albritton

Born May 29, 1818
Died Feb. 11, 1888

She believes and sleeps in
Jesus.

Henry C. Harris

Born
March 28, 1844
Died
March 26, 1913

Death is the crown of life

Moving into another section of this sacred spot, we observed that the names and dates on the stones are if anything more familiar and certainly more recent. It was only yesterday, as it seems, that they lived and moved among us.

Harris
David Samuel
Born May 1, 1860
Died May 1, 1911

Eva Mae
Wife of
D. S. Harris
Dec. 13, 1893
June 14, 1910

Gone but not forgotten

Henry C. Harris

Born

Jan. 1, 1896

Died

Dec. 31, 1918

Death is eternal life, why
should we weep?

Evelyn Christine

Dau. of

Ben and Florine Harris

1911--1930

The voice we loved is still

Hazel Rae Dau. of

Eva Mae and D. S. Harris

Oct. 20, 1916

Nov. 10, 1920

Gone but not forgotten

Lellie T. Harris

May 11, 1881

June 24, 1949

Death is eternal life, why
should we weep?

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In this sacred field.

To you from falling hands we throw
 The torch; be yours to hold it high.
 If you break faith with us who die,
 We shall not sleep, though here
 We continue to lie.

(Adapted from McCrae)

Love and Memory

JAMES SAMUEL HARRIS, my father, was the second child of Henry Clay Harris and Henrietta Louisa Harris. He was born March 28, 1869. On December 31st he was married to Ida Proctor, daughter of John Proctor and Lydia Flake Proctor. To this union the following children were born:

David Samuel (April 9, 1891--Jan. 7, 1971)
 Henry Clay (January 1, 1896--Dec. 31, 1918)
 Hyman LeRoy (November 30, 1897)
 Sadie Rae (February 22m 1899--March 8, 1974)
 James Samuel (May 24, 1903)
 John Lyman (October 19, 1905)
 Benjamin Bell (June 21, 1907)

On February 21, 1956, about seven o'clock in the evening, James Samuel Harris passed away. He had been in declining health, a semi-invalid for some three or four years. On Monday evening the message came that papa was sinking fast. Leaving Lerlene and Richard in the parsonage at West Rockingham, where we were serving at the time, we hurried to his bedside. Mama lapsed into unconsciousness at the end before my arrival ten years previously. It was hoped that it would not happen that way again. In this I was disappointed. Papa was unscious when I arrived and did not last but a few hours longer.

The earthly sojourn of my father was 86 years, 10 months and 23 days. On Thursday we buried him in Greenwood Cemetery in Greenville along beside mother. The funeral, the first to be held in the new sanctuary of Parker's Chapel, was conducted by his pastor, Rev. W. W. Willis of Kinston and Rev. Deonia W. Alexander, a friend of the family and a former pastor.

Death is such a tremendous thing. We are not able to comprehend all it signifies. Dorothy Lee Richardson in her poem "He Wears His Years" presents one aspect:

He wears his years as a mantle worn with good deeds,
And strong with noble thoughts, and glistening
With golden threads of memories. It becomes him;
But it grows heavy as he presses toward
The open arch where, entering, he will drop
The now no longer needed robe of time.

Papa was born at a critical time in this country's history. The Civil War had been ended only four years, a war in which his father had fought. His life span reached from 1869 to 1956. The difficult years of Reconstruction were something more than history to him. Some expressions of his we can never forget: "the rainy day." "The worth of a dollar." "The sun doesn't always shine in everybody's front yard." He knew the hard, simple life. He learned early the elementary principles of honesty and hard work and these he taught his children. He was always proud of the fact that he had good credit, an invaluable asset.

We do not properly appreciate our system of public education. The people of North Carolina as well as in other states, are at the present time up in arms against the 1954 decision of the United States Supreme Court outlawing segregation in public schools. Next month the people of North Carolina will be going to the polls and voting on an amendment which will, it is hoped, enable the public schools to circumvent the decision of the high court. The Pearsall Plan, which will most certainly be disallowed by the courts, is designed to save the public schools, so they tell us. But any plan that authorizes the closing of the public schools, for whatever reason, will be a mistake and must not be allowed.

In the early days of my father the public school was almost non-existent. With only a few months of schooling, by dint of resolution and determination, acquired sufficient learning to handle the problems that came to him in the conduct of his personal business. He knew how to measure land, ditching and cord wood. He wrote his checks on his account at the bank, kept a record of necessary business transactions, read his Bible, newspapers and the books that he wanted to read. Life was his

teacher and necessity supplied the incentive, a combination that is hard to beat. A negro engaged to do ditching on the farm, taught him how to measure ditching. He worked in the farm supply store of my uncles in Grimesland, J. O. Proctor and Bro. when he was superintendent on the Proctor farm--known as the Blakely Farm--on Saturdays. Here he gained valuable experience in spelling and figures. There were not many books in our home but the few we did have did get read. While there was a large family Bible, the one my father read was the black New Testament with the "divinity covers" that he bought for sixty-five cents from a friend of the family, George Dail of Ayden. From his reading and study he acquired a wide, practical knowledge of the Bible. The large family edition of the Bible was doubtless bought for the same reason that many are bought today, i. e., to honor the Word by giving it a place in the home and to have a convenient place to record the vital statistics of the family. This particular family edition of the Bible was the first sacred volume my childish hands ever handled. It contained blanks for the family record, pictures of biblical personalities and scenes, often lurid and fantastic. There was also the Bible story book, "The Life of Christ or the Sweetest Story Ever Told. From this book my mother read to me the first Bible story I ever heard.

There were not many books in our home and not many were bought as we went along. Once in a while a book agent, who has never been a very popular person, invaded our neighborhood and maybe a new book would be added. There was "The Sinking of the Titanic", "The New Knowledge Library" and "The Johnstown's Flood" to mention a few. There were a few papers, the church organ, "The Free Will Baptist" and weekly publication; "The Progressive Farmer" and the weekly newspaper, "The Carolina Home and Farm and the Eastern Reflector" out of Greenville. Later we graduated to a daily. There would have been more and better reading matter in our home if the family budget had been more adequate.

Not many in his station had greater visions of basic improvements in the farmer's total economic life, than did my father. After 1908 when he retired from the duties of superintending large farms, he became a typical small-scale farmer which was more to his liking. It was a conviction of his that it was better to have a small business of your own than to be in a large business that was not your own.

Working after a manner that was peculiarly his own, he sought

to find a better strain of corn by selecting a particular ear from a stalk that suited his fancy. He was more particularly concerned about cotton. Starting with one choice stalk, large bowled and abundant in fruitage, he worked upward until he had enough seed to plant his entire crop. He was careful at the gin to see that his precious stock was not contaminated with the common variety, even paying the ginner to exercise special care. Neighboring farmers were attracted by what he was doing and profited by planting seed obtained of my father. Needless to say that all of this was before the day of the boll weevil, the little enemy that has all but destroyed the cotton crop as a source of revenue for the North Carolina cotton farmer.

We have had government control or interference so long now that many farmers today do not remember a time when we did not have it. Limitation of acreage has become the accepted thing. Without it we might have conditions quite like those we had in 1930 when tobacco in North Carolina averaged \$8.00 per hundred pounds. Papa recognized the fact that the farmer would never improve his lot by working separate and apart from his neighbor. Because he believed this he was willing to join just about everything that came along which seemed to offer some degree of hope. He joined the Farmer's Union, paid his fees and supported the local unit organized in the local school house until it ceased to exist. When the Cotton and Tobacco Co-operative Marketing Association came into existence he was one of the first to obligate himself as a participating member. This movement antedated the Federal Government's control effort by a decade or so. The contract the farmer signed was so phrased that the instrument had teeth in it. The farmer delivered his tobacco at the local receiving station, collecting at the same time a small token payment. The final and larger payment would be forthcoming when the Co-op made final sale of the tobacco at some uncertain date in the future. This imposed a hardship on the farmer and his family who had scraped and stinted over many months in order to produce a crop. How could he afford to wait upon this kind of uncertainty? It seems impossible as we think of it that a farmer would sign such a contract but many did. It indicates the desperate plight of the farmer. Many farmers in spite of the hardship the contract imposed upon them, tried to live up to the letter of the law. It didn't take long for the weakness of the Tobacco Marketing Association to show up. There were many, if

we believe the report, of irresponsible men on the inside who were more intent on improving their own financial status than in helping the farmer. Many farmers broke their contract and many lawsuits were the result. Papa believed that the idea of Co-operative Association was basically good and that if the farmers had remained faithful to the spirit and letter of the contract, and that certainly went for the management as well, that ultimately the desired results would have been achieved. Papa with definite hurt to himself, practiced what he preached. Whatever the reason the Tobacco Co-operative Marketing Association was soon a thing of the past. The courts threw it into the hands of a receiver.

What a pity that nothing was done to save what was designed to be a good thing. The defects of the organization could have been corrected and the Tobacco Co-operative could have been made to work even as its counter-part, the Cotton Co-operative. The latter is still a going and prosperous concern after these many years.

There were many reasons why papa did not take up with every proposition that was offered him. There was no money to risk in wildcat ventures. He resisted the life insurance agent, the gas light agent, the book agent. All wanted him to sign on the dotted line. The gas light salesman brought along a perfectly wonderful demonstrator to show how easily and beautifully the darkness could be expelled. As a boy looking on, I was fascinated. To me it seemed impossible that papa would turn down something so practical and badly needed. His stubborn resistance did not break down. The wisdom of his decision became manifest when so many in the neighborhood who did invest in the project allowed the investment to come to naught because of the cost of operating and the unavailable service. The light problem was eventually solved when the electric line out of Greenville was brought in providing electric service for the whole community which has continued through the years.

On one occasion, we well remember, two slick-tongued salesmen did break through the tough hide of papa's resistance. These must have been something more than ordinary salesmen. They consumed the bigger part of the afternoon outlining their proposition, We boys, busy performing the task that had been assigned us, watched from a distance and were well aware of what was taking place. Another rare opportunity was being presented but we absolute confidence in papa's unfailing resistance. When these salesmen left

they had papa's name on the dotted line and \$500 of his hard earned money. In return he had stock in the Fisheries Products Co. Wilmington, N. C. He was assured of earning handsome dividends and what was more, he was eligible to buy some of the best fertilizer in the world at a reduced price. For a few years the investment seemed a good one. the dividend check came through regularly and the fertilizer was entirely satisfactory. But then the inevitable happened: the important man maybe the president liquidated all the assets of the company and made his getaway. This marked the end of the Fisheries Products Co. and the dividend checks and papa's \$500.00 A great many other unsuspecting farmers were deceived in exactly the same way.

In the home of my boyhood there was none of that ugly envy and jealousy toward those who possessed more of this world's goods than we did. If the neighbor had more land, a larger financial income, a bigger house, it didn't matter. If the children of this family have acquired something of this dominant mind so prevalent today, it is not because they learned it from their parents.

A tribute paid my father by the Rev. Dennis W. Alexander, one of the officiating ministers at his funeral, touched members of the family and some have not forgotten. He often befriended those around him who were less fortunate than he and often unbeknown to those on the outside, even his family. Dennis told of the time when Sam Harris had been his friend in a time of need. Not blessed with a great deal of this world's goods, but insofar as he was able, he was neighbor and friend to those who came seeking the aid he could give. Surely the Lord, the righteous Judge, will say to him in that day, "Thou hast been faithful... Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

The current ceases, the motor dies;
The lamp is quenched, the radio's voice is mute.
But what has gone? Nothing revealed to eyes---
Only a spirit like a hidden root.

The life pulse falters, and the man lies cold;
A radiance leaves his face, his limbs are still.
But what has fled? Nothing we see or hold---
Invisible energy! a weightless will.

Beyond the motor and beyond the man,
 A power animates, and then departs---
 The living might that fires the starry span,
 The untouched soul that clocks our racing hearts.

---Coblentz

IDA PROCTOR HARRIS: My mother departed this life early in the morning on October 28, 1946. She had been in declining health for more than three years. The frail and weakened body was no longer a fit habitation for her noble soul. She was born April 10, 1870, the youngest daughter of John Proctor and Lydia Flake Proctor. At the time of her death, she was the last surviving member of a large family of children. The two other important events in her life occurred in their usual time and order: her profession of faith in Christ as her personal Saviour and uniting with his church and her marriage to James Samuel Harris on December 31st 1889.

A simple service marked by the last sad rites was held for her at Parker's Chapel, Free Will Baptist Church in Pitt County conducted by her pastor and two assisting ministers. Interment took place in Greenmount Cemetery in Greenville.

My mother's family, an old one in Pitt County, was divided in its loyalty between the Disciples' Church and the Free Will Baptist: she chose the latter. My earliest recollection of a church service is that of a one-room country church filled with neighbors and community folks. Often there were more than one preacher in the pulpit. The old-fashioned reed organ, long since displaced by the piano and the electric organ, was in the center of the auditorium opposite the pulpit. The whole congregation made up the choir if we may call it that. My mother from the time of my earliest recollection, had her particular place. She never presumed to lead, but always sang as if she knew and loved every one of the hymns.

In these latter years I have come to know something of the readiness with which church members excuse their failures in the performance of simple church duties. Maybe it was not so apparent to me at the time, but now I know my mother was a rare example of loyalty and faithfulness. She kept her church appointment because she planned and willed it that way. With all her household duties and with little help that she

ever got to church at all is surprising. But regularly the children were readied, and there were usually guests too, her duties were attended to and at the appointed hour she was in her place of worship. Our home was always opened to the preacher who usually came in on Saturday and remained until Monday morning. If the revival was in progress, an event that occurred once a year, usually in September,, her duties were multiplied but she assumed them uncomplainingly. How did my little mother ever accomplish so much?. The love motive imparts strength that mere duty knows nothing about.

Her passing not only marked the passing of a quiet, unassuming Christian, it also marked the closing of an era in the country church. In the days before Aycock, the church was the center of the community life. Today this center has moved from the church to the school house. On those "meeting days" of which I write, neighbors worshipped and exchanged views on varied and sundry subjects. Parker's Chapel church, as the older members will recall, had two long steps that extended all the way across the front of the one-room church. These steps did more facilitate entering and departing from the church. Here the male members loved to sit and converse in good neighborly fashion. Usually these steps were pretty well filled more than an hour before the beginning of the worship service. The remodeling process in recent years, unfortunately some would say, included the removal of these steps. The fast tempo of this latter day had left the younger generation with little time for the neighborly confab their fathers had known.

We cherish memories of the Quarterly Conference and the Yearly meeting. These were important events eagerly anticipated and long prepared for. Distant friends and relatives after a prolonged absence, returned for a visit. That day, ante-dating the automobile and the Homecoming of this latter day, had an importance all its own. It was exactly that whether we were on the giving or receiving end of this hospitality gesture. It amounted to something that was elevating for the social and spiritual life of everyone. Few played a more unselfish role than did my mother. To me, naturally enough, she symbolized the glory of it all.

Something forever sacred is enshrined in that phrase, "the little red school house." Not the fact that the school house was red or little, but because of what happened there. Somebody with our welfare

and interest at heart taught us in terms understandable to our childish minds. the fundamental truths of life. The plan whereby we ascend the altar stairs of knowledge, is hardly more than the plan of instruction initiated by our mothers. Teachers we have all had and many, but they have done little more than continue what was commenced back yonder at mother's knee. What would we know today about love, truth and beauty, the soul of all knowledge, if we had not seen these abstract qualities gathered up and embodied in a life?. Because I have seen and known my mother, I know better than I could have otherwise the exalted height to which human love can rise. She rebuked selfish and greed not by word alone but more truly by her acts. Truth is too often something men argue about in the higher realms of knowledge and something the rest of us may use to cover up our ignorance, but the pure soul untouched by vanity creates an atmosphere in which the unreal and false cannot exist. It was Henry W. Grady, that noble soul of the old South, who from time to time loved to journey from his busy office in Atlanta to his old home in the backwoods where his mother was waiting for him. These infrequent visits provided an escape from the unreal to the real. It is easy to understand what Henry W. Grady meant when he asked for the privilege of saying again his little "Now I lay me down to sleep" at his mother's knee, to have her kiss him good-night and tuck him into his little trundle bed just as she used to do when he was a child. It must be, even as Henry Ward Beecher said, "When God thought of mother, he must have laughed with satisfaction, and framed it quickly--so rich, so deep, so divine, so full of soul, power and beauty, was the conception."

You painted no Madonnas
 On chapel walls in Rome;
 But with a touch diviner,
 Upon the walls of home.

You wrote no lofty poems
 The world pronounces art;
 But with a nobler genius,
 You put poems into my heart.

You carved no shapeless marble
 In geometry divine;
 But with a finer sculpture,
 You shaped this soul of mine.

Had I the gift of Raphael,
 Or Michael Angelo,
 Ah, what a rare Madonna
 My mother's life would show!

---T. W. Fessenden

DAVID SAMUEL HARRIS: The oldest child of James Samuel Harris and wife, Ida Proctor Harris, was born April 5, 1892. He was married to Eva Mae Woolard, April 13, 1913. It was true of David as is often the case with the the elder son, he early began to take on responsibilities that hardly belonged to a boy of his years. I do not remember much about his status before 1907 when we moved from the Blakely Farm to the Proctor Farm. It was this year that not only David but some of the rest of us as well, were thrust into the role of field hands. We cultivated our own crop. A boy of the ripe age of 15 years, and the oldest, was assigned duties we would today hardly think proper for a boy of that age. He was the main plowman. He primed tobacco, he attended the curing barns at night. Tobacco was cured with wood and the fire was not allowed to die down at night. Whatever came along in the course of operating the farm, David got the assignment. In the fall of that year, in making the move from the Proctor place to the Avon, this boy who was doing a man's job, was the right hand man. In the fall of 1908, he was given the most sizeable assignment that yet been his. Preparations were going forward for another move for the family which was, as it proved to be, the last. We had now found something of a permanent dwelling place. The farm which was part of the old Albritton place and in the old home community of papa's, was bought from grandpa Harris. Unfortunately there were no buildings on the place; everything from hen house to smoke-house had to be built from scratch. The problem papa confronted was: how to continue on the job as superintendent of the Avon

and at the same time get these buildings ready for occupancy by moving time. The plan whatever it might be had to be at the same time practical and economical. The two thousand dollar outlay for the farm and then the cost of erecting those necessary buildings, made heavy demands upon his limited resources. David was the only one of the boys that could possibly be called upon to lend a helping hand who was only 16 years of age. Fortunately the building material was bought of the Proctors in Grimesland who had found a portable sawmill a valuable asset in their rapidly expanding enterprises. For much of the wooded area of their farm land contained excellent growths of timber. Here papa found an ample supply of the building material he needed and we would suppose, at a reasonable cost. Having solved one problem, another arose. Transportation. How was the material to be moved from the point of supply to the building site? With the trucking facilities and the highways of today, transportation of this building material would pose no problem. But in 1908 it was different. The problem was solved by transporting the material by flat boat up the Tar River to the Red Banks landing from which point it was hauled by wagon to the building site.

With a double-horse wagon and two horses, one of them blind, David was sent off all by himself to haul building material from Red Banks to the building site a distance of about four miles. Arrangements were made for him to live during this time with our grandparents. What an assignment! With a maturity rare for a boy of his age, he fulfilled the assignment. Local carpenters were engaged and the four-room house was made ready for the family's use when moving time arrived.

There was something about my older brother that always made him seem like a man to me although he was only five years my senior. He was steady, reliable, understanding befitting a man twice his age. These tasks that had been given him up to now were a kind of starter for what was to come. In our new setting there were many taskswaiting to be done: stables had to be built, pack barns and curing barns had to be constructed. For the latter, logs were cut in the swamp, hewed by hand on two sides and otherwise shaped and transported to the building site. Getting these nondescript logs erected into patterns was a big part of the building job. Whether papa started something or whether he

was merely following along in the established custom. I do not know. But the neighbors were invited in and something of a work-frolic was initiated and the log barn began to take shape. Chinking or daubing the cracks between the logs with mortar made of red clay, inside and outside, was not the least of the tasks in the construction process. This was a job that belonged to all of the boys but more particularly the older ones with David doing more than his share. As if these pressing duties were not enough, papa undertook the task, tremendous as it was, of clearing seven acres of new ground. "New ground" might be a strange term to some. It simply means converting wood land into land suitable for growing crops. This task as were the others were done the hard way. The heavy machinery that would be put into use today doing a job of this kind, was non-existent in that day. What did we have? The new ground plow which was nothing more than an enlarged bottom plow with a cutter on the front, a very necessary implement for the task we were undertaking. There were also the cross-cut saw, the grubbing hoe and the potato-digger or rake. Again more than his share of this hard work fell upon my elder brother. Operating the new-ground plow, which was mostly his job, was no child's play. He performed this difficult task with the two team, one blind, with great patience. From what we have indicated it is easy to see that he early became acquainted with a man's responsibility thus bringing him to an early maturity.

It has been said that a farm is a good place for a boy to grow up. Often those who pass judgement on this question, themselves know little about what is involved in this kind of "bringing up." For a boy born in 1892 it was quite different from one born today. David, born a little more than a couple of decades after his father, received little more education than his father. The public school had improved some to be sure. But the demands made upon an elder son by an exacting father with a growing family left little time for school. In 1907 while living at the Avon, a local boy, John Dixon, persuaded David to go along with him to the Whitsett Institute, a private school near Greensboro, and take a business course as he was doing. Persuading David was one thing, persuading papa was something else. He did not go. A few months attending the one-room school on the Ram's Horn completed his formal education.

While attending the Ram's Horn school the young teacher of the school, Eva Mae Woolard, exerted an influence that went a little beyond that ordinarily expected of a teacher. Miss Woolard was the daughter of Reddin L. Woolard and wife of an adjoining community who began and ended her teaching career in this school. David became tremendously interested in his school and not so much the school as the teacher. In the early spring of 1913 David and Eva were married. The crop was already started and since there were no plans to the contrary, they took up residence with our family. There was no surplus room to be sure in a four room house, but somehow we got along. It was at the time when the family was looking forward to the building of the new dwelling, a cherished dream for a long time. There would be carpenters, two as I remember, that would have to be boarded and housed for the duration. In spite of the many problems, the new structure was completed on schedule and the family moved in. David and Eva occupied quarters up-stairs but only for a short time. They soon moved into a house on the Woolard farm, Eva's parents. Here they were living when their first child, Paul Woolard Harris, was born.

David and Eva made a good team. They both had similar backgrounds. They grew up on and loved the farm and the elementary processes of nature. Both were smart and industrious and were satisfied to follow what the farm had to offer into the future. After one year with the Woolards, they moved to the Moore farm, the place grandpa Harris gave to my father at the time of his marriage. Later David bought or bargained to buy, this farm. This was the period following World War I and tobacco on the local market rose to unprecedented heights. For the first time ever tobacco sold on the market in Greenville for one dollar per pound. David apparently was doing well. He built a tobacco barn or two and, as there was no acreage control, began growing more tobacco. He was not satisfied however, and would not let well enough alone. Somebody interested him in a farm in Southampton County in Virginia (Hansom). A real estate man in Greenville bought his farm and for the first time in three generations this farm passed out of the Harris family. For a time David seemed to do well in Virginia. Three other children in the meantime had been born to the young couple. David sought to introduce the culture of tobacco in the Hansom community, an area where peanuts

had been the dominant crop. The land it was thought would grow tobacco. But there were other problems other than ~~tobacco~~ the suitability of the land: prices dropped; there was a labor problem; the market for the sale of the weed was some distance away. David was in debt. Creditors closed in on him. He decided to come back home, to Pitt County. He rented, bought and sold farm land for a number of years. Papa had taken up the notes against the Moore farm held by the real estate firm, the farm David had sold when he moved to Virginia. The transaction papa made with the real estate company returned the farm to the Harris family which proved to be a wise move as we shall presently see. After a few years and many trials on many farms, and after his health failed, David and his family found themselves settled on the very farm from which they had moved a few years previously.

There are reverses worse than financial, but when they come together they are worse still. The loss of their only child, Hazel Rae, a lovely child of four years, was the beginning of a series of misfortunes. They brought back the little body and buried her in the Harris family burying ground. While still struggling to get on his feet, Eva, the faithful wife and mother died, June 24, 1934. David was left alone with his three motherless boys, Paul, D. S., and Ray. The latter was only five years of age. David or "D. S." as he was called, was trying to get through high school in Greenville. Paul Wo lard, the oldest, was married to a fine girl and heloing his daddy farm. These were difficult days. And, as is often the case, trouble did not come single handed. The great depression that hit everybody and everything, certainly did not overlook David. To add to his problems he suffered an attack of angina which left him immobilized for several months but did finally recover and gained what seemed to be his normal health. Surprisingly enough he gathered courage and made another trip to the altar, this time marrying Clara Ross, a party he had known most of his life. When it seemed that life was looking up for him, he was stricken with incurable cancer. There was a long period of lingering illness. Through this time of trial as in the many others he had known, he maintained his usual optimistic outlook and above all inner spiritual resources imparted strength until the end. He died at the home of his son, Paul Wo lard, on June 7, 1951 in his 59th year. A comparatively short life but one filled with helpfulness to the entire family to

which he belonged. Next to their parents, the brothers and sister owe more to their self-sacrificing elder brother than to any other individual. To each of them as well as to his own children, his name will forever be loved and cherished.

The following children were born to David and Eva: Paul Woolard (November 4, 1913); Hazel Rae (October 20, 1916--November 10, 1920); David Samuel, Jr. (June 2, 1920); James Ray (January 25, 1929);

He rests in the Harris family burying ground along beside his faithful wife and beloved daughter.

What must it be like to step on shore, and find it--

Heaven;

To take hold of a hand, and find it--God's hand;

To breathe a new air and find it--celestial air;

To feel invigorated, and find it--Immortality;

To rise from the care and turmoil of earth

Into one unbroken calm;

To wake up and find it--Glory.

---ANION.

HENRY CLAY HARRIS, JR. The second child of James Samuel Harris and wife, Ida Proctor and the first descendant of grandpa Harris to bear his name. He was born January 1, 1896; he was married to Pearl Simmons, daughter of Billy Simmons and wife, on January 1, 1917. He died at the home of his parents on December 31, 1918. He was buried in the family cemetery, January 1, 1919 on his twenty-third birthday. It is of singular interest that Henry was born, married and buried on January 1st. These three important events do not ordinarily happen on the same day of the month to an individual.

To write about Henry is to write about one who was close to me in many ways, and yet because of the vast differences in our temperament and natural endowments, we were not very close. I never felt he understood me very well or was it the other way around? The twenty-three months difference in our ages accounted, no doubt, for the fact that we two were often thrown to work together. Even in the

public school at a time when grades didn't signify very much, we followed along together. Henry as his interest and prevailing conditions dictated, stopped school in the 7th grade. And because of his slight seniority, he was assigned tasks that otherwise would have fallen to me. On more than one occasion we were called out of bed before day to load the wagon with the tobacco that was ready for market. After the loading, I was permitted to go back to bed while Henry with the wagon and mules, took to the road with the tobacco. The tobacco market in Greenville was only five miles distant and it hardly seemed necessary to start the journey before sunrise. It was thought however, that arriving early and getting the tobacco on the floor had some advantage although I doubted this as I forced myself out of bed and stumbled around in the darkness. We cut wood together, he at one end of the non too sharp cross-cut saw and I at the other. We broke land and cultivated the crop together, each having his own plow and stubborn mule to contend with. How Henry would fuss and fume if there was too much grass which caused the plow to choke up and drag along without turning the soil! Memory recalls his exasperated expression, "I thought papa had bought some farm land and he has bought nothing but this mess."

It was difficult for me to understand how, when papa sent us to plow a field of corn or whatever, Henry would know exactly how many rows there were and, as he informed me in no uncertain terms, a definite number for each of us. He would make it plain that when he had plowed his number of rows, he would stop and leave me to finish the rest. Then he would drive his mule like fury, stopping for nothing not even a drink of water, until he had finished. He was as good as his word and often I and my slow mule "Old Jerry" would be left in the field all alone.

Sometimes his temper would flair and he and papa, much alike in many ways would have a confrontation. On one occasion papa wanted some hay moved from the pack house that would be needed soon for storing tobacco. In spite of the unusual heat, Henry and I were given the assignment of moving the hay from one point to another. This time Henry's temper exploded and with more audacity than I had ever seen him manifest, he said to papa: "It will be a cold day in hell before I move that hay." Papa must have been as much surprised as I was.

We had been taught from way back yonder to respect his authority and not to question his decisions, certainly not openly in his presence by one of the boys who ate at his table. It all ended by Henry, surprisingly enough to me, packing up and leaving home. Nothing had ever happened before like this in our family. What a sight it was. This son with his little bundle under his arm disappearing down the road toward Greenville going somewhere he knew not where. Two or three days passed and no word. Mama, as mother love always dictates, worried and kept an anxious watch. He would come back. He had little money in his pocket, he couldn't go very far. It was clear that papa kept a bold front to conceal his inward fears and forebodings but if he had anything to repent of, he did not manifest it. This was a wholly unheard of and unthoughtof experience for him.

After about a week Henry came home. He went to Norfolk, Va. and found employment with the city and began training preparatory to becoming a street-car conductor. The life of the city and the loneliness that overtook him together with happy memories of home and friends, soon, like the prodigal of old, turned his face toward his Father's house. Perhaps both father and son learned something from this experience which helped to establish a more harmoniously lasting relationship between the two. Henry left the farm and worked for a while in the store of the Randolph Brothers at House Station. Later he worked for a longer time with W. E. Warren in his general store in Greenville, the place he was working when he married. There was something in his heritage that pulled him back to the farm. The last year of his life he lived in the home with our parents. He and Pearl his splendid wife, adjusted well to the situation in which they found themselves. Henry cultivated Uncle Luck Tripp's small farm of about thirty acres. He was preparing to move to one of Billy Simmons' farms when he was stricken with rheumatic fever. The doctor failed to advise him of the importance of avoiding exertion and strain on his heart. Living up-stairs and trying to carry on his usual work was too much. The heart attack he suffered was massive and on December 31, 1917 his short life came to an end. The child born to he and Pearl while he was passing through his last illness, did not live.

SADIE RAE HARRIS SKINNER: One of the first funerals I remember attending was that of a cousin, Myrtie Proctor Holliday, in the old Christian Church in Grimesland. The choir sang a hymn that I have never forgotten, "We Are Going Down the Valley One by One." Two weeks ago at the time of this writing, we buried our beloved sister in the Greenwood Cemetery in Greenville. She, with her face toward the setting sun, quietly slipped away on March 8, 1974 just a little while before the sun set.

When those who mean so much to us go from us, it seems that a part of ourselves goes with them. Perhaps too much we are trying to build our heaven here. If we could always keep our loved ones with us and all the while building into this earthly abode those qualities that we, in our limited way, think that a heaven-on-earth ought to have, the final result might be something that we could call heaven-on-earth. You see there are many things we would rule out and certainly one would be the devastating experience of death. When the poet was speaking of this earth being heaven's table land, he was not thinking of the ache in the heart, the tear in the eye and the sad farewells that are such a common lot of us mortals. One thing is certain: God is not building his heaven here on earth. Somebody has described this life as a vale of soul-making. Who could better describe it?

Sadie was born February 22, 1899. (Our mother said Sadie was born the same year Grandpa E. B. Albritton died, 1899. The date written in the Bible, however, was 1900 which obviously is an error.) Being more nearly the same age, about fifteen months difference, perhaps accounts for our closeness. In those childhood years we played together, lived together and shared a common interest in life about us.

I left home and family in January of 1916 to attend the old Ayden Free Will Baptist Seminary operated by our church under the principalship at that time of J. E. Sawyer. Breaking the ties as it were ~~xi~~ with sister and family was difficult. The Seminary was a boarding school that offered three years of high school work. For me those were home-sick days. During this time my sister began writing me a letter every few days. It was the only antidote for my sickness. Thus was begun a practice that continued the rest of our lives. The last

letter she ever wrote me was dated February 3, 1974, thirty-three days before her death. It was evident from the badly formed letters and lines and what she said about herself that her condition was not improving. "I have been sick all of this past week. I do feel some better, some stronger. My medicine for nausea gave out and I went a few days without taking any. I just had to take some more. I got so sick I couldn't sit up for two or three days I stayed over at Ben's...I was taken last Monday night, I went to see the head doctor last Monday a. m. He's giving me medicine...I trust to the good Lord he can help me. Pray I will soon feel better." The doctor's reports gave us no indication of the seriousness of her condition.

Growing up in a family with six brothers and no sister, on a farm when modern conveniences were unknown, certainly had its disadvantages. Sometimes we refer to that period as the "transition period" because because it marked the boundary between the pioneer and the modern periods. Life out there on the farm five miles from town, was at that time much the same as it had been for generations. The children for the most part supplied the needed labor. Colored help was called in to lend a hand on rare occasions: yearly meeting time, birth of a child, sickness. In our home Mary Peebles, the colored woman, came in once a week and did the family washing. There were colored tenants on the farm but they had their own crop and maybe we did more to help them than they did to help us. In our home there were six boys but not all six were available for farm work at the same time. The older ones were moving out when the younger ones were coming in. Mama for very good reasons claimed all the help the little lone girl could give. While sister helped with the household work, her's was never a little Orphan Annie's existence. Mama disallowed anything like this. If someone thought that because there was only one girl, she certainly must be spoiled, he didn't know the facts. No children, not even the one sister, were ever spoiled in our family. Sadie early learned to do all the household chores. When she was twelve years of age mama's prolonged sickness thrust all the household work upon her. She got little help from her indifferent father and brothers. When grandma Proctor came to live with us in a semi-

invalid condition, Sister was the only help mama had.

The social advantages we enjoyed were much the same as those enjoyed by boys and girls generally in the rural section of our area. The church, all too deficient in many ways, probably offered the top social advantages available to us. We were fairly frequent visitors in other churches outside our home community. Sometimes I was the go-between or the third member of the party. It is easy to recall my often difficult interjection, at the invitation of my sister of course, when a decision had to be made. On one occasion we two, sister and I, had attended service at old Gum Swamp church, and, as was custom, were invited to one of the homes for dinner. Ed Hawkins, a local boy, took dinner at the same place. Sadie came and asked me if it would be all right if she accepted Ed's invitation to accompany him on the journey back home. My answer was negative for whatever reason I do not know. I always regarded Ed as my friend previous to this, but as I recall he never spoke to me again. On another occasion I went along on the strength of somebody's invitation, with John Thigpen and sister for an evening at the carnival in Greenville. It was quite obvious that my willingness to be helpful both to the right and the left, did not add to my popularity.

To relate something of the school advantages available to us, is to tell of the limited schooling some of us back there received. It might have been the seventh grade but precious little beyond. During my last year at the Ayden Seminary it was decided that Sadie should go along also. The cost of sending two children to a boarding school at the same time doubtless had some discouraging aspect for papa. Mama agreed to part with the only regular help she had. She probably did more than consent; she probably was the deciding factor in the whole arrangement. Those months in a boarding school, even one with the limitations of the Ayden Seminary, meant much to a little girl who had been confined all her life to a rural home. At the Seminary she made friends and formed life-long contacts. At this period she was endowed with beauty and attraction, assets from my view point she never lost. Photos taken at this time show her striking resemblance to our mother when she was young. While we were together at the Seminary, sister and I saw a great deal of each other. We were together in the dining hall for our meals; passing and repassing on the campus

and in the halls. She seemed to adjust quite well to the situation. One day she asked me to help her with her algebra. After lunch we went up stairs to one of the class rooms where we would not be disturbed. While at the board trying to make clear a simple equation, I turned to look and noticed that she had her head in her hands and was crying. What could be the trouble? It was exactly what I suspected: homesickness. "I am so homesick" she said, "I don't know what to do." I was touched for I thought from all appearances she was getting along quite well. Here was the one who had been so helpful in pulling me through my homesickness, now suffering from the same malady. But it didn't last for long. She had a good year at the Seminary, passed her work and would have returned if fate had not decreed otherwise. Her formal education was completed with that one year in boarding school.

The many good times we shared
 Are pleasant to recall,
 For happy family memories
 Are the nicest ones of all---
 And every thought of you today
 Brings longings and wishes too
 That your now triumphant life
 Imparts greater happiness
 Than those days I shared with you.

Sadie was united in marriage to William H. Skinner, Jr. on May 31, 1923, a smart, industrious person with a likeable, outgoing personality, twenty years her senior. He lived in Farmville at the time and provided a home for his aged father and mother. The marriage took place in Norfolk, Va. where a brother of Will lived. Maybe it would have been preferable from the standpoint of many, if the wedding had taken place in the local church where members of the family and her friends could have attended. But it was as they planned and desired it. When the parents of Will passed on, the younger couple continued to live in the same resented house for a number of years. Will worked as a local carpenter, having quit farming several years previously. Many enjoyable visits were made to the Skinner home while they lived in Farmville. It was quite apparent to me that they were quite

happy together. Sister was an excellent cook, a faultless housekeeper. On August 22, 1930, their only child was born, William Ray. The child the couple desired very much, died soon after birth and the couple was destined never to know the comfort and joy that a child of their own could give. The body was buried in the Skinner plot in the Farmville cemetery.

When the depression of the '30's hit and work for the carpenter was no longer available, Sadie and Will moved into the home with our parents. Will got back into the old swing of farming, a work he knew well and was satisfied to pursue the rest of his life. When some further changes became necessary, Sadie and Will moved to the Moore farm, a tract of land that had been in the Harris family for generations and the place that was the home of our oldest brother, David, in his last days. Skinner was fortunate in getting Arthur, a splendid colored man and family, to assist him in his venture and thus was begun a relationship that lasted the remainder of Will's life. The good relationship prompted Will and Sadie to give Arthur a piece of land upon which to build a house of his own that was to be his home the remainder of his life.

Industry and careful planning with the Lord's help, enabled the couple to purchase a valuable piece of land in the Belvoir community, being part of the Ed David Hathaway home place. After a few years the debt was lifted and for the first time in Skinner's life he farmed on land that was his own. Here they were living when Will died, November 26, 1962.

Sadie was thoroughly broken up after Will's passing. All this coming so soon after clearing the debt on the farm and after what seemed the beginning of a more promising future. Sister's love for her home and farm prompted her to try to make it alone with the good help she knew she could count on from the faithful negro family. But it soon became apparent that such an arrangement would not work. The location was too isolated; neighbors too scattered. Being alone knowing crime was rampant, caused her to live with a distressing sense of loneliness and fear. With the help of our younger brother, Ben, who offered her a building site next to his home in Belvoir, she decided to build a small home next to Ben's. She would hold on to her farm and hoped with Arthur's help, she would be able to make it. The plan might have been a good one but it didn't work. She finally decided to do what she

had hoped all along that she would not have to do, sell the farm. As time went on it became more evident that the decision to sell was a wise one. Ben and Floriene as well as Bobby and Betsy and the three boys, Jeff, Ronnie and Chris, bestowed upon Sister their undivided love and concern. She loved them all devotedly. The last years of her life were, from every indication, happy ones. She found genuine joy in keeping her house and grounds. Belvoir Free Will Baptist Church, of which she was a charter member, provided contacts she needed for her spiritual and social needs. What she was not able to do for herself was done for her. The frequent visits I made which she seemed to appreciate, confirmed the matters of which I write.

She went very quietly from us on the afternoon of March 8th, 1974 just a little past her seventy-fifth year. Her trouble had not been correctly diagnosed until some two or three weeks before her death. Repeated tests and x-rays up to now had failed to show the trouble. But now the verdict of the doctors was, cancer of the liver. A biopsy confirmed this. When the physicians dropped the bombshell, we were shocked for they had not given us the least intimation of what they were now saying. Previous tests had not, they said, revealed this enemy that was so swiftly and surely edging her toward death. We tried to make her as comfortable as possible and this was difficult enough when she could eat so little and this with great difficulty. We pay tribute to Ben and Floriene for their faithfulness and devotion day and night through those long, weary hours in the hospital and then in their home where she asked to be taken when she left the hospital. Fortunately for one in her condition, her suffering seemed light and as a good Providence would have it, not for long. "The Lord gives and takes, blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me."

ETHEL LERLENE BROWN HARRIS: Marriage, the institution that the church has blessed and to which it has contributed so much, has its time of beginning and ending. Maybe we think a formal ceremony, sometimes put on with a degree of pomp and ceremony, is all that is necessary to complete this thing we call marriage. But what the ceremony does in reality is only to mark the beginning of marriage. The years whether few or many, that follow the taking of vows, determine what marriage is, what it is or ought to be. The years, as many can testify, help to cement the lives of the contracting parties and bring marriage to its fruition. These words are written some five months after Lerlene, my wife and beloved companion of forty-six years went from me. The loneliness and the utter change that has taken place in the world in which I am now living, convinces me without doubt that when one's life companion goes, something of himself goes too.

Lerlene had been declining over a long period. Maybe we did not take seriously what is now so evident. There is as we know a decline in one's well-being, naturally, when he reaches the late seventies. We may because of this fact, take every intimation of decline as nothing more than a token of the coming and going of the years. A noticeable change in Lerlene's mental outlook accompanied by other changes as well, should have told us something. She lost interest in the present. Her conversation at those times which we have reserved and kept for each other through the years; the time when we would sit and quietly converse about personal matters and matters not so personal, showed that she was brooding and strangely clinging to life she used to know, loved ones and friends and particularly relatives, who had gone from us. As she thought and talked about them they became alive and the past in some strange way was merged with the present.

Dr. Alvarez has told us that as people grow older they are subject to a series of light strokes, maybe so light that they are not noticed, but injury is done to the nervous system and particularly the memory. This explains, he says why memory in the aged becomes faulty. They forget easily. Perhaps this explains the infrequent black-out spells that Lerlene has had for a few years. Her two visits to the P. D. Clinic at Duke Hospital as well as well as those she made to the office of the local physician, failed to reveal anything to us.

The life of this good woman and the contribution she made to the cause to which we dedicated our lives, is told in the body of this

paper and there is no need of rehearsing it here. But suffice it to say that no wife could have been more loyally devoted to her husband and to the cause we served, than she. We traveled the long, hard road of the itinerancy together and sometimes there were hardships and discouragements a plenty. But not once do I recall one word of complaint coming from her. I often heard her say that she supposed she was about the poorest preacher's wife that ever was whereupon I reminded her that she had been not the worst but the best. The failures and short-comings belonged to no one but myself. For the thirty years we were in the itinerancy she was, I must confess, the favorite one of the team; she was my strong support. Everywhere we lived with the exception of one place, she made life-long friends that never deserted her. When we taught at Ocracoke, the first year of our marriage, Henry Betts, the star student in the school, paid my wife a wonderful compliment and probably without realizing it. He said, "When I marry I hope I will have a wife just as wonderful as yours."

Born on November 6, 1897, she passed away March 31st, 1975, in her 77th year. The Lord gives and takes and...loves.

(The following article was written by Rev. Samuel L. Wood, pastor of the Wendell United Methodist Church and appeared in the North Carolina Conference Journal 1975 edition.)

1897 - 1975

Ethel Lerlene Harris, daughter of Robert Benjamin Brown and Polly Lilly Brown, was born November 6, 1897 in Martin County, North Carolina. After graduating from high school she furthered her education at Woman's College, then called State Normal, in Greensboro, North Carolina.

Following college she taught for several years in the public schools because she loved children and from childhood had aspired to make teaching her life work. The same dedication with which she carried out her responsibilities as a teacher characterized her labor of love as she took to herself the new responsibilities of being a wife and help-mate to her husband. She met Hyman LeRoy Harris while she was a member of the Wendell Christian Church, and he was an aspiring young Methodist Minister. They

were married September 2, 1929 in the Wendell Christian Church by the Rev. John Waters.

They began their life together serving the Pink Hill appointment, and for thirty-three years the ministry took them to Pink Hill, Kaysville, Saxapahaw, Knightdale, Carolina Beach, Garland, West Rockingham, Cobb Circuit, Macon and Person Street in Fayetteville. Not only did she serve in making the parsonage a preachers home for many fellow ministers, but a place of welcome for all who entered, especially those seeking help. She also found time to serve in the church and community wherever they lived. She was president of the P. T. A. in Pink Hill. Often she served as President or in other offices in the woman's Society of Christian Service. She was honored by the ladies on the Cobb Circuit with a life membership in their Society on April 9, 1958 with the declaration that this honor "is a symbol of the esteem, appreciation and love we feel for you." She served as local correspondent for two daily newspapers for a number of years.

In 1962, with her husband retiring from the active ministry, they returned to their home in Wendell. She did not take kindly to the idea of retirement, and as long as she was physically able remained active in church and community life. She was a member of the Woman's Club in Wendell, serving as chaplain several terms. In the church she remained active in the W. S. C. S., as assistant teacher of the Asburian Class and leader of a Wednesday morning prayer group.

Following an extended period of declining health she suffered a stroke on the morning of March 12, and her earthly life ended at midnight March 31, 1975. She is survived by her husband, Rev. Hyman LeRoy Harris of Wendell; a son, Richard LeRoy Harris and one grandson of Carolina Beach; a younger sister, Mrs. Clyde Cline of Raleigh.

A memorial service was held in Wendell United Methodist Church on Wednesday afternoon, April 2, 1975 by her pastor, the Rev. Samuel L. Wood. Interment in Gethsemane Memorial Gardens in Zebulon.

Mrs. Lerlene Harris has left her influence as a dedicated Christian on the community where she grew up and, later in life, where she returned to live out her days. Her faithful service is a heritage left to all who knew her.

Samuel L. Wood

(The following memorial tribute prepared by the Woman's Society of Christian Service, Wendell United Methodist Church, was submitted to the family and to the North Carolina Christian Advocate appearing in the issue of June 26, 1975)

In Memoriam

Mrs. Lerlene Brown Harris

We, the members of the Wendell United Methodist Women, wish to pay tribute and respect to the memory of our dear friend and member of our Society, Mrs. Lerlene B. Harris wife of the reverend H. LeRoy Harris, who passed away March 31st.

She was devoted to her church and community activities. We praise God for her service in our church and Society. Her passing is our loss, but Heaven's gain.

We thank God for the memory of her life, for the many years of quiet dedication and faithful service she gave to God through her church and community.

Well done thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord,

Respectfully submitted,

WENDELL UNITED METHODIST CHURCH WOMEN

Mrs. A. O. Bridgers, Sec.

MARTHA ANN H. MCGOWAN HARRIS: The oldest child of Henry C. Harris and wife, Henrietta Louisa Albritton, died at the home of her son, Dr. Claudius McGowan, Plymouth, N. C. September 27, 1956. Age: 88 years. She suffered a paralytic stroke the evening before her death. Her first marriage was to Lemon McGowan; her second marriage was to James Harris. The last twenty-one years of her life she lived with her son in Plymouth. She always kept her church membership at Parker's Chapel, the church of her childhood. Funeral services were held at the United Methodist Church in Plymouth with the Rev. Jesse Lanning officiating assisted by the Rev. Paul B. Nickens and the Rev. C. N. Barnette. She was buried in the church ceme-

etery from which the funeral was conducted.

With the passing of "Aunt Pat" as we always called her, the oldest living member of the family went from us. Although the oldest, she lived to see the passing of two of her brothers, Fenner and Sam. Endowed with a sunny, congenial disposition, she was loved by all the family. Being the oldest she formed a kind of link between the present and the past. Her's was a beautiful, Christian life. Those who knew her best said she bore a striking resemblance to her mother.

My earliest recollection of Aunt Pat began when she was well along in years. She and her second husband lived on his farm in a typical, early type rural home near Pactolus. Living with them were two of Uncle Jim's two brothers, Jacob and John. Jacob was partner with his elder brother in extensive farming operations. John, married to a wife in his earlier years, made his home with his brothers. As a boy I remember accompanying my father on one of his visits to the home of his sister and family. These three very old men as they seemed to me to be, excited my curiosity and I remarked to my father that there were more "grand pa's" in that family than there ought to be, whereupon my father related the details but that did not satisfy my curiosity. There were just too many grand pa's in one family. Jacob Harris never married but joined his brother in providing unusually well for Aunt Pat's son, Claude, the boy they loved as if he had been their very own. They financed his education through high school and on until he completed his course at the Medical College of Virginia, graduating with the M. D. degree.

No one every discharged her duty to older people and filled her place more acceptably than did Aunt Pat. When the last of the trio died, probably Jacob, Aunt Pat was still not an old person. She played a wonderful role in ministering to those whom she loved. Papa often spoke of this unusual contribution of his older sister and regarded it as a record unmatched by many that he knew anything about.

"Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned
And sun and stars foevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here
have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,

As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;
 And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

CLAUDEIUS MCGOWAN: The only child of Aunt Pat and Lemon McGowan. Left without a father at an early age, he became the subject of affection of his step father, James Harris and his brother, Jacob. Neither of these brothers had children of their own and it was not difficult for them to center their affection upon this bright and attractive boy. No father could have done more for his son. Claude's father died when he was quite young. Whether it was the choice of Claude or that of his mother or foster parents, he was early turned toward a professional career. It was said when he went he went off to the Ayden Seminary, a boarding school maintained by the Free Will Baptists in Ayden, that he was studying to be a minister. Somewhere along the way, however, Claude lost interest in the ministry and turned to medicine instead. Completing his high school work at the Seminary, he entered the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. It is not known how long he attended the latter institution. His medical training was obtained at the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond from which he graduated with the M. D. degree. He entered private practice of his profession in Washington, N. C.. After a short practice in Washington, he moved to Plymouth, North Carolina in Washington County. He practiced medicine in Plymouth for the rest of his life reaching over more than half a century. He was known to thousands throughout Washington County simply as "Dr. Mack."

Claude attained prominence in the county not only because of his wide practice but also as the County's health officer, a position he filled from 1937 to his retirement in 1968. He was medical examiner for the County Draft Board during World War I, until he himself was drafted. He served with the medical contingent of the army in France.

At the time of his death, September 10, 1973, Dr. Mack was the oldest living member of our family, being 83 years of age. He was born January 17, 1890. At the time of his passing he was living in a Rest Home in Charlotte. His first marriage was to Lillian Reid of Plymouth, the mother of his two daughters, Mrs. Martha Dillion of Thousand Oaks, Calif. and Mrs. Lillian Metzenthian of Charlotte. The wife of a latter marriage, Mrs. Alice McGowan, survives and lives in Plymouth. "Having served his generation, by the will of God, he fell asleep."

Henry Benjamin Harris: Early recollections of people and things are likely to be the most lasting if not the most accurate. To attempt to write about a man that was as unique and individualistic as H. B. Harris is not easy. Papa loved to visit members of his family and often for some reason he would take me along. On one occasion, driving up to visit his parents and other members of the family from the Blakeley farm where we lived from 1901 to 1907, he suddenly stopped and began to talk with a strange man by the roadside. After several minutes of roadside conversation, the journey being made with horse and buggy, the journey was resumed. Who was that man? I asked. It was his brother, Ben. He just happened to be near the road as we came along. Uncle Ben's farm of some one hundred acres, was some of the choice farm land in Pitt County. He bought the farm when he was a young man and here he spent his whole life. It was about a mile from Grandpa's, the point to which we were traveling. This is one of the earliest recollections I have of Uncle Ben. I was destined to know him much better and appreciate him much more in later years.

Following the bent of his ancestors, he found genuine happiness in cultivating his fertile acres. If the world beyond had any lure for him, he never revealed it to anybody. It was from these acres he departed this life, Tuesday, June 10, 1958. Born December 12, 1872, he was at the time of his death in his 76th year.

He married Nellie Ayres, September 1, 1909 and to them the following children were born: Mattie Lee (January 2, 1911); Blanch (October 30, 1912); Minnie (October 6, 1914); Katie Mae (November 12, 1916); Henrietta Louise (April 3, 1919); Martha Ann (April 22, 1921); Nellie Rae (November 29, 1923--February 29, 194...); Henry Benjamin, Jr. (October 18, 1927--August 18, 1959).

The long years of his bachelorhood, he was 37 years of age at the time of his marriage, found him still a member of his parents household. Each day he would make the trip to his farm, about a mile away, and return at night. He manifested that interest and concern that was natural for a loyal and devoted son. In 1908 papa bought the Albritton farm and from that time on the two families became next door neighbors. And many were the evenings when Uncle Ben visited in our home, These visits, as I remember, immediately preceding his marriage. He would talk at length about

"nellie" and the difficulties he was experiencing in his somewhat delayed romance. When the day of the wedding arrived, we did the most unusual thing, wetook a day off and joined the wedding party at the home of the bride. There was something of a celebration in the home of our grandparents that evening.

To appreciate the man, Henry Benjamin Harris, you will have to look at him in his native habitat, which was his farm. His work stock, there were no tractors in those days, were of primary concern to him. Three times every day he either supplied them with their feed or he personally saw it was done. I chanced to pass his way one day and found him in the barn shucking corn. The shulks were going on a pile in the middle of the floor. "I always give the mules a rarity on Sunday morning, corn shulks" he said. He was in spite of his provincial living, remarkably progressive. At a time when a new house on the farm or any where else was a rarity indeed, he discarded his old tenant houses and built new ones. He engaged the most competent carpenter anywhere around, Ed Belcher, to do the work. His two-story dwelling, built after his marriage, was constructed by the same skilled carpenter. This structure built along modern lines, is still occupied by the family of one of his daughters, Henrietta Louise House (Mrs. . R. House). He recognized the need for a school in the community and exerted his influence in getting the Harris School established and built. It was the irony of fate that this school, built across the road from his farm, should have been consolidated with a district school in another area before his own children arrived at school age. The son of a father who probably never rode on an automobile or ever saw a television, he met the transition from the old to the new, head on. It was thought that he would never purchase an automobile, not if it meant discarding his accustomed mode of travel, the horse drawn cart and buggy. But he did. He might just be one of the few men who bought an automobile but never learned to drive.

Surely Uncle Ben was one of a kind, I place him near the top of the list of those Uncles and Aunts who, in their day, formed a link between my generation and those who had gone before.

He loiters with a backward smile
Till we can overtake,
And strain our eyes to search his wake,
Or, whistling, as he sees us through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

--Robt. Louis Stevenson (Adopted)

JANE LOU HARRIS WHITEHURST: Were families closer together in those earlier days than they are today? Somethings we remember, and the total pattern as it appears in our minds in the present, makes us think so. For instance, Aunt Jane with one or two children in the buggy with her, stopping to have a visit with our family on her way to visit her aging parents. Ashley Tripp, never made any other kind of visit as I recall. These would stop out front to converse in the leisurely fashion of the day. The visit as was often the case, was just a stop-and-go affair. After a brief re-hash of family affairs, the journey and the work would be resumed. Socializing after this manner was a trend of the times. The tempo of this modern day with the motor car instead of the horse and buggy, has out-dated what used to be.

Jane Lou Harris, the younger daughter of Henry Clay and Henrietta Louisa Harris, was born July 19, 1873, died January 14, 1962, at the home of her daughter, Zella Whitehurst Cowan, Martin County near Williamston, in her 88th year. She married Alonza M. Whitehurst and to this union the following children were born: James Henry (November 24, 1892--August 1975); Lou Zella (March 6, 1894--November 21, 1972); Pattie Oliver (May 15, 1898--December 12, 1918); Bettie Pearl (November 24, 1902-----); Eunice Catherine (September 9, 1907----). Her husband, Alonza Whitehurst, preceded her in death by several years. She left beside her surviving children, twenty-six grand children, sixty-one great grand children and twelve great, great ~~xxx~~ grand children. This number of descendants must be some kind of record for one member of our family. She was laid to rest in the Robersonville Cemetery. The Rev. D. W. Alexander, assisted by the Rev. Willis Wilson, both former pastors, officiated at the funeral. Her passing left only two surviving members of a large family of children, George Hendrix and William Robert Harris both of Greenville.

Aunt Jane and family lived on a farm they owned on the Stokes highway near Sweet Gum Grove F. W. B. Church. She transferred her membership from Parker's Chapel to Sweet Gum Grove, the church near her home, where it remained at the time of her death.

Many of the older members of our family will recall with fond memories those dinners at Aunt Jane's on the first Sunday in September, the day of the bi-annual Y early Meeting at Sweet Gum Grove. This is another of those events of that day which helped to bring the family close together. The effort to substitute Homecoming for the Yearly Meeting has left a lot to be desired. The schedule through the month of September

with one of these big meetings each Sunday, lead off with the one At Sweet Gum Grove on the 1st Sunday and Aunt Jane and Uncle Alonza provided in a wonderful way when their turn came. The crowd was largely made up of members of the Harris clan. Nothing hinders me from speaking with authority at this point for I was often a member of those representing the family on that day. There was an abundance of good things to eat and a fine spirit of fellowship. Preparing the food and making the other preparations represented an expenditure of time and labor that most of us at the time were little aware of. But in order that they scattered members of the family might be brought together for such an occasion, it seemed tremendously worth while. Occasion like this helped the members of the family to feel closer together.

Jane Lou Harris Whitehurst was a good wife, a devoted mother and a faithful believer in the Christian faith. I last saw her when she was nearing the end of her earthly life. Her mind was clear and she was resigned to the will of the Lord whom she had loved and served through the years. She talked about her parents whom she loved dearly and other members of the family. She seemed to have no fear of the approaching end. It was as if she was saying to me:

Sunset! and all across the west
Are broken clouds and light;
The storms are gone, and now comes rest;
I do not fear the night.

'Tis not the end of a perfect day;
Storms came and brought me fear;
But in the dark I learned to pray,
And found the Father near.

And now that all life's storms have passed,
And I see sunset's glow;
I've found perfect peace at last;
I'm not afraid to go.

--Ernest C. Durham

JOSEPH FENNER HARRIS: Two of the grandsons Of Henry Clay Harris were comparing notes on their respective fathers. One said, "They are all alike," referring to the five Harris brothers. Except for similarities of a very general nature, they were not alike. Joseph Fenner was the fifth child of his parents and the third son. As a boy Uncle Fenner impressed me as a very stern and distant man. He never seemed aware of my existence at all. But as age crept upon us both, there seemed to be a change. In those earlier years, the farm and home on the Ram's Horn where he lived with the rest of the Harris clan, seemed likely to remain his home the rest of his life. As his children began to grow up he grew dissatisfied with the school and social advantages available in the community. Seeking something better for himself and family, he sold the old place and moved up into the Farmville community, a part of the county regarded as more progressive than the Ram's Horn community. First it was on a farm and then into the town of Farmville where he operated a community grocery for a while.

His restless disposition, if we may call it that, soon prompted another move. This time it was a more distant move into another state. He found the advantages of old Virginia beckoning. The farm land in the vicinity of Suffolk seemed to offer what he was searching for and that is where he settled. Farming was in his blood and in addition it was the local country store that was something of an extension of what he had started in Farmville. Here he and family made what one would call a permanent settlement. Here the advantages of school and church were more nearly to his liking. Here his family grew up. Here his good and faithful wife, the mother of his children, passed on at the early age of 49 years. There was another venture into matrimony.

I visited Uncle Fenner not too long after he settled in his new home. On the hot afternoon of our visit he was in his little store and there was a warmth and graciousness about the man that I had not known before. He seemed different from the Uncle Fenner I thought I had known in earlier years. He seemed contented and satisfied and it was obvious as could be that he was through roaming.

This man who chose to break away from the locale and accepted ways of his family, was different. He continued to love his old

home community and often returned for visits. I might have seen him on his last visit for it was not too long before his death. It was with joyous enthusiasm that he moved/ around among his relatives and friends, greeting everyone with a cordiality that seemed unusual even for Uncle Fenner. As he walked again over the old, familiar paths he lived again the days and years that had long since passed.

Joseph Fenner Harris had many traits and characteristics that made him different. Perhaps more than any of his brothers he was endowed with qualities of leadership. For many years he was clerk of the Quarterly Conference in old Parker's Chapel church. He was probably the most aggressive member of the church board. There was a ready response from the Clerk when the reading of the minutes of the previous conference was called for. The minutes were inclusive and well prepared. No other individual, as memory recalls, ever served in those days as Superintendent of the Sunday School that Parker's Chapel tried to have from time to time. For many reasons it was difficult ~~for~~ to keep the Sunday School alive. When the County Board of Education told the community that, if the community would provide the building and equipment, the County would provide a teacher and thus give the community a school, something it had not had up to this time. Fenner Harris gave the greatest leadership in securing a site and erecting the one-room structure. The building was actually not completed until funds realized through box suppers and pie sales made the funds available. The first winter the building was used the interior was without ceiling of any kind. The structure never knew the luxury of paint. All of the desks, tables and all other furniture was supplied by the patrons of the school. The burden of this task, in memory serves us right, fell to Uncle Fenner either because of his greater skill or his willingness to do the task.

His latter years were spent in another community in another state, but the Christian pattern of his life continued as many of his neighbors and friends would testify. His whole life calls to mind the words of the Prophet Micah, "And what saith the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God?"

Joseph Fenner Harris was born April 15, 1875. In 1895 he married Hundah Dudley, daughter of Ed Dudley and wife, of Greenville. She was better known as "Doobie" by her friends. She was a person of many excellent qualities and lent a great deal of strength to her husband.

To the couple the following children were born: First born (unnamed) (November 9, 1900---November 10, 1900); Herman Elmo (October 16, 1901....); Allie Lee (November 10, 1903....); Edward Henry (June 1905--May 16, 1973); Joseph Fenner, Jr. (July 7, 1907--September 7, 1960); Sadie Louise (November 6, 1909--December 18, 1966); Martha Elizabeth (October 19, 1912--May 20, 1938); Nell Brinkley (October 1, 1924.....); J. W. (July 13, 1914--May 27, 1917); Charles Wilson (August 27, 1918.....); Huldah Dudley, his wife and mother of his children, was born May 10, 1878 and died March 9, 1927. On May 23, 1947, we received word that Uncle Fenner had passed away at his home in Virginia in his 72nd year. He was laid to rest in a local cemetery along beside his wife who had preceded him in death twenty years previously.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

---William Cullen Bryant

GEORGE HENDRIX HARRIS The older generation is often remembered by some outstanding personal trait or characteristic. George Hendrix Harris, the sixth child of Henry Clay Harris and his wife, Henrietta Louise Albritton, left an unforgettable impression upon me by one of his characteristic traits. May it be said that if there was a philosopher among the seven children of this Harris family, it would have to be George Hendrix. While not contentious or argumentative in the ugly sense, he loved to make known his position on controversial questions and some not so controversial, and then with a show of solid conviction, defend that position. Should the preacher seem a fit subject for reelection and the prevailing sentiment seemed to point against it, Uncle Hendrix would most likely come forward with a strong

argument for retaining him. If you had passed along Evans Street in Greenville on a certain day you would have seen Uncle Hendrix and John B. Oakley seated in front of the Oakley Insurance office deeply absorbed in discussing the biblical doctrine of Predestination, pro and con naturally enough. Somebody said Hendrix Harris missed his calling. Instead of agriculture it should have been the law. There might be good and sufficient grounds for such a conclusion.

The subject of this sketch was born March 26, 1876, the year the United States celebrated the one hundred anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. He was married at an early age to Lellie Tresinia Johnston, the daughter of Godfrey Johnston, a local Free Will Baptist preacher, and wife. The two families were old residents of the community and, because the young couple had known each other all their lives, did not venture into that uncertain period of adjustment in exactly the same way many young couples have to do. They first settled in their home on a small farm in the home community on the Ram's Horn road. Later they sold this farm and bought the Satterthait farm just East and adjoining the home place of his parents. The family was growing and the small house in which they were living was later enlarged by the addition of two more rooms, Uncle Hendrix himself, being a carpenter of considerable ability, doing most of the work. Here the family settled in what seemed to be its permanent home. But after a few years he disposed of this place and made another move. Perhaps more than anything else, it was to obtain a larger farm and more adequate living quarters for his sizeable family. This time he purchased the farm and the rather expansive home of Thad Moore, a few miles nearer Greenville. Here the family lived through the latter years; here the children grew to maturity.

The marriage ceremony requires the contracting parties to accept each other for better or worse, for richer or poorer. In most cases there are experiences that belong to each category. Aunt Lell, as we knew her, the mother of his children, died June 24, 1949 in her 68th year of age. But maybe I'm getting a little ahead of my story. The first great sorrow to befall the young couple was the death of the couple's first born, Henrietta Louise, April 16, 1911, a beautiful child in her sixth year. The devastating grief for both parents was tremendous but especially for the mother. For her it was indeed a crisis experience. She was a woman of strong Christian faith and after a long, hard battle she won out, regained her

normal health and went on to fulfill her important role as a wife and mother of a large family.. This woman was a strong, supporting helpmate to her husband. Nobody ever said she did less than her part in the making of a home and providing for her children. She was always devoted to her church, carrying on the tradition of her family. The little Sunday School in the school house near her home, found her helping in many vital ways whether leading the songs and always without an instrument, or teaching a class. She loved the Lord and his work and was happy in helping to advance his cause. After her passing her husband made another venture into matrimony and this wife, at the time of this writing, still survives.

Hendrix Harris inherited many of the admirable traits of his mother; he loved people and loved to mingle with neighbors and friends. He was a farmer and loved God's good earth. He never undertook any other work. In his latter years he quit farming, however, and moved to Greenville and here he was living when the summons came for him on March 17, 1963, in his 87th year. The funeral services were conducted from a local funeral chapel by the Rev. Milton Worthington, Pastor of Parker's Chapel where he held life-long membership. Burial took place in Pinewood Memorial Park in Greenville.

The following children were born to George Hendrix Harris and his wife, Lellie T. Johnston: Henrietta Louise (September 5, 1905--April 16, 1911); Thelma Athlene (May 27, 1907.....); Godfrey Dow (December 12, 1908---1975); Mary (Died in infancy); Ruth Leona (November 18, 1912.....); Rae (November 16, 1912, one of twins. Died at birth); Allie Christine (May 9, 1914---); Ruby Raybelle (February 15, 1916.....); Martha Mildred (January 7, 1918....); George Hendrix, Jr. (November 10, 1919---); Cornelius Paul (October 5, 1921---); Lelton Earl (June 10, 1924---).

There is a plan greater than the plan you know,
 There is a landscape broader than the one you see.
 There is a heaven where storm-tossed souls may go---
 You call it death--we, immortality.

---Anon.

WILLIAM ROBERT HARRIS: The subject of this sketch was the youngest child of Henry Clay Harris and Henrietta Louisa Albritton, and at the time of his passing, July 29, 1963, was the last surviving member seven children born to his parents. He was married three times, the first time to Sallie Catherine Briley, the mother of the following children: Geneva Louise (January 30, 1902--November 3, 1919); William Loyd (March 8, 1905--August 27, 1965); Bettie Estelle (December 3, 1907----); Robert Lee (October 20, 1909---); James Hassel (April 19, 1912---); Van Ray (March 12, 1916--December 20, 1918); Henry Charles (February 8, 1921.....).

The youngest of the children, being only 34 years of age when his father died, he lived to see two of his own children, his parents and all of his brothers and sister, pass on before him. He lived through an interesting period of our national history. Born fourteen years after the close of the Civil War, he grew up during the trying years of the Reconstruction. He lived through World War I and II; the Korean War and the Vietnam War. He lived through the Depression years and could tell you of many a hardship experience that was his during those years.

For whatever reason other than he was the youngest, he and his family lived from the years when I first knew him, with his parents in the old homestead. The important task of looking after his parents during their declining years fell largely to him and his wife. Those were the years before the nursing and retirement homes, when children had no choice but to look after their parents, a responsibility that was natural and expected.

In 1907, through some kind of arrangement, I went to live in the home of my grandparents. Details of the arrangement are not very clear but it was designed to be a permanent thing. Since the two families, my grandparents and Uncle Robert, were living together, my coming added another to the growing family. Perhaps it was not altogether an agreeable arrangement from the standpoint of the younger couple. Living in the home for a while, enabled me to become better acquainted with this segment of my father's family than would have been possible otherwise.

This Uncle of mine, like the other members of his family, lived close to the soil. He loved farming and followed it all his life. He had no other interest except a very limited venture into the retail sales business. For a short while he operated a small grocery store at the Cross Roads, known in these latter years as Meadowbrook. It was during the depression and obviously not a good time to venture into a business with which he was wholly unacquainted. I can write with some authority at this point

for I was brought in as a sales helper with the munificent salary of one dollar per day. Transportation to and from home was furnished.

After 1908 our family lived on an adjoining farm and members of the two families saw a great deal of each other. When small pox hit our family and we were put under quarantine for several months, Uncle Robert acting in the best ~~and~~ tradition of neighbor and brother, would stop and pick up the list of groceries the family needed. This list left on the top of the gate post enabled him to render this service without violating the quarantine or exposing him to the contagious malady of small pox. It was a helpful and much appreciated service to our family. Aunt Sallie was available also for many services. On more than one occasion she took articles of wearing apparel from the selfsame gate post, supplied the finishing touches and returned them via the gate post. There was no telephone for inter-family communication but somehow the necessary word got around. The word "quarantine" from that day has always had a bad connotation for me.

Uncle Robert had a love for the new and untried. If his venture into the merchantile business did not show this, his purchase of the first automobile in the neighborhood did. His Ford, one of the earliest of the sedan models that some of the neighbors said looked like a hearse, was a familiar sight passing to and fro making him somewhat the envy of the relatives and friends. Of William Robert it may be said that he was a faithful son, husband and father.

"He will not leave our treasures in the dust,
For God is just.

The hope sublime that soared into the sky,--
Can such hope die?

---C. C. Albertson

Family Chronology

The following information concerning our family is not available in this compact form anywhere else and is presented here because it is vital and concerns a large number of individuals over an extended period of time.

To clarify the letters and type forms in parenthesis we have used in the Chronology, the following information is offered.

- (....) Dates enclosed in parenthesis are those of birth and death in that order and occur, when known, immediately after the name of the individual.
- (m) This designates marriage and to whom
- (c) This designates children born to the couple whose marriage is referred to in the preceding line. The children's names are given when they are known.

Family Roll

A. Jacob Harris (m) Unknown

(c) 1. James

2. Jacob

3. Matthew (Matt) (m) Emily Langley; later Maude Dudley

4. John (m) Unknown (c) Bessie (2) John

B. James Harris (m) Sally Briley (c) 1. Shade (m) Married Unknown

(c) 1. John 2. Sid (daughter)

2. James (Conscripted and killed in the Civil War)

3. Henry Clay (m) Henrietta Louisa Albritton (Children of this couple are named in another connection).

4. Bettie (m) Bryant Augustua Tripp

(c) 1. Lizzie (m) Bob Moore

2. Lucy (m) Fayette Ross

3. Ashley (m) Emma Briley (Married again late in life)

4. Annie (m) W. H. Laughinghouse

5. Henry (m) Dessie Mayo

6. Fannie (m) Rufus Dudley

7. Queenie (m) Irvin Austin

8. Snowdie (m) Fird Taylor

5. Sarah (m) John Smith (c) 1. Dave 2. Joseph 3. James
6. Mary (m) William S. Leggette
(c) 1. Jim Frank
2. Hattie 3. Jane 4. Richard
5. ~~William~~ 6. ~~Lillie~~
7. Ben (Benjamin) (m) Louise Coggins (Ben died young)
(c) 1. Charley J. 2. Bennie 3. Fredonia
8. Richard (m) Louise Coggins Harris (His brother Ben's widow)
(c) 1. Anna 2. John Hargett 3. Richard Edward
4. Zebulon ("Peet") (m) Maude Barnhill
5. Shade M.
6. Lizzie
7. Chester

II. Descendants beyond Henry Clay Harris

Section III follows

- A. Martha Ann (1868--1956) (m) Lemon McGowan (Late in life married again to Jim Harris)
(c) 1. Claudius McGowan (January 17, 1890--June 14, 1973)
(m) Lillian Reid of Plymouth, N. C.
(c) 1. Lillian Reid 2. Martha
- B. James Samuel (March 28, 1869--Feb. 21, 1956)
(m) ~~See previous list~~ 1. ~~Ida~~, 1890--~~Jan. 10, 1908~~
(c) 1. David Samuel (April 5, 1892--June 7, 1951) (m) Eva Mae Woolard
(Dec. 13, 1893--June 14, 1934)
(c) 1. Paul Woolard (Nov. 4, 1913--) (m) Edna Vincent (Aug. 6, 1917)
(c) 1. Brenda (Jan. 6, 1942) (m) Roy W. Hall
2. Paula (Dec. 28, 1944) (m) ~~Dec~~ I. Jones
(c) Ivela Nichole (Dec. 12, 1972)
3. Paul Woolard, Jr. (June 28, 1949)
(m) Sylvia Roebuck (Aug. 12, 1952)
(c) Tonya Kay (Sept. 1, 1972)
2. Hazel Rae (Oct. 20, 1916--Nov. 10, 1920)
3. David Samuel, Jr. (June 2, 1920)
(m) Dora Margaret Fogle, (Feb. 6, 1943)
(c) 1. Cathleen Elaine (Jan. 7, 1944)

- (m) Keith Tipton Samuels, Jr. (c) Dawn Elizabeth (June 8, 1968)
2. Constance Lynn (Jan. 7, 1944; a twin to Cathleen Elaine)
(m) James Hugh Snyder on October 24, 1970
3. David Samuel III (August 8, 1953)
4. Bryant William (January 24, 1959)
(David Samuel and Eva Mae Woolard, Cont.)
4. James Ray (Jan. 25, 1929) (m) Faye Bullock (July 22, 1929)
(c) 1. Morris Rebecca (Nov 7, 1953)
(m) James Wilbert Futrell
2. Tracy Eve (January 15, 1956)
(m) Harold Michael Williams on Sept. 23, 1973
(James Samuel and Ida Proctor, Cont.)
2. Henry Clay, Jr. (Jan. 1, 1896--Dec. 31, 1916)
(m) Pearl Simmons on January 1, 1917
3. Hyman LeRoy (November 30, 1897)
(m) Ethel Lerlene Brown (Nov. 6, 1897--March 31, 1975)
Date of marriage, LeRoy and Lerlene: Sept. 2, 1929
(c) Richard LeRoy (June 19, 1938)
(m) Polly Buck (Oct 10, 1938) Marriage date: Apr. , 1940
(c) 1. Robert Joe (February 20, 1960)
4. Sadie Mae (February 22, 1899--March 8, 1975)
(m) William Henry Skinner, Jr. (Aug. 12, 1881--Nov. 26, 1962)
Date of Sadie's and Will's marriage: May 31, 1923
(c) William Rae (August 22, 1930--August 22, 1930)
5. James Samuel, Jr. (May 24, 1903) (m) Venetia Stocks (Dec. 6, 1902)
Date of Sam's and Venetia's marriage: Sept. 2, 1922
(c) 1. Thelma (Nov. 9, 1923) (m) James Earl Nobles (Nov. 11, 1923)
Date of Thelma's marriage: November 17, 1939
(c) 1. Richard Earl (Oct. 31, 1949)
(m) Gail Seaton on Feb. 16, 1962
(c) 1. Shelley Lane (Sept. 30, 1962)
2. Eric Seaton (July 24, 1964)
3. Lisa Noel (Jan. 4, 1968)
2. Larry Gene (Sept. 15, 1942)
(m) Charlotte Ann....on May 26, 1966
(c) 1. Michael Paul (Nov. 20, 1966)
2. Dorothy (May 14, 1926) (m) Johnny Burton Worthington
Date of Dorothy's marriage: June 2, 1940

(Dorothy Continued)

- (c) 1. Ronald Burton (July 21, 1945)
(m) Judith Gothard on Dec. 30, 1969
2. James Lindsay (Sept. 28, 1951)
(m) Linda Sue Haddock on Dec. 1, 1968
3. Jeffrey Blaine (February 5, 1962) (Oct. 15, 1921)
3. Geneva Louise (November 2, 1928) (m) Dallas Gilbert Whitford,
Date of Geneva's marriage: May 27, 1949
- (c) 1. Dallas Gilbert, Jr. (August 15, 1956)
4. Henry Clifton (August 6, 1934) (m) Anna White (August 15, 1937)
Date of Henry Clifton's marriage: May 29, 1956
- (c) Cathy Ann (Sept. 22, 1957)
2. Henry Clifton, Jr. (January 20, 1962)
5. Joyce (May 30, 1941) (m) Carlton Lumas Buck on June 6, 1959
- (c) 1. Angela Joy (January 9, 1962)
2. Christopher Lumis (October 29, 1966)
6. John Lyman (October 19, 1905) (m) Reva Bullock (July 1907--October 7, 1959)
- (c) 1. John Ivey (....197?) (m) Jean Teal
- (c) John John.....1967)
2. Christine Louise (....1972)
- John Lyman's second marriage to Lucille Whitehurst Manning (Mar. 24...
7. Benjamin Bell (une 21, 1907) (m) Floriene Teel (November 21, 1907)
Floriene Teel daughter of William Henry Teel and Sadie Faithful
- (c) 1. Garland Eugene (August 4, 1936) (m) Barbara Ann Bullock
Barbara Ann daughter of Jesse and Minnie H. Bullock
- (c) 1. Darrell Eugene (October 26, 1967)
2. Bobby Teel (October 19, 1937) (m) Letsy Thomas on June 6, 1959
- (c) 1. Rodney Edward (June 15, 1960)
2. Jeffrey Teel (August 9, 1961)
3. Thomas Christopher (March 21, 1966)
4. Evelyn Christine (1931-1937)
- Henry Benjamin
~~Benjamin Bell~~ (Dec. 12, 1872--June 10, 1958) (m) Nellie Ayers (Jan. 24, 1888)
Date of Benjamin Bell's marriage: Sept. 1, 1909 Nov. 20, 1908
- (c) 1. Lattie Lee (Jan. 2, 1911) (m) George Washington Briley (Feb. 22, 1910--
Date of Lattie's marriage: December 15, 1932
2. Blanche (October 30, 1912) (m) Gus Briley (Nov. 6, 1912--Oct. 24, '67)
Date of Blanche's marriage: November 25, 1933
3. Minnie (October 6, 1914) (m) Jesse Bullock (Nov. 23, 1912)
Date of Minnie's marriage: October 17, 1935)
- (c) 1. Bessie
2. Barbara Ann
4. Katie Mae (Nov. 12, 1916) (m) Ezra Daniel Griffin (Oct. 5, 1897)
Date of Katie's marriage: October 4, 1942
5. Henrietta Louise (April 3, 1917) (m) David Rufus House (Oct. 6, 1918)
Date of Louise's marriage: November 17, 1948)
6. Martha Ann (April 22, 1921) (m) James Wiram Ward (Nov. 1, 1918)
Date of Martha's marriage: May 10, 1939
7. Nellie Ray (Nov. 29, 1923--February 29.....)
8. Henry Benjamin, Jr. (Oct. 18, 1927--August 18, 1959) (m) Verna.....
Date of H. B.'s marriage: August 18, 1959
- Jane Lou (July 19, 1873--Jan. 4, 1962) (m) Alonza Whitehurst (Nov. 24, 1863--Mar. 31, '40)
- (c) 1. James Henry (Nov. 24, 1892--1975) (m) Claude Conway on Oct. 16, 1920
2. Lou Zella (Mar. 6, 1894--Nov. 21, 1972)
(m) Columbus Cowan on June 9, 1908
3. Pattie Oliver (Nov. 15, 1898--Dec. 12, 1918)
(m) Zeno Stocks on October 19, 1912

4. Allie Pearl (November 20, 1902) (m) William [unclear]
[unclear], 1917

5. Eunice Catherine (September 9, 1907)

(m) Joseph Louis Everett on August 16, 1923

6. [unclear] (April 18, 1878--[unclear], 1917)

(m) Huldah Dudley (May 10, 1878--March 9, 1927)

(c) 1. First born, unnamed (Nov. 9, 1900--Nov. 10, 1901)

2. Herman Elmo (Oct. 16, 1901)

(m) [unclear], 1927

3. Allie Lee (Nov. 10, 1903--)(m) Paul Vernon Massey

Date of Allie Lee's marriage: Nov. 26, 1928

Remarried: Robt. M. Pierce, Feb. 11, 1931

Robt. M. Pierce died: Jan. 1, 1967

(C) 1. Martha Ann Massey

2. Paul Vernon Massey, Jr.

3. Robt. M. Pierce

4. Rebecca Lee Pierce

5. James M. Pierce

4. Edward Henry (June 1905--May 18, 1973) (m) Margaret Lester

(c) 1. Anne

2. Betty Jean

5. Joseph Fenner, Jr. (July 7, 1907--Sept. 7, 1960) Unmarried

6. Sudie Louise (Nov. 6, 1909--Dec. 18, 1966) (m) George Later

(c) Five children

7. Martha Elizabeth (Oct. 19, 1912--May 20, 1938)

(m) Peyton C. Winner

(c) Three children

8. Nell Brinkley (October 1, 1914) (m) Joseph J. Janicot

(c) No children

9. J. W. (July 13, 1916--May 27, 1917)

10. Charles Wilson (August 27, 1918) (m) Evelyn Jones

(c) Four children

11. George Hendrix (March 26, 1876--March 17, 1963)

(m) Lellie Trezinia Johnston (May 11, 1881--June 24, 1940)

(c) 1. Henrietta Louise (Sept. 5, 1905--Apr. 16, 1911)

2. Thelma Athleen (May 27, 1907) (m) Johnson Voyd Whitehurst

(Feb. 5, 1901--Mar. 6, 1971)

3. Godfrey Dow (March 12, 1908-- 1975)

(Godfrey Dow, Continued)

(m) Helen Jones (Divorced)

(m) Louise Boyd

4. Mary (Died in infancy)

5. Ruth Leona (Nov. 18, 1912) (m) Antonie Lombardo (Oct. 12, 1902)

6. Rae (Nov. 18, 1912) One of twins. Died at birth

7. Allie Christine (May 9, 1914) (m) Frank Robles McCaskill (Dec. 9, '11)

8. Ruby Maybelle (Feb. 15, 1916)

(m) Lancel Edwards (Nov. 17, 1914--October 10, 1959)

Date of Ruby's marriage: Dec. 18, 1934

9. Martha Mildred (Jan. 7, 1918)

(m) Joseph Samuel Carter (July 28, 1908--Aug. 5, 1970)

(m) Warner William Miles (July 31, 1919)

Date of Martha's last marriage: July 4, 1936

10. George Hendrix, Jr. (Nov. 10, 1919)

(m) Lindsay Cambell (October ~~12~~ 13, 1927)

11. Cornelius Paul (October 5, 1921)

(m) Becky Harrison (July 13, 1924)

12. Lilton Earl (June 10, 1924)

(m) Edna Earl Whichard (Sept. 10, 1924)

G. William Robert (June 22, 1879--July 29, 1963)

(m) Sallie Catherine Briley (February 27, 1878--September 6, 1943)

(c) 1. William Loyd (March 8, 1905--August 27, 1965) (m)Dixon

(c) 1. Rebecca Hern (Sept. 1, 1936)

2. William Loyd, Jr. (Billie) (May 25, 1938)

2. Geneva Louise (January 30, 1902--Nov. 3, 1919)

(m) Alfred Ross on July 13, 1918

3. Bettie Estelle (dec. 3, 1907) (m) Galen Harris on Oct. 15, 1925

(c) 1. Hazel Marie (August 3, 1926)

2. Dorothy Willard (June 3, 1930--July 2, 1933)

3. Mary Gaynell (November 25, 1937)

(m) Hoyt Eday Stone on April 9, 1971

4. Robert Lee (October 20, 1909)

(m) Maydaline Price on Nov. 28, 1928

(m) Nell Manning

(c) Mary Lee (Nov. 11, 1929--May 10, 1930)

(Robt. Lee, Continued)

2. Helen Geneva (Sept. 12, 1931)
3. Robert Luther (Robby) (March 19, 1939)
4. Linda Kay (June 20, 1940)
5. James Hassel (April 19, 1912) (m) Lena Tripp on Oct. 25, 1933
6. Henry Charles (February 8, 1921)
(m) Annie Laura Albritton on June 22, 1940
(c) 1. Charles Earl (June 29, 1941)
7. Van Ray (March 12, 1916--December 20, 1918)

My Mother's Family

My mother was the daughter of John Proctor and his second wife, Lydia Flake Proctor and the grand-daughter of Abner Proctor. There were three children in the Abner Proctor household: Martha, Mary Ann and John. My grandfather first married Susan Pollard and to this union the following children were born:

Sylvester (1849--1883). His wife, Alice J. preceded him in death by eight years. Both are buried in the old Proctor cemetery on the farm that John Proctor owned and made his home for the greater part of his life. This farm long since passed out of the family and is now the location of a sub-division on the north-western edge of Greenville.

Elizabeth, about whom we know very little. We do know that one of the older girls married a Mr. Andrews. This could have been Elizabeth. This couple were the parents of Johnnie Andrews who for many years published "The Ayden Dispatch" a weekly newspaper in Ayden, N. C. A son of Johnnie Andrews, who bears the name of his father, is at the present time a member of the North Carolina Conference and is serving the laural~~ment~~ Herman appointment in the Greenville District.

John Ashley, whom some of the older members of the family will remember, never married, and became something of a voluntary exile. He disappeared from the family circle when a young man and was found in his late mature years living alone in an isolated spot near Tampa, Fla. This

discovery was made in a wholly unexpected manner and involved the role of a traveling salesman, whose name we do not know, and a younger brother, William Elijah. The salesman was acquainted with John Ashe Proctor and when he saw this man that looked so much like him that he spoke to him thinking it was his friend from Florida, he discovered his mistake. This happened in Washington (N. C.) where William Elijah Proctor often went on business. The two brothers were much alike in appearance, so much so that one could very easily be mistaken for the other. Not only was there this striking resemblance but they had the same name, "Proctor." From what he could learn from the stranger, this man in Florida might well be his long lost brother. He sent a message, it could have been a telegram, "If you are my brother, please communicate with me at once." It was not long before a reunion of John Ashley Proctor with his brother and family took place. It had been years since he left home and the family had heard nothing from ~~him~~ ~~whereabouts~~ him concerning his whereabouts. In an effort to make his strange and unusual behaviour toward his family seem plausible, he told the members of the family that he had been deeply absorbed in Florida real-estate, that he had acquired possession of extensive orange groves. The tie with the Proctor family in North Carolina was strengthened by frequent visits. From time to time he sent back boxes of oranges to different members of the family as tangible evidence of what he had been telling them about his success.

The truth of this prodigal member of the Proctor family came to light when a brother made a visit to Tampa purposely to see his brother and to check on the stories that had been told. What he found was something quite unlike the reports that had been given such wide circulation. The brother lived in isolation, on an island in fact, in a house that might best be described as a shanty. The orange groves were non-existent. He tended a flock of chickens that might have been his or it was a service he rendered for another. He realized enough from this humble employment to provide the meager living to which he was accustomed. At times there were long periods when nothing was heard from John A Proctor. When one of the brothers died, he was notified. Word came that his health was bad and that he was not able to make the journey back to North Carolina. And so the mystery that had so long attended this man, continued until the end. Nothing is known of the date of his passing or the site of his final resting place.

James C. Proctor, one of the older boys, married Bettie Johnson,

a woman of considerable charm and while quite different in many respects from her husband, she was a wonderful complement to him in many respects. They were the parents of two children: James died in infancy or when quite young; Susie, who first married Milton Roman Hooks and bore him two children: James Proctor (J. P. as he is called) and Bettie Frances. The latter married Don Blair and the couple with two adopted daughters, live in New Harmony, Indiana. J. P. the brother who has never married, lives with his sister and family. The family's move to Indiana after the death of Susie's husband, Milton Roman Hooks, and her marriage to Fred Sentry whom she later met and married, accounts for the family leaving North Carolina. Susie died and is buried in New Harmony.

William Elijah Proctor, or Lige as he was generally known, married Lena Galloway. He with his brother, James O. Proctor, came to Grimesland when the town was nothing but a cross roads and established a merchantile business that existed for many years as "J. O. Proctor and Bro." W. E. Proctor and wife were parents of several children of whom we are able to name the following: Myrtie, William Elijah, Jr. Knott who served one term as Sheriff of the County and later as post master of the Greenville office. John, one of the younger children, a C. P. A. in Greenville. There were four other girls: Marle, Mary, Helma and Ethel.

John Proctor had other children by the first marriage: David who died when quite young, and a daughter, Mary. The second marriage was to Lydia Flake. To this union the following children were born: Emily, who first married a Mr. Fleming, the father of her three children: Roscoe, Archie and a daughter. Late in life Emily married Dave Barrow who lived in the Belvoir section.

Other children born to John Proctor and Lydia Flake were: Annie, who married Cortez Barnhill and lived in Bethel, S. C. To this couple two children were born: Clarence who died when a young man; Claude, who married Zebulon (Teed) Harris, a son of Richard Harris (brother to my grandfather); Capitola, who married Rufus Mayo and they were the parents of the following children: Arthur who married Jessie Mainright; David (died when quite young, and a daughter, Pearl, who married Guy Caton. After the death of Rufus Mayo, Capitola married Richard Harris.

There were other children of John Proctor: Hyman H., from whom I derive part of my name, married Sallie Smith and were parents of three boys: Francis, Alvis and Hyman Sylvester. John Proctor's other children were: Ida, my mother; Tom, who married Jennie Holliday and were parents of two

children: Thomas Sylvester and Blanche. Turfie married Crick Buck and were parents of several children.

The ever widening and lengthening family line, like Tennyson's brook, seems to go on forever. What might be written if it were properly done, might be something more than a "short and simple" record as Thomas Gray is wont to say. It seems quite inadequate to merely list names and leave unmentioned the achievements of some of the individuals. John Proctor, the father of the clan, must have been quite a remarkable man. His age put him in line for conscripted service in the Civil War. But some fortunate turn of circumstances decreed that he should have been assigned to a service no more dangerous than operating a flat boat up and down Tar River. Coming out of the war acquired skill to become a brickmason and plasterer, a service that was much in demand. There are many monuments to this man standing today in Pitt County that are nothing more than brick walls and chimneys. But if one examines these today he finds that the work is of a high order. A chimney to an old house in the Mount Pleasant church community, that I was privileged to see a short while ago, bears his name and date on a brick high on the breast of this chimney. He purchased a nice piece of farm land near Greenville upon which he built his home. Here he reared his family and carried on limited farming interests while following his trade as a brick mason. This house was still standing until a short while ago when it was demolished to make way for small sub-division which adjoins the north-west section of Greenville.

Interesting and revealing facts could be written about the pioneer merchantile firm of "J. O. Proctor and Brother" that did business for many years in Grimesland, N. C. Jim and Lige Proctor were doing business in Grimesland long before the Norfolk and Southern railway from Chocowinity to Raleigh was built in 1907. Through sheer ind stry they added business to business until they found themselves operating saw mills, liquor stores and extensive farm lands. They built the "Proctor Hotel" in Greenville that is still a landmark in that town. W. E. Proctor served several terms on the Board of Trustees of Atlantic Christian College as well as several terms as a member of the Board of Commissioners of Pitt County. His son, Knott Proctor, was at one time sheriff of the County and Postmaster in Greenville.

There is the story of the Proctor-Barbour Co. of Fuquay-Varina and Fayetteville which was for a time one of the leading farm supply businesses in Eastern North Carolina. Jennier Holiday Proctor, when her husband Tom Proctor died, was left a poor widow with two children. Resorceful and industrious person that she was, she kept her family together by operating the Post Office and the telephone exchange. When she sold her home and with her family moved to Fuquay-Varina, she said good-by to Grimes and with \$300 in her pocket.

It was a blustery December afternoon. The daughter with some help from her mother and others, had made the house and herself ready for a very important event. Ida, the 19 year old daughter was to be married at 4 o'clock to James Samuel Harris, the eldest son and the second child, of Henry Clay Harris and Henrietta Louisa Harris. He was 20 years of age. The day was December 31, 1889. It must have been a rather nervous party, at least for the three main participants. The officiating minister was the young Tom Barnhill of the Free Will Baptist Church. He was officiating at his first marriage ceremony. My father often remarked that Mr. Barnhill confessed that Sam Harris was the first person he ever baptized as well as the first person he ever married and he hoped he would be able to preach his funeral. This privilege was denied him as he passed on a few years before my father did.

It was a quiet wedding with few attendants. The couple like the whole country at that time, was very poor. The wedding trip consisted of a drive in the buggy through the gathering darkness to the home of the groom's parents. Here they resided until the latter part of January when they moved to the Moore farm. This particular place was owned by my grandfather and adjoined the farm of Jacob Harris and earlier ancestor. It was commendable of my grandfather that he, anxious to help his first-born son "get on his feet" gave this farm to him in fee simple. The outright gift of the farm was understood by my father and other members of his family, to be his part of the inheritance. This fact was to be noted in the after years when the family estate was settled. This farm remained in the hands of some member of the Harris family for well nigh a century..

On this farm with a three-room house with a dirt chimney, the young couple lived for three years, moving from there to the Godfrey Stancil farm, near Belvoir, known as the Reeve's place. When they moved they carried with them their first born, David Samuel, born April 5, 1892. The young family lived on the Reeve's farm for twenty-six months. Here two more children were born: Henry Clay, Jr. on January 1st, 1896, and Hyman LeRoy on November 30th, 1897. My father commenced a work here, superintending large farms, that he was destined to follow for a number of years. The Reeve's farm consisted of a large number of poor, sandy acres along the Tar River.

The going was difficult. He was paid the munificent sum of \$120 per year. In the fall of 1897, preparations were being made to move back to the Moore farm from which he had moved a little while before. My parents were anxious about my advent. It would likely occur, they felt sure, just about moving time. Everything was in readiness but I continued to delay my appearance. It didn't occur until the last day in November, 1897. The moving was delayed until everyone was able to undertake the ordeal.

These twenty-six months on the Reeve's farm had been something less than happy ones. The hard-times of the post Civil War years had accustomed everybody to get along with little. The quiet, independent life of those other days on the Ram's Horn must have been something other than a memory. Back there he had been responsible to no one except the Lord and himself. He was encouraged to believe back there on the ancestral acres that he loved he would be able to provide better support for himself and his growing family. So it was back to the Moore farm and the Ram's Horn road for the Sam Harris family.

We said the family was growing; there were three boys and on February 22, 1899, a girl, Sadie Rae, made her appearance. Farming those none too fertile acres brought disappointment too. For one thing the best of the land was poorly drained. In the flat lands of Eastern North Carolina, getting the water off the low, bottom land, always the most productive, was often as difficult as it was important. There were a series of wet years. While a child of three, I remember standing in the doorway of our little home and seeing the bottom land near the house flooded with water. The land needed draining and this necessitated the expenditure of money and that my father did not have. The lead ditch, the canal, that crossed the land of several neighbors before touching his farm, presented the main problem. The co-operation of everyone along the route of the canal was necessary. But because the situation of some were less urgent, they would not co-operate. As my father tells it, the problem was eventually solved by the legal process of chartering the lead ditch. This meant that each parcel of land adjoining the canal became responsible and could be compelled to pay its pro-rata share of the cost of getting and keeping the ditch in proper condition. Some of the neighbors were not pleased with this action but had no choice but to co-operate. My father took the lead in this action and was always proud of himself for doing so. The rich bottom land of the Moore farm was brought back into production.

In 1903, after having won something of a victory over the floods on the Moore farm, the family moved to the Blakeley farm in the Eastern part of Pitt County, owned at the time by my mother's brothers, Jim and Lige Proctor of Grimesland. Here my father found himself back in the role of superintendent with some of the problems he became acquainted with on the Reeve's farm. But prospects were a little brighter. In addition to his duties on the big farm, he worked on Saturdays and the holiday season in the Proctor Brothers store in Grimesland. This meant a little extra pay. There was little outspoken complaint but I suppose those lonely trips he had to make after dark returning home after a long hard day in the store, and having to cross Tar River on the type of ferry then available in all kinds of weather, was something less than inviting.

We lived on the Blakeley farm until the latter part of 1906. There were problems. Typhoid fever brought down my father and sister. Papa's role as a nurse and general care-taker of the family was a difficult one. The John Boyd family, a white neighbor and certain of the colored element, were helpful. The Proctors were careful to see that there was no want for those necessary things and services.

There were many new experiences along the way, particularly in the store. Some of those were at least for my father, unusual and reflected the times through which we were passing. On one occasion while working in the store, papa was accosted by a stranger who cursed and spoke insultingly to him. "You look like a d... timber man. If I knew you were I would knock your block off your shoulders." Papa at the time was in his prime manhood and was not minded to pass up an insult of that kind lightly. Uncle Jim Proctor, perceiving the gravity of the situation, came forward and broke up the threatened confrontation, saying to the stranger, "You... get out of here. This is no timber man. He doesn't even know you." Details of the

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mistaken identity were never known. Papa supposed that sometime in the past some timber man had pulled one of his tricks and left the poor victim
alone.

Two children were born at the Blakeley place: James Sannel, Jr. on May 24, 1903, and John Lyman on October 19, 1905. The family circle was now considerably enlarged. The big rambling Blakeley house with its immense rooms and hall-ways was more than adequate. The Blakeleys were Yankees who came South at an earlier day, purchased this large farm and built this, in its time, spacious and attractive home. The house was built after the pattern of the plantation "big house" of the pre-civil war days. A large cellar under the house provided ample storage space. The main floor consisted of two immense rooms divided by a wide hall. A one-story section on the west provided space for the kitchen and another room of equal size, divided by a spacious entry. There was a two-story porch on the front. This part of the house was demolished and a one-story porch added during our stay at the Blakeley residence. The second floor was an exact duplicate of the first. There was yet another story, referred to as the garret, completely outfitted and as adequate for living as any other part of the house. The stair way reaching from the first floor to the top, was something to delight the children. Sliding down the banister rail provided its own type of fun. Dangerous as it could have been I do not recall that our parents raised any objection to the children using it as they did.

The attractive old house set well back from the road with a spacious lawn of several acres in front. A driveway with holly trees on each side lead up to the house. At the time of our residence some old-fashioned rose bushes and quite a few crepe myrtles were still growing and blooming in spite of chronic neglect. Maybe they were appreciated by a few but for the most part they "asted their fragrance on the desert air." These and other plants offered a mute kind of testimony to the delightful kind of place old Blakeley had been in those other days.

The farm under the superintendency of my father, was a hustling agricultural enterprise. There was not much time or interest for beautiful lawns and flowers. The Blakeleys had initiated something that had lasted for a number of years but now, under changing conditions, was coming to an end. The house and grounds were of secondary importance. Tobacco barns, pack houses and tenant dwellings received first consideration. The high and stately old house, high enough off the ground in fact that my father found ample storage space under the house for his buggy, was showing more and

more signs of neglect. Here and there one could see how an affluent family in that earlier day lived and solved ~~their problems~~ some of their problems. If there was no want for living space, certain other necessities had to be supplied after the fashion of the day. That day knew nothing about electricity and running water and had not advanced to that point at the time of our residence. The water problem was solved by that earlier generation by means of a huge concrete cistern some ten or twelve feet in diameter under the rear portion of the house. Here the family's water supply was stored and pumped by hand to other sections of the house. This huge structure in the shape of a semi-circle about as high as a man, had no purpose in our day except to attract the attention of visitors who would invariably ask what it was. The children loved to drop pieces of brick and other handy objects into the cistern just to hear the splash in the water. In our day a pitcher-mouth pump on the back entry, driven into the good earth supplied the family with water but probably not the soft, rain water the cistern supplied in that earlier day.

There are a good many things that might be recorded of those years at the Blakeley. The tremendous freshets that seemed to occur at regular intervals, are well remembered. The Tar River would go on a rampage and flood the low grounds and much of the farm land along its banks. This usually occurred in the spring or winter and therefore failed to do damage to the growing crops although this was not always the case. During the time of high water there was no traffic between the farm and Grimesland and hence visits to the store and post office. Food and supplies on hand were made to last. There were no roads comparable to those we have today; no bridge across the river. The county provided a hand-drawn ferry. This small flat boat, ample for only one vehicle at a time, kept its course by means of a chain that stretched from one side of the river to the other. Crossing the river on this ferry left memories. "The flat" as it was called was operated for many years by a negro man by the name of Hoyt Little. Travelers would approach the river always with the hope that the "flat" would be on their side. If it happened to be on the other side, as was often the case, it then became necessary to summon Hoyt from his nap or visit in some nearby house, by calling in the loudest voice the vocal cords allowed. The sound of the anxious traveler's voice would echo and re-echo through the

dense growth in the low grounds. It was a frightening kind of experience for a child. Driving the horse and vehicle onto the "flat" was hardly less frightening. There seemed a very great possibility that the animal and vehicle would plunge over-board into the deep, muddy waters of the Tar. The only check or precaution to this possibility was the one little piece of two-by-four which stretched from one side of the "flat" to the other. Sometimes the wheels of the vehicle were checked but not always. The elders seemed perfectly satisfied that nothing would happen. I don't recall that anything ever did. Today at the site of the old ferry and what was called at that time Boyd's landing, there is nothing to remind one of the danger and inconvenience of that earlier day. There is now a modern hard surface road through all that low ground and a concrete bridge that permits passage over the deep, muddy Tar with not the least thing to remind one of what used to be.

One of the unforgettable experiences of every child is doubtless that of beginning school. This happened to me while we were living at the Blakeley farm. We three older boys, David, Henry and myself, walked the three miles to the Jones School, named for the prominent Haywood Jones family, Miss Emma Jones was the teacher. The little red school house that has lived in fancy and fiction, if it ever had a facsimile, might well have been the Jones school. It was not red but it was little. In those days we got along without much school. Two or three months in the winter and perhaps a few additional weeks in the summer was all that was available. Those mid-summer days were hot and getting out in the middle of the day exposed us to the heat and the burning sands which were not very comfortable to our little, naked feet. There were no busses. We walked. The learning process must indeed have been very slow. When nine years of age I was still in the second reader. Charles B. Aycock did not come on the scene in North Carolina one bit too soon.

One incident occurred while living at the Blakeley that has never been forgotten. It would have been tragic indeed but for the lapse of a little interval of time. The farm bell and they were wisely used in those days, occupied a place in the fork of a big elm tree in the back yard. A wire reached from the bell in the tree to the corner of the house in the back entry, making it convenient of access when the bell had to be rung. The pump, the source of our water supply, was not more than two or three feet away from the place where the wire tied onto the corner of the

house. One day lightning struck the elm, ran the wire from the bell to the corner of the house, tearing away a good portion of the structure and then into the ground by way of the pipe of the pump. My mother had left the pump only moments before. Fate. A good providence saved us from a tragic experience. This incident might not have been the reason, but after that experience mama was always terribly miserable during an electrical storm, nervously walking the floor, opening and closing doors for no apparent reason. She fretted when papa and the boys were a little slow about coming to the house when a storm was approaching. Papa as a habitual thing was reluctant to leave his work in the field whether it was a storm or the setting sun.

There were not a great number of visitors to our home during those days. Mama's relatives, the Proctors, are some that I remember. Jim Proctor was a stout, portly man. On those Sunday visits he would lie down on the cot in the front hallway and take his after-dinner nap. The little cot, in none too good a shape from the hard usage to which it had been subjected by members of the large family, sagged down nearly to the floor. It couldn't have been too comfortable to the "napper." Susie Proctor and her mother, a beautiful woman possessed of rare charm, were often in our home. Susie about the age of my sister, rarely ever came without bringing something to brighten and while away the hours for country children that didn't see too much of the world beyond the wide acres of the big farm upon which they lived.

During the years when the family moved from one farm to another, there was not much continuity in the church life of its members. Our parents continued to hold their membership at old Parker's Chapel. The occasional visits they made back to the old home church were always happy ones. David and Henry attended Sunday School with no great regularity at the Disciples Church in Grimesland while we lived at the Blakeley farm. It is not clear how they made that trip from the Blakeley to Grimesland hardly by themselves or there was always the Tar River intervening and they were too young to be trusted to take this responsibility alone. Those beautiful picture cards, that were part of the teaching process, were something to remember. They caught my eye and stimulated my curiosity to know more about this thing they called "Sunday School."

Uncle Lige Proctor often took the entire Sunday School for an excursion or picnic aboard his yacht "Myrtle" down the Tar River to the Park in Washington. Our family often went along. This experience was always

exciting and eagerly looked forward to. It was a jolly, typical picnicing crowd. There was singing as we went along and a festive atmosphere such as I was not accustomed to. We missed those excursions after we moved away from the Blakeley farm in the fall of 1906.

There are names we remember from those Blakeley farm days: The John Boyd family. Their boy, Otis, was about my age and was often my partner in play and mischief. His sisters, Viola and Mattie, were certainly part of the social life of our little community. There was the Lee family: Sam and his brothers, George and Will. Papa was quite fond of Sam Lee, a man of good humor and dry wit. In the latter years he was quite a successful farmer on his acres near Washington.

There was something, maybe the increasing labor problem, that aroused within my father a longing to get back on his own farm. He often said a little business of your own was better than a big business of somebody else. In the fall of 1906, he made another move. This time it was not back to the Moore farm on the Ram's Horn but to the Proctor place, the ancestral home of my mother. Grandpa Proctor had been dead only a short while and ever thing on the Proctor place, including buildings, was in a good state of repair. Grandma had somehow managed to get along in the old place, most of the time by herself. She was interested, of course, in keeping her home and to have her younger daughter and family moved in with her must have been an arrangement much to her liking. The location was near Greenville and convenient to good schools and churches. After a trial period of one year, if all parties were satisfied, papa would buy the place and grandma would be assured of a home. We entered school that fall in a brand new school house known at that time as the Fleming school near house station. It was so new indeed that the paint was hardly dry. What a contrast with what we had known! The house was so big and new. There were two large class rooms with closets ample for the wraps and lunch boxes of the students. It was the first year and Miss Anna Spain, a veteran teacher of the community, taught everyone, grades one through seven, in one room. Some of the students were practically grown. My second grade reader with the arithmetic and spelling books--almost the traditional "readin, ritin and rithmetic"--made up my essential studies. Those "funny papers" that Ben Ashley Everett and some of the others brought to school on Monday morning were indeed something new. I never knew before that something so wonderful existed.

Ben, the youngest in the family, was born on June 24, 1907 thus rounding out the perfect number of seven. It was a busy time on the farm; many jobs were waiting to be done. Convenience or inconvenience was not a matter of consideration at this time. Mama never knew the advantage of a hospital in giving birth to her children. Greenville had no hospital at this time the nearest one was Washington or Kinston and they had nothing to brag about. The doctor was called and everything was taken care of at home as it had been in every case previously. Some complication could have proved fatal for mother or child. Providentially the worst did not happen. A colored woman was called in to take over the nursing task and other household duties. Grandma, as I remember, was not part of the scene. She probably was visiting some of her children in Grinesland.

The Proctor Farm

The Proctor farm had been rented from grandma on a one-year trial bases. If the arrangement proved satisfactory, grandma and the Sam Harris family would have a home. Papa would buy the farm and here the family would find permanence. Hopefully this would be the case and what looked like the best interest of all would be served. Unfortunately this was not the case. the tentative arrangement by mutual consent was dissolved and the search papa had known was continued. Always the little farm back there on the Ram's Horn afforded a satisfying sense of security.

Early in the fall of 1907, Capt. J. J. Laughinghouse and his son, Dr. Chas. Ch. Laughinghouse, our family physician of long standing, came to our home to talk to papa about taking over the superintendency of the big Avon Farm along the Tar River in lower Pitt County. The Laughinghouses came on a Sunday afternoon and found noone at home. They came into the house and left a note attached to the kerosene lamp on the mantel, a sure place of discovery, asking papa to come over to Greenville to talk about a matter of business.

The next day, anxious to know what was in the offing, papa went over to Greenville to meet with the Laughinghouses. He was invited to take over the superintendency of the Avon, a place that had only recently been vacated by the death of a Laughinghouse son, Jack. A better salary was offered than he had known previously. Instead of \$120 it was \$500 and the boys would cultivate four acres of tobacco, four acres of cotton and a few acres of corn. The Avon

was an extensive farming operation with some twenty or twenty-five mules used in the total operation. There were a large number of tenants, black and white. The farm had its own cotton gin, saw mill and black-smith shop. A commissary for which papa was responsible supplied the basic items of food for the tenants.

The move to the Avon, despite its appearance otherwise, was doubtless the worst move papa ever made. It was a malaria-ridden place, situated on the bend of the Tar River. The extensive lowgrounds on the farm side of the river was always full of stagnant water, ideal breeding places for mosquitoes. There was so much malaria and sickness on the farm, so it was said, that a negro and cart was kept busy hauling medicine from the supply station in Grimesland. A big tin box was kept filled with pills of enormous size on the mantel and each member of the family was to take one after each meal. The children learned to swallow these pills as if they were an item of food. After one year, the unforgettable 1908, we moved away but not to leave the malaria. We carried away enough to bring down my brother Henry and soon thereafter my father, with those dangerous hemorrhagic (yellow) chills. Both had a narrow escape. Papa thought he had satisfied himself about the health problem before moving to the Avon. He was told that since deep wells had been put down to supply drinking water, the place was quite healthy. Erroneous ideas prevailed generally as to the cause of malaria. Was it the drinking water or the fog originating in the low grounds? Some said one some said the other. If one remained indoors until the fog was lifted he would escape the scourge. Surely the health department was just a little slow in finding the truth and getting it across to the people.

In making the move from the Proctor place to the Avon, Henry and myself made the trip on the wagon driven by our elder brother, David. Those were the genuine "horse and buggy" days and moving all the household effects as well as the grain and farm implements, hogs, chickens and cows was quite an undertaking. The wagon drawn by two team moved along at a slow walk. When we came within sight of the place that was to be our home for a short twelve months, one of the boys remarked that mama had always wanted a nice house to live in and now it looked like she had it. Up there ahead in an expansive grove, comfortably situated back from the road was our destination. The house had in the remote past been treated to a coat of paint and from the distance, it did present a good appearance. This, for the most part

faded away as we drew near the house. Like so many farm homes, it had been sadly neglected. We were at the timenear the end of the "horse and buggy era. Standing on the front porch one day we watched the first automobile we had ever seen pass along the road. Later during the same year Dr. Lau hinghouse drove what must have been his first automobile to the farm on one of his professional visits. The old era was about at its end.

Here on the Avon those whom we would like to call neighbors, were the tenants, white and colored, who lived on the farm. The public school that we attended was some five or six miles away. We were compelled to leave home by sun-up in order to reach the school by nine o'clock. The return journey put us back home about sun-set. The two-teacher school like so many others in the County at the time, was presided over by Miss Addie Johnson the principal, and Miss Alea Vincent. The room of Miss Vincent was crowded and the individual got little personal attention. My learning as was doubtless the others, was a slow process. I had however, been advanced from the second to the third grade. The older students were what one would call "college age" today. Except for the occasional visits back to old Parker's Chapel, we hardly got to see the inside of a church.

A boy of my age would certainly remember a man with the physical appearance of Col. J. J. Laughinghouse. He was a large, portly man with xxx long, conspicuous sideburns. He looked like an old prophet out of the Old Testament. When down on his regular visits, he would often join the family for the noon meal. On Thanksgiving, having been invited to dine with us on that day, he persuaded mother that she did not have to have the traditional turkey but that a fat goose would do just as well. In fact he seemed to indicate that the goose was his preference. And a goose it was. But after that my mother went back to her turkey.

J. J. Laughinghouse served with some distinction in the Civil War. He attained the rank of 1st Lieutenant and later was promoted to Captain.

He was only sixteen at the time and was the youngest man in the Confederate Army bearing the Captain's commission.

I think it may be truthfully said that papa was a man of peace. We children might have argued sometimes that he had a strong propensity toward the pugnacious and possibly we could have submitted some convincing evidence. There was the "Mary Ann" for instance, a strap of leather that hung in a convenient place and was often put to a particular use. The fact that it was there in plain view of everyone was sufficient evidence that it would be put to its intended use if necessary, doubtless helped to keep peace in the family. I never knew papa to go to the courts for a solution to any of his problems. He often affirmed his love of "peace and biscuits."

Looking back over the trials to which he was subjected in supervising tenants on a large farm, white and black, it is surprising that he got along with as little trouble as he did. For the most part it was "hired labor" which is to say they were not share croppers but worked for a daily wage. Papa kept the books and paid off at the end of the week. He entered the debits and made collection at settlement time. While the procedure might have been a little unusual, as far as I know it worked very satisfactorily. He had a rule that he followed all the years of his work as a superintendent: nobody was to use profanity in his presence. If they did, they would be penalized to the extent of fifty-cents for each offense. The rule might not have shielded him from many conflicts, but it doubtless kept him from having to listen to a lot of profanity. I never heard my father use a curse word or one that tended in that direction. This conviction and practice was worthy of respect among the tenant population, and, as far as I know, with one single exception, was consistently observed.

One day while making his usual rounds on the farm he ran into some difficulty with a negro man and wife, Henry Staton and his wife, Jack Ann. A white man, Charlie Swain, was present and from the report, might have instigated the whole thing. The controversy involved Jack Ann instead of her husband. As papa told it, she called him a "G...d....lie." At this juncture papa inflicted a healthy blow upon the jaw of the negro woman. This was not only profanity in his presence, but directed personally at him and papa handled it in the best manner he knew. The one blow might have been the end of the conflict, but the husband, a giant of a negro, intervened. He came to the rescue of his wife and a real fight ensued. Charlie Swain endeavored to handle Jack Ann while papa tangled with the negro man. It

was, as my father tells it, a very lively scene for a few minutes. Papa always said he was not able to give a good account of himself being at the time full of quinine and also wearing his overcoat. The encounter came to an end when another white man, Noel Lee, came upon the scene and succeeded in making peace. It is not known whether or not papa entered any extra charge upon the ledger but it was an experience he never forgot. I remember him coming home after the encounter, riding his horse which was provided him for his use in making his rounds on the farm, with his clothes disheveled and his face bloody. Mother heard the story with deep interest and expressed her thankfulness that David, my elder brother, who had gone hunting with the gun on that particular afternoon, did not chance upon the scene of the encounter when it was taking place. If he had she feared the outcome would have been different.

In those days a conflict between a white and black was not interpreted as having any racial implications as it might be today. The labor force on the Avon was ninety-five per cent black and an incident like the one referred to might conceivably have had serious racial implications. It is not known that papa's problems were aggravated in anywise by what happened on that day. There was of necessity a very close relationship between the superintendent and the large number of colored people on the farm. He supervised their labor, paid them at the end of the week and supplied them with provisions from the commissary. But the relationship, with this one exception, was always a friendly one. Jay Sack Barret, a colored boy, was my favorite play-mate. We were conscious that such a thing as race existed but we did not raise this consciousness to the point of antagonism.

The year 1908 was a memorable one in many respects. For the first time in my life I was made aware of the reality of death. That year two or three people right around us died. A shooting "scrape" between two members of the colored population left one with a hand shot off. The doctor came out and in the home of the victim, administered sedation and removed the hand. The event marked some kind of celebration for both white and colored. The fact that the operation took place on Sunday helped to make the occasion a festive one. The blacks took on after a fashion common to their race: moaning, shouting, singing and praying. The doctors finished the operation and the crowd of demonstrators and observers broke up. The show was over. The negro with his one hand was ever afterwards a pathetic example of misfortune to me. The first eclipse of the sun that I ever remember occurred

one beautiful Sunday morning in mid-summer of 1908. The familiar landscape for a short time took on something of a weird aspect. To the elders who were manifestly concerned, it did not seem to be frightening. But to me it was. No one undertook to impart to me the scientific information I needed to calm my fears.

Our home while living on the Avon was provided with a phone, an instrument that had not as yet come into such general use as we know today. The two older boys, David and Henry, acquired some experience in talking over Alexander Graham Bell's gift to the world. Henry experienced difficulty in pronouncing certain words at this period of his life, even his name simple as it was. As he pronounced it, it came out sounding something like "Hoenry." When answering the phone or the enquiry who was speaking, he would say, "David." We used to tease him saying, we had two Davids in the family.

The Ghost

I do not know that my mother believed in ghosts. But there were one or two occasions when she had an encounter with something that she was not able to explain although she did not call them ghosts. When she was in her early twenties she kept in step with her set by occasionally attending the dances in the neighborhood. One night when returning home at a rather late hour she and her male companion, Rufus Mayo, encountered something that other people had also seen at this particular place. It was always referred to as "that thing." On this particular night as they made their way back to their homes in the horse and buggy, it swept in upon them from the back of the buggy on the very side she was sitting. She felt it as it swept over her left shoulder and passed out over the left front wheel. Her companion exclaimed, "There is that thing now." She never knew the explanation for the phenomena. But it was not an imagination but an experience that lingered ever after with her.

There was something about the Avon, over-hanging oaks, the neglected cottages that dotted the area and imparted an atmosphere suitable to the habitation of ghosts. Washington Irving in his description of Sleepy Hollow, well describes the Avon: "Certain it is, the place continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good

people...They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs...The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots and twilight superstitions." My parents, I am sure, did not come into the atmosphere with any foreboding or previous conditioning. Nobody could have been further from that than my father. Both parents paid little attention to the ghost tales of Mrs. Sam Bland, wife of a tenant farmer on my grandfather's farm. She had accumulated what seemed to all who heard them an inexhaustible store of ghost stories. I made frequent visits to the Bland home for, aside from her ghost stories, she was an interesting person. If I sought a more intelligent explanation of these mystifying tales of Mrs. Bland from my parents, I did not get it. They took stock in no such thing.

We had not been settled at the Avon very long when mother saw something from her bed-room window one night that she was not able to explain. It was a bright, moon-lit night with little to obstruct her vision. It looked like two or three bed sheets hanging on the line and waving in the wind. They were only a few feet from her window. She knew there were no sheets on the line and furthermore there was no line in that particular place. What was it? A short time later Mrs. Charlie Swain, a near neighbor, passed away. Mama was satisfied that it was an omen, a prophetic sign of what was soon to happen.

There was another occasion when papa and mama had to draw on their store of handy explanations for something that did not seem to fit so handily into papa's analysis which was always simple enough: it was a rat or the wind. This particular mystery according to mama's thinking, was not so readily and easily explained. Mama slept on this particular night in her usual wakeful manner. Few things happened around the house at night that she did not know about. Was she awake or asleep? She did not know. All of a sudden she was startled by a loud noise that sounded as if a ball as big as a man's head, had dropped from the ceiling to the floor in the front hall just outside her bed room door. It seemed to roll from the back of the hall to the front door and then back again. This rolling to and fro, was repeated two or three times. She expected every minute to see her bed room door fly open and what she might see then she did not know. She called papa. Was he awake? Did he hear that noise? Yes, he was awake. He heard it. A little investigation might have been in order, but none was made. In fact, according to the head of the family, none was necessary. "It was nothing but a rat. Sometimes papa's stock explanation was acceptable. But not this time. Next morning mama was still talking and wondering. Sometime during the day an old colored woman who had lived on the farm for many years, came to the

house. Mama told her what had happened the night before, "Lawsy, Miss Ida, that is something that has always been heard in this house."

The two older boys occupied a bed room on the same side of the hall and adjoining that of our parents. There was no petitioner door, however, between the two rooms. One night the window in the boys room for no apparent reason began to rattle and continued to rattle so long that both boys became badly frightened. They rushed into the parents room badly frightened. Was somebody trying to break into the room? After some calm words of assurance and simple explanation, the boys went back to the bedroom.

The year 1908 came to an end and once again we took to the long road with hardly a glance backwards. In many respects it had not been a good year but we were thankful that the family was still intact and we were not without hope for the future.

Something of Permanence

We children were too immature to realize the importance of this, the last move the family was to make. But it must have had a tremendous meaning for our parents. Papa bought a piece of land from his father that had been in the family for a long time. It belonged to Uncle Dick Harris, grandpa's brother, and then for a short while to the McGowan family. It had been back in the hands of the Harris family now for a number of years. It is regrettable that this home place has now passed out of the family. With the coming of a hard-surface road and its nearness to Greenville it had value as a small sub-division and that is what has happened. When the estate was settled, Leman, one of the brothers, bought the farm with the express purpose of keeping it in the family. He soon had other thoughts about the matter and offered it for sale.

At the time of papa's acquisition there were few buildings on the farm. The old frame house in which Uncle Dick and family lived, had been moved from its original site. In a grove of beautiful oak trees, nothing remained except a broken down and neglected log cabin. Building everything from scratch was a problem papa confronted when he bought the place. The building program of necessity had to commence before we left the Avon. At this juncture the sixteen-year old elder son, David, played a stellar role. He was provided a wagon and a team of horses and this unusually responsible

young man who always did the work a man, transported the building material from the Red Banks landing on the Tar River to the building site. When the moving date arrived, the four-room house was ready.

This hastily and cheaply constructed house that lacked much in convenience by modern standards, became the nearest thing to a permanent dwelling that the family had known. The three main rooms provided the necessary quarters for sleeping, cooking, dining and living. A small bed-room, an extension of the front porch, had its purpose and in the beginning served as a make-do bedroom. Reflecting the prevailing costs of the time, the farm and house combined, according to papa's figures, amounted to \$2,300.00. This, coupled with other expenses, put quite a strain upon the financial resources of my father. A small balance yet remained to be paid on the land. And so the house without a chimney and no paint on the interior, no under-pinning was something that would serve until the finances of the family improved. The exterior, however, was treated with two coats of paint; the floor of the front porch was not slighted. The back porch and the interior of the kitchen where mama was to spend so much of her time, was left quite unfinished. Only the overhead of the kitchen was ceiled. The walls were left with nothing but the weather-boarding to keep out the wintry blasts and hold in the summer's heat. The home Comfort range, that imparted some comfort and something else besides, like the little tin heater in the other part of the house, was attached to a treacherous flue swung from the joists in the ceiling. It was a first rate fire trap but fortunately the worst never happened. The open well, equidistant from the kitchen and the horse-lot, supplied water for the needs of both. The kerosene lamp, a tremendous improvement over the tallow candle our grandparents had known, supplied whatever light was available after the sun went down. The comforts for living, somewhat less than what the present generation is accustomed to, were about what was found in the average farm home of that period. The important thing was it was home and ~~XXXX~~ and we were thankful and settled down and forgot the uninviting prospect of ever again taking to the long road. The hope was that in the not too distant future with the help of a kind Providence, a dwelling more in keeping with the needs of the large family, would be constructed. This ~~dream~~^{plan} was not realized until 1914.

Today the building industry supplies an essential part of our economy. In 1914, certainly in our community, a new house of any variety was something quite rare. From 1908 to 1914 the small unit which was intended to serve later as a kitchen and dining unit, served as a dwelling.

In late 1913, the material for constructing the new dwelling gradually began accumulating. Again it was the Proctor Brothers of Grimesland who supplied the necessary material. Flat boats brought it up the river and unloaded at Yankee Hall instead of Red Banks. From this point papa's own wagons with the help of neighbors made quick work of moving the material from the landing to the building site. Two carpenters were engaged and with minor help from the boys who mostly nailed on the laths, the structure moved on toward completion. Arthur Mayo, a relative who was a professional brick-mason, did the plastering and brick work.

Soon after moving into the still unfinished house, a hurricane of tremendous force swept in upon us from the north east. Telephone poles, fruit trees and houses were blown down. The shelter that housed the buggies and other vehicles was flattened. Trees in the orchard were brought down. It seemed that the demons themselves were arrayed against us and were set on destroying our house even before it was completed.

The new dwelling with all its space, presented a problem. New furniture was needed and there was little money for an expenditure of this kind. Mama, with vision and foresight, had however, anticipated just such an eventuality. She had saved money that had come to her from her mother's estate and now she had the happy privilege of buying new furnishings. Home now seemed a different place, a more appropriate place for living. Bed room and living room furniture; curtains, floor coverings, chairs all new and shiney, were purchased. We were hardly conscious of the lack of conveniences that were still with us: the kerosene lamp, the open well and the Home Comfort range. At this point nobody had thought of indoor plumbing.

Papa had only a limited supply of farming implements although about what was usually found on the average small farm at that time. There were a few "cotton plows" perhaps the most used plow for cultivating the crop; a few "turning" or bottom plows, essential for breaking the land; a few harrows, planters and small tools: the hoe, rake, briar-hook and etc. There were a few implements of the larger variety: stalk cutter, mowing machine and rake. The latter was purchased jointly with neighbors and were available for use on a pre-arranged schedule bases. The true spirit of neighborliness did prevail. If a tobacco barn was going up, there was a work frolic and the task was accomplished. In the spring of the year the

fertilizer was brought up Tar River and put off at the Red Banks landing. Neighbors were notified and the difficult task of transporting the heavy 200-pound bags of fertilizer was soon taken care of. Horse drawn carts and wagons were the only available vehicles for doing the job. Did a neighbor ever make a mistake of making off with fertilizer that was not his? It seems that such a thing could have happened. If it did we never heard of it.

The routine work on the farm in that day was done the hard way although we did not recognize it as such. Breaking the land in the spring with a one-horse plow or even with a two-horse plow as was occasionally the case, was a slow and tiresome process. This work of preparing the soil for planting, because it was so slow, had to start early, so early in fact that when the last land was broken, that which had been broken first had to be broken the second time before it was ready for planting. The worst job of all perhaps, was that of setting out the young tobacco plants. The plants were dropped along a prepared row and then set by hand with a peg. The strain and abuse of the back in such a process, after a few hours, is difficult to contemplate. The back rebels in such a manner as to make it almost impossible to stand. Perhaps the man who invented the mechanical transplanter won't be given a place in the hall of fame, but many of us think he should. Coming home from school one spring when the transplanting job was in full swing, I watched with amazement and thankfulness. This was something I never expected to see: setting tobacco with a horse-drawn transplanter. The driver was seated atop the implement atop a barrel containing water for irrigation. The two "droppers" were conveniently seated in the rear and were leisurely dropping the plants as the outfit slowly moved along the row. It was something delightful to behold. We were getting so modern!. In a short while I found myself dropping plants and getting full benefit of the dust that forged up from the dry ground but that was nothing to complain about. This devil transplanter seemed to be an answer to our prayers. The back-breaking misery of those other days was only a memory. Today the tobacco harvester and the mechanical looper, both great labor-saving implements, are just coming into use. The bulk curing barns despite the cost, are being widely used today. The almost universally used oil curers of today as well as the other devices constitute truly a revolution in the tobacco producing industry.

Another disagreeable task that befell us on the farm in those days was that of "pulling fodder". This work of stripping the blades from the tall stalks of corn, tying them into bundles and hanging them on the stalks

to cure, coming as it did in the hottest part of the summer, was so thoroughly disagreeable that I hated to see the month of August roll around. Papa regarded it as one of the best opportunities to lay in store some of the best "long feed" so necessary for the work animals. A definite day of progress had arrived when this task fell into discard. It was one of the farm practices that we "progressed away from."

Life in a New Setting

Whereas our family in the years past had been longing for a permanent location but all the time conscious that what we had was only temporary, we now began to feel the assurance of permanence. There were plans that looked toward the future. Maybe not much audible expression was given to this outlook, but it was there nevertheless: a more adequate dwelling, an orchard from which fruits could be gathered, a school conveniently located, a church ministering to the spiritual needs of the family. All of these and more must have been visible on the horizon. There were to be sure some discouragements and disappointments ahead but for the moment they were forgotten.

To grow an orchard required time. Before long the fruit-tree salesman that came from we knew not where, appeared upon the scene with his highly colored pictures. Children hungry for fresh fruit were so excited that they could hardly contain themselves. The discouraging fact was : those trees were yet to be bought, planted and allowed to grow. This was a time consuming process. Papa found a few acres along the road and here he started his orchard. There was a variety. Beginning with the mayflower in early June and continuing on into the late summer. Those people who preceded us on this farm, while they did not build many houses, they did plant fruit trees of many varieties: apples, figs, a few peaches and hazel nuts. These already producing trees must have encouraged papa to give more attention to the orchard. The strawberries he planted in a rich bottom area thrived for a while but did not last with the kind of attention they received. Papa knew how to utilize the fruit to the best advantage: cooked or served fresh, canned and stored for winter. There was no freezing in those days. The beauty of those trees and the abundant harvest from year to year was no small blessing to our family.

We are thinking of those matters that engaged the interest of my father at this time. They surely indicated his long thoughts and concern for the future. One of these would have pleased the boys no little bit if he had overlooked. A portion of the land that we were just beginning to get acquainted with, about seven acres in size, just happened to be waiting for our arrival to be cleared. Clearing land in that day when none of the machinery so generally used today existed, was indeed a man's job. The grubbing hoe, new-ground plow; the axe, the old Disson cross-cut saw was about all we had. All the land used for growing crops had to be cleared by somebody, but not until now did we realize that it involved so much hard work. Clearing the roots and stumps from the ground--doing it anyway you could--piling them along with the logs and then when conditions permitted, burning them. It was a task the early peoneers were acquainted with but we were not aspiring to be pioneers. In time the seven acres were cleared and put under cultivation. The black, loamy soil was soon producing bumper crops of corn and beans. Papa enjoyed nothing so much as beholding the beauty of growing corn and contemplating an abundant harvest.

Matters that had hitherto presented no problem or great concern, now came to the fore. Perhaps the first in importance was the school. In our community there were a considerable number of families each with a large number of children and no school available. The neighbors felt they had to take the initiative. They conferred with the County Superintendent of schools, S. B. Underwood. It would seem that this was a case where the county leaders failed to lead. After the matter had been presented to the officials, the Superintendent and the County Board of Education, it was agreed that the County would furnish a teacher if the patrons in the community would provide the building and furnishings. A site was agreed upon and the patrons jointly erected a neat looking one-room structure. This was a rather hurried-up project, the concerned parties working with haste to have the building ready for the opening day of school. The exterior walls were taken care of by hand-dressed weather boarding. The interior with exception of the over-head ceiling, was otherwise left unfinished. The floor was of boards, hand dressed like the weather boarding, and none too tight. A tin heater swung from a flue that rested on the joists and fired with wood the older boys cut and brought from the woods surrounding the building, provided the heat for the cold winter days. The facility

served the neighborhood for a number of years. Here the boys and girls in large numbers received all the education they knew. Sue Boyd, May Dudley and Eva Woolard were some of the local teachers. There were others, Fannie Quick from Bennettsville, S. C. and Mary Alice Moore from Ransomville, N. C. who came in from the outside of the community. All of these had something to do with imparting to me the elements of whatever education I have been able to obtain.

Some experiences associated with this school come to mind: the box parties and pie sales. Sometimes these were lively affairs. Patrons and friends of the school participated and in this manner sufficient funds were secured to complete the interior of the unfinished building. It is doubtful that there was another school building in the public school category anywhere around that was built and furnished by the local patrons as late as 1914? When this building was discontinued as a school, it was purchased by H. B. Harris, an uncle, and moved to his farm a few hundred yards away where it was used for a tobacco pack house. A distinct era in this country's history passed with this type of school. Some of us are thankful that Henry Ford, sensing the importance of "the little red school house", secured one of these buildings somewhere and has given it a place in his museum in Dearborn, Michigan. In these years to come succeeding generations will look upon this relic and feel a deep sense of pride as well as pity for that generation who carried on something here that they were pleased to call a school. If that institution did not deliver all that was expected, neither does its successor today.

A commendable concern of the family at this time was the church. Moving around as the family did for a number of years kept it from having anything more than tentative ties with the church. But when it came back home there was a renewal of relationship with old Parker's Chapel that the parents had known in previous years. Perhaps for the first time papa now began to take a some leadership in his church. We were regular in attendance upon the one-sunday a month services. At the present there was no Sunday School but one was launched after a short while. The pastors I remember were: Charlie B. Jones, the man who baptized and received me into church membership; L. L. Smith, a young student-preacher out of the Ayden Seminary. The first communion service he conducted was in our church. Some of the members took note that he passed the wine before the bread. Smith later

joined the North Carolina Methodist Conference and served a number of Methodist churches in Pitt County; W. B. Everrett, better known as "Bill" whose pastorate reached over a number of years. Bill Everett was a friend of my parents over many years. He worked on the Godfrey Stancil farm in those earlier days when my father was superintendent and was often in my parents home. He had a long pastorate with the St. Mary's F. W. B. Church in New Bern and was pastor there when he died. He was a man of considerable native ability and, although his formal education was quite limited, he was considered a strong preacher. There were other preachers who were in the pulpit from time to time whom we remember: W. H. Laughinghouse, a man of mature years when I first knew him. He married Annie Tripp, a local girl, and was often a visitor in the community. Tom Pollard, a local man who lived on a rented farm and preached as the opportunity presented itself; C. J. Harris, Sr. a relative, who lived on his farm in a near-by community and maintained a relationship with Parker's Chapel over many years. He was known to possess a remarkable memory. His sermons were embellished with bits of poetry and contained a homiletical quality and a depth unusual for a country preacher with limited education.

Some of the customs prevailing in the church in those days have interest for us as reflecting something of the times. No designated salary was provided the pastor. A free-will-offering was taken. The pastor's voluntary service was matched with the voluntary giving of the congregation. Sometime out of generosity if not embarrassment a fund would be raised to buy the preacher a pair of new shoes or a suit of clothes. On one occasion there was embarrassment on the part of some when one of the pastors, before he began his sermon, reached up and removed his hat from the peg upon which it hung back of the pulpit. It was said that the faithful old pastor was ashamed of the battered and badly worn old hat that somehow got hung in the wrong place that particular morning. With the pastorate of C. J. Harris the church moved up a notch and put the pastor on a designated salary. At the close of the pastoral year which came on the second Sunday in September, the promised salary was somewhat in arrears. The pastor indicated that he would be willing to settle for a specific amount if the church would come across on that particular day. The figure was somewhat less than the amount actually due. A canvass was made. The final report indicated that the amount realized was just a little above the figure agreed upon whereupon the pastor with all the good grace of a laborer who felt worthy of his hire, said that he felt he was entitled to the total money raised as it had been given with that expectation. There

being no objection, it was so ordered. There were others who followed in pastoral procession among whom might be named: Wilson W. Lupton, N. D. Wiggs and Dennis W. Alexander.

The Early Church and its Progress

Today when the church is so completely dominated by boards, commissions and "promotional" secretaries, it may be good for us to look back to that day when it was not so. In doing this we find ourselves looking at something nearer "the pioneer period" when the program was something near the few essentials: once a month preaching, occasional revivals and perhaps a Sunday School. The building was a one-room affair. When one looks at the modern church plants that dot the country-side today, it is obvious that we have architecturally come a long way. This is not to say that every other phase of the church has done as well. Some congregations while taking great pride in their physical structure have, at the same time, to confess that the splendid plant is poorly utilized. The facilities involving an expenditure of thousands of dollars, are brought into use for only a short while on Sunday mornings in the weekly sessions of the Sunday School. It makes little difference that we have accustomed ourselves in this latter day in calling it the Church School. Teaching is often performed by individuals with credentials of goodness and little else. Is there a church anywhere that is not looking for somebody to teach the Sunday School class? Church pride and loyalty ought not to stop with the building. The efficiency with which we put a program together should extend to the execution of that program. Something might be said in favor of one church trying to outdo the other but it leaves much to be desired when it is confined to the physical structure and nothing else.

Perhaps there are others but at least one man sought to immortalize himself by building a cathedral that would outrank all others on earth and incidentally immortalize himself. Englebert, the Bishop of Cologne, in 1225 A. D., summoned the best architects he could find and ordered them to draw plans for the most elaborate structure man had ever seen. Plan after plan was drawn and submitted only to be rejected because it bore some resemblance to a cathedral already in existence. After a long while a plan was accepted and the Cathedral of Cologne began to take shape. Is there not something in this that reminds us of what is taking place today. Must

the Methodist here have something a little better than the Methodists over there or the Baptists over yonder? We haven't heard much about that congregation, while willing to skimp and sacrifice in order to have the most beautiful church building in Dogpatch, is willing at the same time to put that amount in its budget that will enable it to do well and creditably its educational task. There are do btless some of this variety around but they are not likely to be the church we will find on the average Charge.

In 1955 I wrote the following and I quote it again in connection with the subject about which I write: "On occasion all too rare in this latter day, I manage to get off and go back home to visit my old father who is now 86 years of age, my one sister and three brothers, all that are left in a once large family. All live in the old community or close by. I always pass the old church, Parker's Chapel, now securely and prosperously planted on a new site. Always when I pass it my mind and heart are full of memories. There's the church I attended as a boy. Grandpa, Uncle Buck Tripp, Uncle Jacob and Jim Harris and others had a place peculiarly their own in the right hand a-man corner. Mama and her set had their places in the opposite corner on the left. Here as a boy of 12 years I confessed Christ as my Lord and Saviour. It was here I first attended Sunday School and listened to sermons I did not understand and here I listened to the congregation singing the old hymns of Zion. It was here I witnessed the first wedding, partook of the first communion and along with the congregation, I engaged along with the congregation in the humble act of foot-washing as it was practiced in that day by the Free Will Baptists, The same structure I first knew has stood there all the years with no change except two or three Sunday School rooms have been added on the rear within recent years."

The older generation never dreamed that the day would come when there would no longer be a Parker's Chapel, one of the oldest landmarks in the community, upon that original site. It was here in a beautiful grove of stately old oaks, that the congregation was organized and the first structure was built about 1856. B. B. Albritton took a leading part in organizing the group and became its first pastor. Changing conditions that started the population trend away from the old location, inspired a few of the church fathers, with greater wisdom than they realized, to lead in a movement to transport the old building to a new site where it is situated today. My brother, David S. Harris, donated the land and lent every encouragement in getting the old church moved and set up on a new site some four or five miles nearer Greenville. This was in 1936. In the years since that

time, additional land has been bought, a new church plant and a resident parsonage have been built. In 1954, James H. Ward, a Greenville contractor and a member of the church, was named head of a building committee. The members responded with their financial offerings as they were able. A large number volunteered their labor. Today a lasting monument in the nature of a modern church plant, commemorates their self-sacrificing loyalty. In that earlier day repeated efforts were made to establish a Sunday School. First in the church, then in the Harris School house on the Ram's Horn, then in the Mason School house and lastly in the Cannon Swamp school house. The results were always the same: nothing permanent. Methodist leaders out of the Jarvis Memorial Church in Greenville under the leadership of the pastor at the time, Dr. Walter Patten, tried their hand by sponsoring a Sunday School and once-a-month preaching at Cannon Swamp, but with uncertain results. It was doing this time that I formed my relationship with the Methodists that lead eventually to my joining the Methodist Church and my "License to Preach" issued on September 15, 1930.

Knowing the details of this humble beginning enables us to better understand the success that has come to pass in the life of this church. On Sunday, October 9, 1955 the church formally observed its centennial, marking the passing of one hundred significant years from the date of its lowly beginning in 1855. Some of the names that appear on the program for the day, beside that of the pastor, the Rev. W. H. Willis, are as follows: Miss Edith Barnhill, Choir Director; Miss Joyce Gilbert, Pianist; Charlie Jones, Sexton. The Deacons: Charlie W. Jones, Chairman; Paul W. Harris, Vice-Chairman; D. R. House, Jr. and J. S. Harris, Jr., Trustees: Gus Briley, Chairman, J. S. Harris, Jr. Paul W. Harris. Ushers: Billy Cannon, Chairman. Ladies Auxilary: Margaret Landen, President. Sunday School: Paul W. Harris, Superintendent. Secretary-Treasurer: D. R. House, Jr..

The Church bulletin dated August 28, 1955, gives the order of worship as follows:

MORNING WORSHIP

The Prelude (Silent Prayer)

Doxology

Hymn: "We'll Work Till Jesus Comes" 126

Hymn: "Onward Christian Soldiers" 36

Prayer

Responsive Reading: "Psalm 24"

Announcements

The Offertory:

Presentation of Tithes and Offerings

"Get Acquainted Time"

Special

Sermon: "Attention"

Scripture for Sermon: Matt. 17: 5, "...This is
my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Invitation Hymn: "Rock of Ages"	209
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Installation of new officers	
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Hymn: "Blest Be the Tie"	117
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The Postlude	
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The Bulletin contained the following announcements:

The Bulletins today are donated by Mr. and Mrs. Paul W. Harris and Family.

The Flowers are given today by the Senior Class of Margaret Landen and Mamie Jones.

Many thanks to Bro. Lee Harris and his son Bobby, for the fine job of keeping the grass cut down on the church lawn all summer.

Let's get back into the Prayer Meeting now that green tobacco has gone.

Saturday, Sept. 10, at promptly 11 o'clock we will be looking to see all of you at the Communion Service and Yearly Meeting.

Parker's Chapel with hope and promise, enters upon its second century.

Signs and Events of the Time

Good wages and easy credit in this latter day makes it difficult for us to understand those other days when such was not the case. The first few years after my father's marriage he commended the munificent salary of \$120.00 per year and board. When I asked my father what was implied in "and board" he said it was sufficient corn meal ground from the barn to feed his family. The salary was upped from the \$120 figure to \$365 per year and then in 1908, the last year he was employed as an overseer it was advanced to \$500.00.

In 1907, a period of financial difficulty known as "the panic" hit our country. I was 10 years old at the time and it made me panicky to hear the oldsters talk about it. The currency panic, as it was known, began with a run on the Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York. The run lasted one and one-half days, until the bank's reserves were exhausted. Other banks throughout the country were forced to close. The money crises was brought to an end when J. Pierpoint Morgan and a group of business men combined their resources and imported \$100,000,000 in gold from Europe. The average householder knew nothing about the financial complex on Wall Street, the cause or the remedy for the trouble. He knew there was no money and few things could be worse than that. People passed around a kind of I. O. U. paper and wondered when times would get better if they ever would.

The extraordinary space explorations of today arouses much speculation and excitement but probably not as much as was aroused by the visit of Halley's Comet in 1910. There was excitement and apprehension as the ominous day of May 18 of that year approached. The report went out that the oceans of the Earth would be heated to a boiling point as our Earth passed through the comets tail. The land would become blistered and scorched. A group of French scientists published a treatise that was given wide publicity by the newspapers of this country, saying that the gases in the comets tail would poison the Earth's atmosphere and thus make the Earth uninhabitable for mankind. We are told that "anti-comet pills" usually sugar or salt, guaranteeing protection, were sold in wholesale lots over the country at one dollar per box. As the day of doom approached the newspapers that had played such a large part in arousing the excitement of the people, continued their game by printing stories of suicide and attempted suicide. It looked innocent enough to me when it did finally arrive with its attractive display of greater and lesser light stretching over the heavens directly above. We were obviously at the time passing through the tail of the comet and, if we believed the widely circulated stories, every day may be our last.

This phenomenon of nature first appeared in 1682 ~~by a London astronomer, Edmund Halley (1656-1742)~~ and was first observed by a London astronomer, Edmund Halley (1656-1742). The discoverer concluded that his comet had an orbital period of around $75\frac{1}{2}$ years and that it would return in 1759. Since Halley's time more than 30 appearances of his comet have

noted all appearing on the basis of his reckoning, ranging from the first in 467 B. C. to the latest in 1910. Ancient people thought all comets were omens of direst catastrophe. The advent of Halley's Comet has been noted to coincide with considerable disaster: The of 66 A. D. that brought the fall of Jerusalem; the devastation of Italy by the Huns in 373, and the Battle of Hastings in 1066. (Halley's Comet is woven into the panel of the Bayeux tapestry that depicts the slaying of Harold by William the Conqueror.) But on the other hand, Halley's Comet has also signified good fortune for mankind. Mark Twain was born in 1835, when the Comet reappeared, and he died, because he was ready to die, when the Comet visited us last in 1910.

The years preceding the agricultural reforms of the Roosevelt era, were long and hard. It took many difficult experiences for this country to find out the need for the Commodity Credit Corporation and the Tobacco Stabilization Corporation. We haven't forgotten the often sad expression on the face of papa when he returned home from the local tobacco market on opening day. The quality of the crop didn't matter. So often the verdict was the same: "We won't get anything for this year's crop. They are taking it away from the farmers." The average price for the North Carolina tobacco crop in 1930, in the trough of the Depression, was eight cents per pound. Cotton more often than not was a drug on the market. One year some of the local merchants started the "buy a bale" movement. While the market hung around seven or eight cents, the merchants with a great show of loyalty would buy a bale for ten cents, put it in his window to show the extent he was willing to go to help the farmer.

There must have been a great many farmers like my father at this time who dared to hope that the Tobacco Co-operative Association, would help improve the financial plight of the tobacco farmer. Papa believed it would and co-operated as fully as he was able to make the organization a success. Tobacco was delivered to the Co-op, the grower receiving only token payment. He was to be fully compensated when his tobacco was sold to the processor sometime in the future. It was a beautiful theory but in practice it proved to be something else. The organization fell victim to bad management and internal weaknesses. Many farmers, like my father, lost heavily with severe hurt to their hard-working families. Money they could ill afford to lose. The Federal Government could have saved the day if it had intervened as it had to do later. The free enterprise system, so peculiar to our American way of life, has often opened the way for pickpockets and scoundrels.

Some shady schemes imposed upon the public have not always been confined to the farmers. If they lost less it may be because they had less to lose. There was a day when the Fishes Products Company established its headquarters in Wilmington, N. C. but its tentacles reached out over the whole state and beyond. A couple of high pressure salesmen found my father one day busy at work in his field. They spent a larger part of an afternoon persuading him that he ought to invest in the Fishes Products Co. When they left they carried with them \$500 of papa's hard-earned money while he held a certificate of stock that in the end proved worthless. It all ended abruptly when the "officials" confiscated the assets and left for parts unknown.

There was, following World War I, a time when the selling price of tobacco on the local market rose to record heights. In 1919 farmers for the first time ever realized what it was like to sell tobacco for one dollar per pound. Presently production got out of hand and the selling price dropped to the bottom again. On August 16, 1930, John D. Gold, Editor and publisher of the Wilson Times accused the tobacco buyers of robbing the farmers. There was no justification, he said, for paying ten cents per pound for tobacco when they should pay twenty cents. In 1920 there were 621,000 acres of flue-cured tobacco planted in North Carolina. The yield per acre was 681 pounds. The average price that year was \$20.80 per hundred pounds. In 1972 there were 332,000 acres planted in the same area with an average yield of 1,993 pounds per acre; it sold for \$85.60 per hundred pounds. A comparative study of these figures tell a very interesting story. The Government let the Co-op die. The free enterprise system was the only thing that was constitutional. Common sense did ultimately prevail but not until thousands of tobacco farmers had been well nigh reduced to starvation. We are told that necessity is always the mother of something, so, out of this recurring crisis in the production of tobacco, something did happen. Legislation was sponsored and passed in Congress whereby the farmers voted to control acreage and later poundage. Under this arrangement the farmer was promised ninety per cent of parity which included a support price fixed each year by the Secretary of Agriculture. Farmers have by a two thirds majority vote as required by law, continued to vote periodic control ever since. They dare not think of trying to get along without it.

A Country Boy and Education

Pitt County was hardly at the head of the list in education when I came along. Nothing beyond the seventh grade was offered by the local school. Most of the boys and girls who attended our school settled for what they had or were able to get locally and adjusted to the only life they knew; the farm. High school or college was hardly thought of. World War I broke out in August 1914. Normally I would have entered high school that fall. The War possibly and other things intervened to delay but not to defeat my objective.

There was the matter of deciding on the school I would attend. High schools did not dot the country side in those days. From our community some went to the Winterville High School, some to the Washington Collegiate Institute and one or two ~~at~~ attended the Ayden Seminary. The latter was a high school with not many credentials of greatness, operated in Ayden by the Free Will Baptists. The church paper and many of the young preachers, sometimes not so young, were publicity agents for the Ayden Seminary. Claude McGowan, a cousin, attended the Seminary. It was the one school we knew better than the others. So it was the Seminary for me.

Early in January 1916, at the beginning of the Spring Term I enrolled at the Seminary. Enrolling at that time when classes had started in September had its disadvantages. I had to adjust the best I could. It was all an exciting experience. My first train ride was from Greenville to Ayden although I had lived all my life within sight of the passing trains along the Atlantic Coast Line. Living in a dormitory and taking my meals in the school's dining hall was something I had to adjust to. The school rented a ten-room residence along Lee Street and here the boys lived in true dormitory style. No vacant room was available so I was conveniently placed in a room with two other boys, Leslie and Lyman Venters from Shelmerdine. Leslie was later conscripted into World War I and became the first boy from Pitt County to lose his life in that war.

The period of which I write was only a few years after Charles Brantley Aycock, the educational Governor of North Carolina. He came to the office in 1901 and served his four years. He was the man who had been chosen Governor in an historic political revolution and who was proud of the fact "that we have built a school house in North Carolina

every day since I was inaugurated as Governor, including Sundays." That statment was made in that address he made to the Alabama Education Association in Birmingham on April 4, 1912. While making this speech Aycock dropped dead and the last word he was heard to utter was "education." A little figuring will show that, if a school house was built in North Carolina every day since the day he was inaugurated Governor including Sundays, that is from 1901 to 1912, a lot of school houses were built. In spite of this here was a community without a school as late as 1912. While the churches of the present take little or no part in promoting secondary education, this was not true a few years ago. At the time of which I write there were three boarding schools in our general area: the Washington Collegiate Institute at Washington (N. C.) sponsored by the ~~Baptist~~ Methodist Episcopal Church; the Winterville High School sponsored by the Missionary Baptist Church and the Ayden Seminary, sponsored by the Free Will Baptist church. All offering work in the secondary field.

When I enrolled at the Seminary in 1916 it was presided over by John E. Sawyer, an A. B. graduate of Guilford College. He headed the school for a number of years. While not able to induce phenominal growth, he was at least able to keep the doors open. Young ministers in the F. W. B. church who might not have attained even a high school education, were given some basic training in the high school subjects including Bible, homiletics and theology. When the history of education in the F. W. B. church is written it will have to be said that the Ayden Seminary constituted a vital link between that early day served by men like B. B. Albritton and W. H. Laughinghouse, who were men without any formal training, and the present day when the education standard compares favorably with that of other old-line churches. While the Seminary served its day and ceased to be, it helped to assure the day when the church would sponsor a progressive Junior College, doing accredited work, at Mount Olive, N. C. as well as a Bible College in Nashville, Tenn.

Two buildings, the two-story administration building and the girls dormitory, constituted the entire physical plant of the school. The boys were housed in a rented dwelling about a block from the school site. The limited accommodations while poorly equipped, were ample in size for the small student body of about one hundred and fifty students. Quite a number of the student body were day students coming in from the surrounding area. The sizeable auditorium embracing the entire first floor of the administration building, was equipped with regular opera chairs. There was

no central heat and no running water. Electricity was available for the only use to which it was put at this time, lighting the buildings. The town of Ayden provided a community water system during my stay at the Seminary.

In May 1916, after the close of school, I came home and resumed my accustomed place in doing farm work. It was good to be back, the undisputed lover of home and family that I was. The future was, however, uncertain. World War I had been raging in Europe since 1914. It did not seem possible that the United States could keep out of it indefinitely. The duties of home and farm and certain other intrusions dimmed the prospect of my returning to school. I spent the year (school year) 1916-1917 at home trying to fill the gap that had been created by the departure of both David and Henry. Would I ever be able to get back to school? The prospect was not encouraging. The big headlines and dispatches in the papers that found their way into our home, told the story of the unfolding drama of war. It was indeed a critical period in our national history. Germany's unrestricted attacks upon the ships of neutral nations and the loss of American lives as a consequence, lead President Woodrow Wilson to sever diplomatic relations with Germany on February 3, 1917. In his historic address to the Congress he said, "I think you will agree that this government has no alternative consistent with dignity and honor of the United States." On the same day the U. S. liner "Housatonic" was sunk on the high seas. On April 6, 1917 President Wilson signed a joint resolution of Congress proclaiming a state of war with Germany.

The Selective Draft by which the young manhood of the nation would be made available for military service, was just ahead. Yet, in spite of this, life moved along somewhat in its usual manner. I returned to the Seminary in the fall of 1917. Professor Taylor had been succeeded by Professor R. B. Spencer. Professor J. E. Sawyer was in his last year as Principal. It was, as I recall, an uneventful year in spite of the ever increasing restrictions imposed as a result of the war. I registered for the draft as did my two older brothers. It seemed that some of us would be in uniform before the passing of many more weeks. Some boys left school to enter the service. At the end of the year I returned home. The usual "Saturday evening tobacco patch" was made available to me again. (The unusual name derived from the fact that it was to be cultivated on Saturday afternoons although this was not always the case.) This arrangement made

it financially possible for me to return to the Seminary in the Fall of 1918. Professor A. R. Flowers, a graduate of the University at Chapel Hill, had succeeded Professor Sawyer. Many new students were in attendance as well as some of the old ones. The War ended with the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918--the eleventh day of the eleventh month on the eleventh hour. There was general rejoicing. Young men could now look toward the future without the threat of conscription and the uncertainties of war. Two young men from the Seminary were listed on the honor roll: Leslie Venters and Friendly Wilder Haley. Each gave his life in service to his country and each had been my room mate.

The day of graduation finally arrived, May 22, 1919. A local business man and friend of the school, R. W. Smith, delivered the diplomas. The program presented by the Class in the Auditorium on that morning was as follows:

Invocation

Class Song	By Class
Address of Welcome	W. L. Woodard
Oration: "The Man of the Hour"	
	H. LeRoy Harris
Class History	Jamie Prescott
Duet:	Misses Nobles and Wellons
Essay: "Tint Your Own Sky . . ."	Bertha Hart
Class Prophecy	Flora Waller
Poet	Reba Loftin
Class Will	Fannye Wellons
Valedictory	M. H. Mellette
Delivering Diplomas	J. E. Sawyer
Benediction	R. F. Pittman

The following were members of the Class: Mary Jewell Burnette, Bert Moye Burnette, Arthur M. Godwin, E. Henry Garris, Bertha Susan Hart, R. Noble Hinnant, H. LeRoy Harris, Reba Loftin, Miller H. Mellette, Glennie Elenor Nobles, James C. Prescott, Fannye Mae Wellons, Warden L. Woodard, Flora Emerson Waller and Margaret Mae Woodard.

This was a significant achievement. We had been initiated into a new world. My mind was definitely turned in the direction of education. Some positions of responsibility while at the Seminary were helpful.

As editor of the school publication, "The Christian Council Monitor" we wrote editorials, solicited advertising and subscriptions and kept the publication going for an extended period. Dramatics which certainly was not a major interest in the school, had interest for me as well as the debating society. The Seminary participated in the Triangle Debate sponsored by a district organization of high schools. One year Miller Mellette and I upheld the negative side of the query, "Resolved that the United States should adopt some form of universal military training." We went to Washington (N. C.) where we met the affirmative team, two young ladies, from ~~Clark~~ the Washington Collegiate Institute. We made the trip on a car furnished by Henry Garris, a local boy and a member of our class. We traveled the north side of Tar River out of Greenville on the dirt road, the only kind of road available at the time, and somewhere between Washington and Pactolus on our return trip we got stuck in the mud. We got into Ayden next morning about sunrise.

As far as I know the history of the Ayden Seminary has never been written. Some of the students who attended that school are still around but soon they will be gone. The generations to come as well as the present one, ought to know about the cherished ideals and the genuine sacrifice symbolized by that school. Measured by present day standards of secondary education, it had nothing to boast of. It is not known whether or not it was on anybody's accredited list. If it were it was there by virtue of the fact that the prevailing standards were not very exacting. The faculty might not have been of top rank in academic preparation. But there was something about that school that Professor A. R. Flowers would call intangible; something that helped many a country boy and girl launch his life on a little higher plane. Some, to be sure, went on to college and graduation and then into the professions. Most of them went back to the country life from which they came but destined for a larger place of leadership and service. These church school of which the Ayden Seminary was one, might have "Gone with the Wind" but they made their contribution. And by way of apology for what they did not have and did not do, one is reminded of the definition somebody gave of a true university: a log with Mark Hopkins on one end and a boy on the other.

In September 1919, I enrolled in the Shenandoah Collegiate Institute and School of Music (SCI) in Dayton, Va., a small Junior College operated by the United Brethren Church, originally a part of the Methodist

body that was formed by the German speaking element who thought their interests would be best served by forming their own group. In 1968, however, this body came back into the Methodist Church. This union inspired the changing of the name from "The Methodist Church" to "The United Methodist Church. This school which operated for so many years at Dayton, has since been moved to Winchester, Va. and is known as the Shenandoah College.

In that earlier day J. H. Ruebush was the administrative head of the institution. Associated with him was a faculty of well-prepared teachers. The school was perhaps better known for its competence in music than in the literary sphere. A band from S. C. I. under the leadership of Will H. Ruebush, served in the army throughout World War I. Many of the students that helped to make up the band were still in school when I was there and were rightly proud of the achievement. The student body was truly metropolitan in its composition. Many states and foreign countries were represented. The tone of the school was strictly Christian. Who could forget the Boy's Watch, a devotional group that met in one of the class rooms just before breakfast; the Y. M. C. A. that met every Sunday morning in the Platonian Literary Society hall immediately after breakfast; the Sunday School and worship hour in the local United Brethren Church; Professor J. H. Ruebush's Bible Class that met every Sunday in the auditorium immediately after the lunch hour; the Epworth League at the church on Sunday evening. This gives some indication of the religious emphasis prevailing in the school and among these not the least in importance was the daily chapel service in the auditorium. Every Saturday evening there was a music program that had both cultural and musical value. Students doing work in every department of the School of Music had a place on the program. This weekly event was an important social occasion for the boys and girls in the community and school. My membership and participation in the Platonian Literary Society, the Y. M. C. A. in which I was secretary, the Ministerial Mission Band, the choral society and the Glee Club was of inestimable value to me.

The official and teaching personnel of the school accounted in no small measure for the high rating of the institution. No little credit for the high spiritual tone of the institution was due to Miss Ida M. Judy, the teacher of Bible. A graduate of a normal school in West Virginia and the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, she was a conservative of the conservatives and a positive force for the Christian faith in this otherwise Christian community. She was a saintly soul, loved and esteemed by everyone.

In the spring of 1920, largely at the insistance of Miss Judy, three boys, including myself, made a trip to Washington, D. C. to hear one of Miss Judy's favorite preachers, Dr. G. Campbell Morgan. Twice a day he brought inspiring messages to a large congregation that filled one of the large Congregational churches of the city. Beside the opportunity of hearing the "Prince of Expositors" as he was known, we had opportunity of visiting some of the historic places in Washington. The three of us with limited means, found lodging in a private home not far from the host church. The gracious lady, upon learning who we were and the purpose of our visit, was most co-operative and in the end allowed us an extra day without charge. We made the return trip to Dayton via Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. Some of us remembered that this place was made famous and assured a place in history by the raid of John Brown upon the United States Amory in Harper's Ferry. He was an emancipation fanatic. He stoutly opposed making Kansas, his native state, slave territory. Maybe John Brown was a little too unconventional and too far in advance of his time. He was seized, tried and hanged in 1859, two years in advance of the opening of the Civil War. During the year we made other visits to interesting places near by: the well known Luray Caverns and the Natural Bridge. The Glee Club, with a reputation of excellence, made several appearances in near-by places.

The school year closed and left me with a treasury of lasting and happy memories. Professor D. D. Brandt and also pastor of the local U. B. Church, going on my "Letter of Credit" with the S. A. Mullikin Co. thus making himself responsible for the books I would sell as an agent that summer; Professor J. H. Ruebush going on my note at the Bank for funds that would enable me to get out of town at the close of school. These were not just ordinary favors and have never been forgotten. With a good year behind me I packed up and made my way back to North Carolina with nothing more interesting to look forward to than selling books in Florence and Marion Counties in South Carolina, the first summer I had ever varied from the routine of farm chores and the "Saturday evening tobacco patch."

Selling the publications of the S. A. Mullikin Co. Marietta, Ohio certainly provided enough experiences for one summer. Our team, well instructed in the technique, was composed of Leslie Wilkins from Roxobel, N. C. Ernest B. Luttrell from Winchester, Va. and Chas. E. Fey from Marietta, who for some reason I never knew exactly why, was called the

"crew manager," and myself. Our line, "The New Knowledge Library", Bible story books, Bibles as well as box on sex, which was not at that time the popular subject of conversation it is today, constituted some good and worth-while publications. They had an appeal to the average household. In fact we introduced ourselves as "doing some educational work in the community." We chose this particular section because, being in the heart of the bright leaf tobacco area, we thought it had possibilities for a book salesman. This was doubtless true for I personally had good sales all the summer long, but unfortunately when the tobacco market opened in the fall of 1920, the prices had dropped drastically from those the farmer received in 1919. The farmer was hurt and our deliveries as a result were not as good as we had anticipated. The net results of the summer's work was, however, better than what I had been realizing in previous summers.

The greatest source of education for any of us is not that which we receive formally in some institution but rather that which comes from life experiences. Life experiences are the greatest source of education. On Monday morning we gathered a few of the necessities such as shaving articles, sleeping garment and a few other things that the limited storage space in our little carrying case permitted, and at an early hour we would strike out for the country. We walked, of course, and found lodging with some family along the way wherever we happened to be when night overtook us. The noon-day snack was usually something picked up at a country store. All day we walked the hot, dusty road stopping at every house or wherever there was a likely prospect. In this area of farming the prospect was often found in the field and herein lies one or two interesting experiences. In the back-woods of Marion County on one occasion I made my way out into the field over wet, soggy soil where two men were plowing, one white, one colored. I approached the colored man first and soon found out that he was interested in buying a Bible. Obviously he was helping the white man who doubtless was the head man of the team. Maybe it was a mistake that I chose the colored man for the first interview. I could tell that he was watching me closely as I detained the colored man and gave my sales talk. It was a wet season and the grass was growing with little hindrance. I felt all the time that I was intruding but it did seem likely that I would make a sale and this is always the book agent's goal. Presently the ill-tempered farmer stopped unceremoniously ordered me out of his field.

When I was a little slow in making my exit, he threatened to get his gun and force the issue. I thought it the better part of wisdom to move on.

Sometime a kind hearted farmer would ask you to share lunch with him or offer shelter for the night. In this none too pleasant business of canvassing the public in capacity of a book salesman, never a popular subject, it was surprising that we found people on the whole as nice as we did. There was never a time when we failed to find lodging; sometime it was rather late, but we never failed. Usually they would make a purchase and we would discount the price a dollar or so to be paid upon delivery.

It was not clear just how we would manage the sizeable job of delivering our books over the two-county area. The crew manager bought a Ford car and after his deliveries, used it for transportation to his home in Ohio. A want ad in the local paper for a car, with or without driver, brought results. The car and driver cost me \$10 per day. In this I was fortunate.

The proceeds from the summer's work which had been hard, seemed to be adequate to meet the expenses in college for another year. One incident seemed to make it look otherwise. While making deliveries in Marion County, we did not return to Florence for the night. The collections of the day were still in my pocket. Thinking it unwise to carry some \$200 around on my person, I went to the local bank either to make a deposit or get a cashier's check. The young man in attendance said the bank vault had not been opened for the day and he did not have access to the books. If I wanted to leave the money, a check would be mailed to me. I left with nothing to show for the transaction except a counter check written with a pencil and signed, "F. and M. Bank." The cashier's check didn't show up. I called the bank and made enquiry. Yes the check had been mailed as per agreement. I left Florence without that check and to this day I do not know what happened. With the help of papa and J. H. Waldrop at the Greenville Banking and Trust Co. a duplicate check was sent and the matter was finally closed.

On September 13, 1921, I enrolled as a Freshman in Guilford College in Greensboro. My thinking was and I did not have any guidance in this matter, Professor J. E. Sawyer, Principal of the Ayden Seminary, was a graduate of Guilford. It must be a good school. At Guilford I was quite dissatisfied, however. It appeared at the time that I would lose the \$200 in the bank at Marion, seriously depleting my scanty resources. Borrowing

money was not part of my thinking. Guilford was ridden with the hazing psychology. Freshmen were outcasts on the campus. I left Guilford and for a short time I found employment with the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce as membership secretary. Coleman W. Roberts, the man who built the Chamber into one of the best in the State and was later to initiate the Carolina Motor Club, was the Secretary. My association with Mr. Roberts and the Chamber in Greensboro, would advance me to a satisfactory future in this field, I thought. There were many reasons why my thinking was changed and I took my leave of Greensboro. Always college seemed to be on the horizon. It didn't seem to be something for the immediate present but I never seemed to doubt but that I would get there eventually.

The Free Will Baptists in North Carolina were at the time launching a campaign to raise funds to build a college in Ayden, an expansion of the Ayden Seminary and a goal the church had looked forward to for many years. The 1921 session of the Central Conference appointed Rev. W. B. Everett financial agent and I as his assistant. My task was to go into the local churches and canvas the membership for funds. Maybe my experience as a book salesman would stand me in good stead. The F. W. B. people had never been known to take much stock in higher education and it was not likely that any records would be broken at this time. My responsibility was confined to the Central Conference. Others were assisting in other conferences. There was, as I remember, no well defined program. My work was to canvas, take pledges and cash donations. My compensation was to be \$100 per month but there was not one penny in hand at the beginning. I was to take my agreed to salary out of my collections.

The problem of transportation; the lack of interest and co-operation on the part of the pastors was a discouraging factor. But in spite of the obstacles the project seemed to move forward. A site for the proposed college was secured and the architect drew plans which were given publicity through the local press. It did seem for a time that something permanent was in the offing. Even after what seemed a promising start the project had to be abandoned. Some monuments to the loyalty of a loyal minority were left scattered around. But the dream of a Free Will Baptist College did not die although some years were to pass before tangible results would be manifest. The Free Will Baptists are today proud of their accredited Junior College at Mount Olive, N. C. that will one day evolve into a degree-conferring, accredited senior college. What we did

At the conclusion of my canvassing effort in behalf of the college, I entered another phase of education, that of teaching. The Cannon Swamp School near my home was in need of a teacher-principal for the approaching term. The County Superintendent informed me that the position was open and available. I would have to have a certificate. I was advised to prepare for the approaching examination, given at that time under the supervision of the Superintendent. The two text books involved were secured and a rather serious effort was made to be in readiness for the examination. With a little margin to spare, I was declared on the winning side and was issued an Elementary Teacher's Certificate, Class B by the State Department.

The local School Board was composed of Johnnie Barnhill, Louis Dudley and J. S. Harris. When I took the contract to Louis Dudley he would not sign it, not unless Johnnie Barnhill signed first. He made it clear that he would join any opposing party to nullify the contract since two signatures were necessary for the contract to be valid. Johnnie Barnhill did sign and so did Louis Dudley. I did not know at the time nor do I know today why one of the committeemen objected to me having the school. I remember, however, when my father died, that the first man to take my hand and to give it a warm, sympathetic grasp when I arrived at the church for the funeral, was Louis Dudley and I was grateful. It was the last time I ever saw the man. Time has a way of blotting out the mistakes of yesterday or relegating them to the realm of forgetfulness.

I made a sincere effort to do the teaching job to which I had been elected. I reckon that was all that could be expected. The other teacher in this two-teacher primary school was Miss Leona Newton, a recent graduate of the Greenville High School with additional work in East Carolina Teacher's College. Her credentials were superior to mine as was attested by her long and successful career in the class room. The principal took care of the upper grades through the seventh. If the subject matter did not make superior demands upon the teacher, they were probably on a level with his training. There were others whom I remembered who made a creditable start teaching school. Wasn't I following a good tradition?

However well I followed the good tradition, I did not follow it for long. A cousin of mine, C. J. Harris, Jr. was at the time operating a grocery business on Evans Street in Greenville. I went over to help in the store during the holiday, pre-Christmas days. He approached me about joining the grocery partnership with him. He offered me one-half interest in what

appeared to be a thriving business. The business was sufficient for ~~us~~ each of us to draw thirty-five dollars per week from the sales. This had its appeal for a boy who had been drawing \$65.00 per month in the class room. It is doubtful that I analyzed the actual worth of the business as I should have: the inventory, the debts, the fixtures and etc. From the best I could determine in my superficial way, one-half interest in a business that was already established and doing well, was not a bad venture. To be free from the little devils in the class room was not something to be despised.

We were at the time probably the only grocery business on Evans Street, Greenville's main street. But at this time something happened to dim the prospect. The first chain grocery store came to our town, a link in the Pender chain. Obviously we were to face serious if not fatal competition. Local grocerymen did not know what to expect. Count the independent grocerymen in Greenville or any other place, and note what has happened.

The novice doing credit business will certainly make one inevitable discovery: some people, and their names are legion, build up big bills and won't pay. The chain store with help from certain other sources, have taught the public to pay cash over the counter. Many innovations in the sale of merchandise have also been introduced. The coming of the chain store was just another incident in the march of progress although it was frightening to us at the time.

On a cold morning, February 7, 1922, our business suffered a disastrous fire. Our stock and fixtures were pretty largely destroyed. More than half of our insurance was with the State Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Raleigh. Just about this time it was thrown into the hands of the receiver. Our total receipts from this source were less than \$100. The Aetna Insurance Co, a strong, old-line company with which we had one policy, paid off promptly. The proceeds from our insurance, all too inadequate, helped to take care of our loss but more help was needed. We were thinking of course about getting our business re-established and going again. The chain store was a competitor to be reckoned with. This might be the time to fold up and go out of business. It was C. J.'s idea that we look into the possibility of securing a Piggly Wiggly franchise. Jesse went to Wilmington to talk with officials of the chain and to investigate. He found that we could secure a franchise but considerable money would be involved and other conditions that seemed to be beyond our reach at the time. We resolved the matter by borrowing \$500 and building a community

grocery on the block adjoining Jesse's home, one block off Evan's Street. A refrigerator was bought and we added fresh meat. Some of our old customers continued to give us their trade but on the whole there was only a small volume of business.

The fire might have been a blessing in disguise to me personally. Maybe the good Lord was directing a heedless young man who might have been somewhat disobedient to the heavenly vision. But on the other hand I had not been heedless to my distinct call to the ministry. My ordination according to the Free Will Baptist ritual, had taken place previous to this and I was at the time serving a small church, Union Chapel, in Washington County on the Long Acre road out of Plymouth. Rev. E. T. Phillips, Editor of the Free Will Baptist, organ of the church, would call on me occasionally to substitute for him at the Bryce's Creek church at Croatan, N. C., just out of New Bern. I must have been somewhat acceptable for the church later, when Mr. Phillips had resigned, invited me to become its pastor. I speak of pastoral relations with these churches but actually there was little of this. I made monthly visits and preached, if I may call it that, once or twice. Croatan was a little later to some degree of notoriety as the home of Tom Haywood and his "kicking machine." Some experience of his and perhaps others that he knew, prompted him to put together this unusual contraption and on the grounds in front of his store on the highway from New Bern to Morehead, to operate it for a number of years. He tells that the disgust he had for himself on account of some fool-hardy thing he had done, made him want to kick himself. ~~It was something that~~ He soon discovered that a great many other people felt the same way about themselves and presently his "kicking machine" had become the most popular past time in the community. Tom Haywood was a friendly, likeable individual with no peculiar complexes so far as anyone knew. It was a rigidly constructed machine and capable of doing a good kicking job as many could testify. Strangers passing along the highway would stop, give themselves a few hefty kicks and be on their way.

My pastorate at Bryce's Creek, taken care of while attending to my duties in the store, reached over only a few months and is remembered as part of my initial experience in launching my ministry.

I was understandably in a receptive mood when the call came to me from the Free Will Baptist Church in Kinston to become its whole-time

pastor. Jesse (C. J.) was willing to buy my interest in the "H. L. and C. J. Harris" grocery business. No money was passed in the deal. A paper was drawn incorporating the agreement between us. He assumed the obligations including the "accounts payable" and the \$500 we had borrowed from Howard Bullock, his father-in-law. Without much formality I took my leave of Greenville and the merchantile business I had joined some three months previously. This marked, I felt sure, the termination of my adventure in the grocery business.

In Kinston I found lodging and board with my friends, Rev. Floyd Harris and wife, no relations of mine. Floyd had sometime previously been pastor in Greenville and we had known each other while attending the Seminary. The whole-time duties of a church was something new and frightening to me, limited as I was in my preparation and experience. The salary was small but it compared favorably with what I had been making. Some supplement, however, would be needed and appreciated. The vision as I had seen it a little while ago, might well include the church and the school. I had turned away from this kind of thing a few months previously. I conferred with the County Superintendent of Schools, E. E. Sams. There was a vacancy in the South West school, a two-teacher institution found generally over the State at that time. I made contact with the local committee and a contract was soon duly signed. Preaching twice on Sundays and teaching school five days a week was a pretty full schedule.

At first I secured room and board with a family near the school but only for a short while. I secured a bicycle and rode the distance to and from Kinston each day. It became necessary for me to find another rooming and boarding place in Kinston. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Jackson on Lenoir Avenue who operated a most desirable rooming and boarding home, had an opening and thus this problem was most satisfactorily solved. She obligingly prepared lunches for me to take along to the school. The school was possibly five miles from Kinston but was quite accessible using the Rail Road tracks and the trestle over the Neuse River. There was always the fear that a train might surprise me and catch me on the trestle but this never happened. Transportation on a bicycle in inclement weather was not very satisfactory but I made it through the term without missing a day. At the close of school when finances had somewhat improved, I bought a Ford run-about, something I should have done sooner.

My services as pastor of the church terminated with the close of school. I had definite plans for the future. Twelve weeks in summer school at East Carolina, imposing myself on the good folks at home, would enable me to raise my certificate and assure better pay as a teacher. There would be, I felt sure, a church or two available and the combination would be easy enough to handle.

Proposing and disposing. We do one, God or some kind of fate does the other. My plans for the future were destined to be radically changed after that summer of 1923. Several students from Atlantic Christian College in Wilson were attending the summer school that summer: Paul and Beth Ricks, Sadie Greene, J. A. Taylor and others. They were loyal Campbellites and enthusiastic supporters of their college. I made the acquaintance of these young people and they sought to interest me in Atlantic Christian. I tried the best I could to weigh the issues: would it be East Carolina where better advantages for teaching were offered, or Atlantic Christian where better preparation for the ministry were available? I needed help in both fields. Very few male students attended East Carolina at this time. How satisfactory would it be for me to always be in the insignificant minority? I talked with President Robt. H. Wright in the hope that his wise council would be helpful. He was understanding enough but was of little help. The twelve weeks through the long, hot summer brought me to the parting of the ways. I decided on Atlantic Christian as much as I hated to decide against East Carolina. The latter had a wonderful plant and was building and enlarging all the time; Atlantic Christian was a struggling institution inadequate in almost every respect although on the accredited list with the State Department. These were the days of crises before the enlarging, expanding program that transformed Atlantic Christian into the fine institution it has become. I discounted the use of the car because of the expense and disposed of it as much as I hated to do so. I had in the meantime secured the pastorate of two churches: Pine Grove near Pactolus with once a month services and the newly organized Free Will Baptist Church in Elizabeth City. The train provided satisfactory transportation.

I was a student in Atlantic Christian College for three years, graduating June 8th, 1926. Three summer terms at East Carolina and correspondence course with the Extension Department of U. N. C. at Chapel enabled me to graduate in three years. Somehow finances while always scanty, seemed adequate to keep me going. Riding the night Norfolk and

Southern train between Wilson and Elizabeth City on two successive nights, in addition to all the other duties I had to perform, was a tiring, exhausting experience. My engagement with the churches that was always a part of my college experience kept me from being as active on the campus in student affairs as I would have been otherwise. I did, however, serve the following offices: President of the Freshman Class; chaplain in the Alethian Society; president of the Education Club; chairman of the program committee, Education Club; Religious Education Committee; chapel speaker for the Alethian Society on several occasions; program committee of the Education Club. My participation in the Education Club reflects my continuing interest in teaching. My work in the Graduate School at Duke University, taking the M. A. degree in History instead of the B. D. degree in Religion, further reflects this interest.

Atlantic Christian College, founded and promoted by the Christian (Disciples) Church of North Carolina, has grown into an institution the founders doubtless never dreamed of. It dates its history from 1902, being only twenty-one years old when I enrolled in 1923. Two of the daughters of Dr. James J. Harper, the second president and the first president after it took on college status, were still associated with the institution when I was there: Miss Fannie Harper, who headed the Mathematics department for many years, and her sister, Miss Myrtie Harper whose services as Librarian reached over more years than that of her sister. These two sisters who are remembered so fondly by the great host of students over the years of their residence there, reflect the deep spiritual and cultural qualities of those who help found this institution. The physical plant as late as 1926 was the same as it had been for many years. The Kinsey Hall which housed the principle activities of the college, and Caldwell Hall, constituted the two main buildings. The latter is the only one standing at the present time and all that is left of the original structures. Howard Stephens Hilly, the fifth man to occupy the presidency, was at the helm during my residence. The faculty numbered sixteen including C. C. Ware who had only nominal relations with the college. Mrs. A. R. Moore was Dean of Women; Miss Myrtie Harper was Librarian. John Barclay, Pastor of the First Christian Church, and Robert C. Elauvelt, a practicing Chiropractor, were athletic coaches. The following are newly constructed buildings: a \$400,000 girls dormitory ample for 150 students; a new library, donated by C. L. Hardy of Maury, N. C. and called by his name, ample to house

75,000 volumes. The old administration building, Kinsey Hall, is in the process of being demolished to be replaced by a new structure costing \$397,000 to be completed by August 15, 1956. There are also the new Howard auditorium and dining hall. These and all the new buildings will face a center court and form an amphitheater for graduation and other outdoor activities. Dr. Travis A. White, who came to the college from a pastorate in Lubbock, Texas, is now president of the institution.

The Class of Twenty-six of which I was a member, was composed of the following: Anderson Boswell, Wilson; Esther Bryant, Lucama; Mae Reel, Arapahoe; Moses Moye, Farmville; John Ross, Wilson; Mittie Wiggins, Elm City; Annie Harper, Wilson; L. J. Bickers, Auburn, Ga. Charles James, Rural Hall; Nannie Pearl Quinerly, Grifton; Maccon Moore, Wilson; Edgar Norwood Grady, Seven Springs; Janie Manning, Middlesex; Walter Ralldolph, Washington, (N. C.); Paul Southard, Stokesdale and myself. The graduating class probably has not been as small since 1926 as it was that year. The Pine Knot, the college annual of that year, carried under the likeness of Hyman LeRoy Harris a thumb-nail profile as follows: "LeRoy presented himself to us three years ago with all the potentialities needed for a successful student career. Having been previously oriented, he came to us a versatile, energetic and persistent worker, both in class and in the field of religious endeavor. The educational and social ideals which animate him, while reasonable enough for him to realize, are sufficiently high to motivate his life to worthy accomplishments." Charles James, the writer of those lines, was fully aware that his statements would not be subjected to any kind of test for truthfulness.

There were to be more college days and experiences but surely none meant more to me than those brief years at Atlantic Christian. The relative merits of the larger and smaller colleges are often discussed, but I do not know that any definite conclusion has ever been reached in this matter. Those of us who attended the small college are quite convinced that the small institution has much in its favor. Surely it doesn't compare so well in the area of physical accommodations, endowment and student enrollment; the library can't boast of as many volumes, nor as many Ph. D.'s on the faculty, matters that count tremendously when it comes to the important thing of accreditation. But there are so many other qualities that cannot be put down in facts and figures: the ties of friendship and loving concern that are so essential in the educational process and which follow one throughout life, are to be found in the small institution. Dr. J. L. Cunningham,

who was president of Scarrett College for a number of years and also a member of the North Carolina Conference, told us in an address to the Conference on one occasion about one of the graduates of Scarrett who came back for a visit on the campus after an absence of a few years. The young lady was delighted to be back and walk again through the buildings and over the campus that she had known and loved so well in the days past. She said to Dr. Cunningham, "Why its just like a little bit of heaven here on earth!" That is exactly what we are trying to do here at Scarrett, "to build a little bit of the Kingdom of heaven right here on this little spot." Scarrett was and is a small college and perhaps this could be a good description of the campus life and atmosphere in our small colleges dominated by the Christian spirit.

Members of my family as I have indicated, have had connection with the Disciples of Christ Church through the years. The first person I ever saw baptized was my maternal grandmother, Lydia F. Proctor. The Rev. Mr. Tingle, pastor at the time of the Disciples' Church in Grimesland, administered the rite by immersion in the muddy waters of the Tar River, the same river in which I was baptized several years later. It was a frightening experience for me, a little boy of seven or eight years. The Proctors identified with this church in Grimesland and played a large part in its growth. Contributions from the family, financial and otherwise, account for it being known today as the Proctor Memorial Christian Church. W. E. Proctor served on the Board of Trustees of Atlantic Christian College 1924-1926; John Proctor, his son, served in a similar capacity 1948-1955. C. C. Ware in his "History of Atlantic Christian College" lists among the contributors to the College, a \$5.00 gift from Mrs. J. O. Proctor of Grimesland and later a gift of \$15,000. Mary and Susie Proctor attended Atlantic Christian although it is not apparent that either graduated. Eva Mae Woolard, later the wife of my older brother and a teacher of mine in the 6th Grade, also attended Atlantic Christian. Paul Woolard Harris, Jr. a grandson of Eva Mae also attended Atlantic Christian and graduated from that institution.

The unexpected and unplanned seems to have been the norm of my life. What happened to me at A. C. C., that I chose in preference to East Carolina, was certainly foreign to my thoughts when I came to the campus in the fall of 1923. Did I fall victim to some clever trick of the proselyter? Emphatically not. No pressure was brought to bear upon me at any time unless it was the pressure of friendly and cordial concern.

Having talked the matter over with John Barclay, pastor of the First Christian Church, I went forward at the close of worship service one Sunday morning and asked for membership in that church. When I asked Parker's Chapel, my old home church in Pitt County, for a letter of transfer, they sent me not a fraternal letter you would have expected, but a letter of excommunication. The pastor of the church at the time, and incidentally the same pastor who had issued my ordination credentials a little while previously, Rev. Wilson Lupton, later apologized for what was done. According to the Discipline of the church, he said, they had no other choice. The weapon of excommunication I discovered, did not belong exclusively to the Catholic church.

The blight of excommunication did not prove too deadly, however. My ordination and credentials from the F. W. B. Church were accepted as valid by my friends in the Disciples' Church. The invaluable aid I received from President Hilley and Secretary Ware was very helpful and soon I was installed as pastor of the Wilson Mills Christian Church on a half-time bases. A little later I was serving the Wendell Christian Church on half-time bases and to my satisfaction I had every Sunday filled. For the first time I was receiving sufficient salary to adequately take care of my expenses. I had acquired in the meantime some efficiacy in getting along with whatever resources that were available, not an altogether useless experience as I have learned through the years.

Graduate School

The whole world of education, North Carolina in particular, was excited by the Indenture signed by James B. Duke on December 11, 1924, creating the Duke Endowment with a forty million dollar trust fund. In addition there was an annual increment of two hundred thousand shares of stock in the following enterprises: Duke Power Company, the British American Tobacco Company, the Republic and the Judson Cotton Mills and the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. The Will of Mr. Duke stipulated that one-fifth of the income each year from these shares of stock was to be set aside and allowed to accumulate until another forty million dollars could be added to the Endowment. The Will probably added as much more in that it bequeathed to the Endowment and additional ten million and two-thirds of residuary estate subject only to an annuity to be paid to his widow. This magnanimous gift of Mr. Duke has been called one of the outstanding philanthropies of all time. Some insight into the nature of this man is

to be seen in the following which is taken from the Identure:

"I have selected Duke University as one of the principal objects of this trust because I recognize that education, when conducted along sane and practical lines, as opposed dogmatic and theoretical, is next to religion the greatest civilizing influence. I therefore request that this institution secure for its officers, trustees and faculty, men of outstanding character, ability and vision as will insure its attaining and maintaining a place of real leadership in the educational world, and that great care and discrimination be exercised in admitting as students only those whose previous record shows a character, determination and application evincing a wholesome and real ambition for life. And I advise that the courses at this institution be arranged, first, with special reference to the training of preachers, teachers, lawyers and physicians, because these are most in the public eye, and by precept and example can do more to uplift mankind; second to instruction in chemistry, economics and history, especially the lives of the great of the earth, because I believe that such subjects will most help to develop our resources, increase our wisdom and promote human happiness."

The ideals expressed in this and other parts of the Identure show us the extraordinary man that J. B. Duke was. Mr. Duke was a Methodist of the rural district type even as his father and grandfather before him were. The Methodist Circuit Rider was often in the Duke home and the spiritual ideals of these humble men of God impressed themselves upon J. B. Duke as a boy. As one writer states it, "he entered deep into the warp and woof of the lives of the family." Mr. Duke often remarked: "My old daddy always said that if he amounted to anything in life it was due to the Methodist circuit riders," and then he would conclude: "If I amount to anything in this world I owe it to my daddy and the Methodist Church."

This remarkable father, Washington Duke, to whom the son pays such a glowing tribute, fought in the Civil War; was taken prisoner by the Yankees and at the end of the War was confined in a prison at New Bern.

After release, with fifty-cents in his pocket, he walked the distance to his home in Durham, some one hundred and thirty-seven miles. He found his farm in a neglected condition, his dwelling and other buildings badly in need of repair. To secure funds, he converted a small quantity of tobacco that happened to be on hand into some kind of smoking product and retailed it out among the local merchants in Durham. From this humble beginning was launched the enterprise that grew into the magnificent fortune that was so generously dedicated to the welfare of mankind. The general public may not be aware that the beneficiaries of this Trust included colleges in both North and South Carolina; orphanages, hospitals, rural churches and retired Methodist ministers in addition to Duke University which has been declared the greatest piece of scholastic construction ever consummated at a single time.

The antecedant of Duke University was a tiny school in Ralldolph County, North Carolina, established in 1838 jointly by Methodists and Quakers and appropriately named "Union Institute." Later it was incorporated as "Normal College" with the Governor of the State as Chairman of the Board. The Governor with other State officials made up the Board of Trustees. The school was later turned over to the Methodist Church and renamed "Trinity College." Largely through the efforts of Washington Duke, Trinity College in the early nineties was moved to Durham. To induce the move Mr. Duke pledged \$85,000 for buildings, later increasing this to \$180,000. His later contributions to the Endowment totalled some \$300,000. One condition of this latter gift was that young women should be admitted and given all the privileges granted young men. Thus Trinity College became and Duke University remains a co-ordinated school of education for both men and women. Following the example of his father, James Buchanan Duke even before 1924, made several large donations to Trinity as did his brother, Benjamin Duke. Other members of the Duke family, Angier B. Duke and his sister, Mrs. Mary Duke Biddle, also made sizeable donations to Trinity College. William R. Perkins, the legal advisor and counsellor to Mr. Duke tells us about the man:

"I would have you to know that Mr. Duke believed devoutly in God and the future life. His faith was simple and sincere. During his last illness I remarked to him how I wished that a thousand years hence he might know how the Endowment was faring. He said he had no doubt whatever

he would know and understand, that he could not conceive that man was born to die. No one realized then that the time of his departure was at hand. But soon he passed into the Great Beyond and became part of the ages."

If Atlantic Christian College was only twenty-one years old when I entered, Duke University as such was less than two years old when it opened its doors to me. In the fall of 1926 the institution as Duke University began its first year of academic work. At the time the old buildings on the East Campus, the only campus at that time, were in the process of being demolished and new ones were being constructed. The Library and auditorium that had served Trinity College so long and so well, were still being used. Since they were located in the middle of the new quadrangle, they were not left alone for long. The Library, even now modern and ample enough in space and architecture, was later given to Kittrell College. It was torn down piece by piece, moved and reconstructed on the campus of Kittrell College, a negro institution in Vance County. The familiar building was quite visible to passers by on Highway No. 1, between Henderson and Raleigh. The structure was destroyed by fire in 1972. Branson and a few remaining landmarks were the last to be razed. Today the site is hardly recognizable.

Two or three dormitories in 1926 had been completed and were opened for occupancy. Others were under construction. The new auditorium, the Union, the Library, the faculty apartments moved rapidly toward completion amid piles of rubbish. Two boards, side by side, stretching from one building to another, afforded welcome walkways when the mud was something to be avoided. It was hard to realize that one was in the midst of what had been called the greatest piece of scholastic construction ever consummated at one time.

The West Campus of the University as one sees it today seems so well established and so much a part of the permanent landscape that one might think that it had been there for thousands of years. It was at the time of which I write, a virgin forest untouched by the builders devastating machines. A friend and I walked across those friendly hills one beautiful autumn afternoon when nothing had been done; the architects were still working at their drawing boards. Those hills just seemed to be patiently waiting

for something to happen. On this very spot Duke University with its great hospital, medical school; its ranking Graduate School, Divinity School, Law School was to be built providing a great educational ministry to generations yet unborn.

While the work of building the physical part of the University moved along, the important and challenging task of building the University from within moved along also. Architectural excellence, an important matter to be sure, is not the totally determining factor of excellence. Mr. Duke was concerned about a certain quality of education: sane and practical as opposed to dogmatic and theoretical. The officers, trustees and faculty, Mr. Duke directed, were to be men of outstanding, ability and vision, such as would assure Duke University a place of leadership in the educational world. The leadership of Trinity College under the presiding officer, William Preston Few, naturally constituted a nucleus for the budding Duke University. While not recognized as a graduate school, Trinity College had offered the Master of Arts degree since 1916. That year President Few appointed a Committee to supervise Graduate Instruction. It was not until 1924, however, that the Trustees definitely included a Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Dr. W. H. Glasson was appointed Dean of the Graduate School at that time. A Graduate Council was established in the year 1926-1927

It was a new venture and no precedent had been established. Men of outstanding ability, character and vision, even if funds were available, were not easy to come by. Where were they to be found? Little Trinity College had done very well in maintaining a record of academic excellence. Men of distinction in the field of scholarship had served on its faculty. Among others we mention the following:

Stephen B. Weeks, a native of Pasquotank County, who held the Ph. D. degree from the University of North Carolina and a similar degree from John Hopkins University in Baltimore. He was with Trinity College when it was moved from Randolph County in 1892. He founded the Trinity College Historical Society and held the first chair of History established in any southern university. He left Trinity and followed a brilliant career of research and teaching in Washington, D. C. where, in 1896 with three others, he founded the Southern History Association.

John Spencer Bassett, recognized as a leading ~~historian~~ authority in the field of American history, taught at Trinity before going to Smith

and Harvard. Because of a statement made by Bassett in a published article of his in which he said that Booker T. Washington, the great negro educator of Alabama, was one of the greatest men born in the South in a century, a very unfortunate controversy developed which prompted Bassett to leave Trinity and North Carolina.

Edwin Mims, a noted teacher and writer, made a name for himself in the field of English Literature. He left Trinity and concluded his distinguished career at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn. Some of us remember Dr. Mims and his course taught at the Pastor's School at Duke a short while before his death.

As the important task of building a Graduate School of excellence was undertaken, other leaders in their respective fields, were added to the roll. Dr. W. C. Davison, formerly assistant Dean of the Medical School at Johns Hopkins University, was brought in to be the first Dean of Duke's Medical School. The budding University attracted a great deal of favorable comment for itself in bringing in a national figure in the field of Religion, Dr. Edmund D. Soper, from Northwestern University, to be the first Dean of the School of Religion as it was called at that time. The Christian Century, a religious journal of national prominence published in Chicago, carried an editorial in which it commented on the wise choice Duke had made. Dr. Soper was a recognized authority in the field of the History of Religion and taught his favorite subject while serving as Dean of the School of Religion. It was unfortunate that Dr. Soper's tenure at Duke was of short duration. Duke needed a man of his stature at this particular time. He left Duke and resumed his teaching and writing at Northwestern.

Dr. Few continued his unremitting search for men of ability, character and vision for Duke University. One of the important figures that came to Duke at this time was Dr. William McDougall, a recognized authority in the field of Psychology. Dr. McDougall came to Harvard University from Oxford University in England. He was teaching at the former when Dr. Few communicated with him and asked for his recommendation for a man to head the Psychology Department at Duke. The communication, no doubt much to the surprise of Dr. Few, lead to Dr. McDougall coming to Duke.

Under the direction of Dr. Few and the Graduate Council, Duke's Graduate School advanced into greater status. The University announced the requirements for three advanced degrees: Master of Arts, Master of Education

and Doctor of Philosophy. The twelve months ending at Commencement, June 1927, the registration of graduate students numbered 170 in the summer and 87 during the academic year. Twelve states besides North Carolina were represented in the student body.

I entered the Graduate school at Duke in September, 1926 to do work in History with a minor in Religion. Dr. William K. Boyd, head of the History Department, was my advisor and instructor. This Department had long been known as one of the stronger departments at Trinity. We have already mentioned Stephen B. Weeks and John Spencer Bassett, two outstanding historians who had been previously identified with Trinity. Additions were being made at this time to the History faculty, notably Dr. Fred Rippey who came from the University of Chicago.

My preparation for graduate work in History was inadequate. Learning to use the stacks and do independent research had interest for me nevertheless. Beside Dr. Boyd, I had courses under Dr. W. T. LaPrade and a young and recent addition to the faculty, Dr. Nelson. One of the most colorful and effective teacher and writer that Trinity and Duke has known is probably this man, William Thomas LaPrade. A native of Franklin County, Virginia, he launched his life as a Campbellite preacher. As a young man he worked at his father's grist mill where he listened to men talk politics, religion and other matters. In the meantime he read all the printed matter available to him including Pulitzer's New York World and Henry Watterson's Louisville Courier-Journal which came to his father's home. He took his undergraduate degree from Washington Christian College and the Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins in 1909 from which place he came to Trinity College in Durham where he taught for the next forty-four years. The twenty-two years of his retirement with six days a week in his office, were most productive. He researched and wrote three manuscript-studies during those retirement years. He has been called a scholar of eighteenth century England, an animated teacher, a devotee of politics and newspapers, a widely published historian and a spokesman for freedom of enquiry.

Dr. LaPrade took sabbatical leave of Duke in 1926-1927 and did research in Oxford University, England where, incidentally, he was browsing around for any material that might be available to Duke for the strengthening of her resource ~~extensive~~ in English history. Those of us who worked in Dr. LaPrade's seminar in 1927-1928 remember those old

musty eighteenth century Parliament Journals with which we worked. They were part of Dr. LaPrade's purchases in England, had been brought in and dumped in a pile in the basement of the Library. At this time they had not even been catalogued. The subject with which I wrestled, "Eighteenth Century Legislation for the Poor" was not very challenging or productive. I ended up by writing a paper on, "John Locke's View of the Christian Church." Locke (1632-1704) an English Philosopher, is said to have been influential in giving Alexander Campbell, founder of the Disciples Church, his concept of Christian unity.

Dr. William K. Boyd, head of the History Department, was one of the old hands on the Trinity-Duke faculty. Fortunately for me and without any choice on my part, it fell to me to do most of my work under Dr. Boyd. My thesis, "Slave Membership in the Churches of the South Atlantic Region" grew out of the semina under Dr. Boyd. His enthusiasm for slavery, the subject that dominated the semina, was doubtless one that tied in with the Doctor's study of the South. He was at the time writing a History of the South, so we were informed. But if the work was ever finished I never heard about it. The religious aspect of slavery had interest for me, hence the subject. The monograph was divided into eight chapters as follows:

- I. Slavery in the Established Church
- II. Slaves in the Episcopal Church
- III. The Quaker Church and Slavery
- IV. Slaves in the Presbyterian Church
- V. Slaves in the Baptist Church
- VI. Slaves in the Methodist Church
- VII. Prominent Slave Characters Within the Churches
- VIII. Conclusion

The quality of the product does not reflect the great amount of work expended in the writing of it, but the examining committee gave it and me a passing grade and I received the M. A. degree. Sometime later while reading the Ph. D. thesis of Dr. Liston Pope, a Duke Alumnus and at the time Dean of the Yale Divinity School, I was surprised as well as pleased to find that he had listed my thesis in his bibliography.

Securing the B. D. degree continued to have interest for me as it seemed my work was tending more and more toward the ministry. While serving

my first appointment at Pink Hill at that time in the New Bern District, we hit upon a plan of attending the Summer School at Lake Junaluska conducted by Duke University. The Duke Endowment at this time provided scholarships for young men at the Duke's Divinity School in return for eight weeks of work in the pastoral field. A qualified young man was available, I was informed, to serve my Charge in my absence. It looked like a good plan. Floyd Spence was assigned to us. The wife and I engaged a small apartment at the Lake where we had six weeks of interesting and enjoyable work.

Dr. Paul N. Garber was Dean of the School at the Lake. I had known Dr. Garber while on the Duke campus but here we became more intimately acquainted. He was later to become my presiding Bishop. He was informed of my plans to do piece-meal work each summer at the Lake. He suggested that I enroll in the School of Religion that fall. He would help me secure an appointment within commuting distance of Durham. The suggestion had interest for me. I conferred with Dr. H. C. Smith, the Durham District Superintendent, on my way back to Pink Hill. He was evasive and non-committal. A great many others were asking for the same thing. Nothing came of this plan, however. I remained on the Pink Hill Charge for more than four years. When I moved it was in the direction of Fayetteville not Durham. The four-year Conference Course of study taken through the Divinity School at Emory University and required of all men entering the Conference, constituted the major part of my theological preparation. In 1942 when I moved from ~~Fayetteville~~ ~~and Fayetteville~~ Maysville to Saxapahaw, I was near Duke and could have taken up my studies at that time in the School of Religion. But other things were pressing and I dismissed the idea.

The following letter came to me from Dr. Garber before I left Pink Hill:

Durham, N. C.
January 26, 1936

Rev. LeRoy Harris
Pink Hill, N. C.

My dear Harris:

Many thanks for the good letter of January 23rd. I have thought often of you since the meeting of the Annual Conference for I was really under the impression that you would be given an appointment near Duke. I recommended you and had been given to understand that arrangements had been made to take

care of the request. I hope, however, that this is a delay of one year only because we would like very much to enroll you in the School of Religion. Your work at Junaluska was of such a high type that those of us who learned to know you would like to have you spend a larger amount of time at our school. I assure you I will continue to do all I can to make it possible for you to enroll with us next year.....

If I can be of any service to you during the remainder of this year such as sending you books from the library, please call upon me. I enjoyed very much our contacts last summer and I hope that we may see a great deal of each other in the future.

With best wishes ~~xxx~~ to you in your work, I remain as ever,

Your friend,
PAUL N. GARBER

Marriage

Four events stand out in the life of every individual: birth, marriage, work and death. No biographical sketch overlooks either of these. Lerlene Brown and I were married in the Wendell Christian Church, September 2, 1939. The years since that date have not been without vexation and trial, but I am thankful that a good providence brought us together and provided us a companionship of love that has helped to sustain us through experiences in the heights as in the depths.

When I came to the pastorate of the Christian Church in Wendell in October 1925, I soon became acquainted with the R. B. Brown family. He was Treasurer and Elder in the church. The Brown family was among the main supporters of the church. I hesitate to say just how many years Mrs. Brown cared for the weekly Communion service, that is taking care of the cloths and providing the elements for the every-Sunday communion as is the practice of this brotherhood.

The young student preacher out of Atlantic Christian College in Wilson, thirty miles away, would land in Wendell usually on Saturday evening and remain over until Monday morning. The Ford coupe that was brought into use toward the end of the college period, was not available

the first years of the pastorate. Serving the congregation two Sundays a month must have imposed an entertainment problem upon the small group that the young pastor was little aware of. The Browns, out of the goodness of their hearts and maybe also out of necessity, often provided the entertainment over the long week-ends. This was a custom and a courtesy that had its beginning long before my day and continued long afterwards. This home presided over by the gracious Mrs. Brown was always a pleasant and choice place for one who tolerated an existence in a conventional boy's dormitory with his meals served in the college dining hall. The atmosphere and welcome always warmed my heart. Perry Case used to say he wondered if this thing we call rail-road preaching (i.e., riding the train in and then riding it out again) was moral. On one occasion during the hottest part of August, I was being entertained (if that is the proper word) in another home. The upstairs room, under a hot tin roof, provided the sleeping quarters. The heat was terrific. What was to be done except to remain and make the best of a bad situation. There was little sleep. Next morning I was in no condition for the pulpit. What would another night like the preceding one do for me? I was relieved and thankful when Mrs. Brown informed me at church on Sunday morning that I would spend Sunday night at her home.

Robert Benjamin Brown is sometimes referred to as a business man although his business relations were confined to his farm and in an incidental way with the local Farmer's and Merchant's Bank in which institution he held a small quantity of stock and sometimes served on the Board of Directors. He helped organize this bank and promoted its growth until it later merged with the Bank of Wendell. The latter was later merged with the First Union National. It would be more correct to say that R. B. Brown was a small farmer. He was devoted to this one interest. The Brown family, natives of Pitt and Martin Counties, came to Wendell in 1912 where he continued his farming activity. He built his home on South Main Street, convenient to his acres just south of the town's limits. He farmed on a small scale but with a thoroughness that provided a good living for him and his family. He died at one of his tobacco barns in the late afternoon of August 12, 1931 after a day's work burning tobacco. Mrs. Brown, his junior by a few years, lived until September 30, 1952. They are buried in the family plot in Wendell.

The Browns had two daughters. Clyde, the younger, married F. D. Cline, a highway construction man. They made their home in Raleigh where their two sons, Frank D. Jr. and Bobby were born. Lerlene, the older

daughter, was teaching in Cherryville, N. C. when I first began making regular trips to Wendell. The mother often spoke of "Lerlene" and her work. Maybe I should have paid more attention. She was at home during the holidays and part of the time in summer. My casual introduction was just that and nothing more. I continued my ministry to the Wendell and Wilson Mills churches.

Lerlene left Cherryville and went to Hickory. I had only a limited chance to improve my acquaintance. Before I left Atlantic Christian, she landed on the faculty of the Wendell School. At home she taught a class in the Sunday School and sang in the choir.

One sometimes wonders about fate, destiny or providence. Call it what you will. It seems to move us along toward some pre-destined goal. Maybe a young pastor would do well to keep romance out of his life if it involves a member of the congregation he is trying to serve. But since I lived elsewhere might have made a difference. I was tolerated for the duration and I hope my pastorate was not much less effective thereby.

The following quotation which comes from the Autobiography of Bishop Francis J. McConnell, entitled, "By the Way" seems quite apropos and I give it to you:

"I have noticed that very often men who are writing about their wives have much to say about what their wives have meant to them, how much they have done to make them what they are. There is often an unconscious assumption on the man's part that he himself is something remarkable, and the best thing he can say of his wife is that she helped make him so and that her achievement is one of which anyone might be proud. I gladly admit that my wife has done more for me than my most discerning friends could have imagined possible, but I am most concerned here about what she is in herself.

"She is of enduring and persistent idealism. Through more than half a century of knowledge of her character I have never known her to weaken or slip in any compromise with what she holds as ideals. For easygoing adjustments to ideas or activities which she does not think worthy, she has no place, and holds to what she thinks best without any trace of priggishness which make the pretensions of some self-satisfied good people a delusion and a snare."

Four years in Woman's College in Greensboro with summer work in the University of California, Columbia University in New York and other places and her indefinite number of years teaching in the class room, qualified Lerlene in a peculiar way for her role as mistress of the parsonage. In her case as in mine it should be said that no one is ever perfectly qualified when one thinks of the demands that are made upon them in this field to which we have devoted our lives. It is an understatement to say that through the many trying experiences that have been ours, she has been amidst it all, clear headed and practical. She had a genius for friendship of a true sort. During our married life we have lived in different places and she has left devoted, life-long friends in each. She shared with me an interest in intellectual and cultural things. My besetting weakness for books the price of which always exceeded my means, was something she tolerated with patience and understanding. Noy once do I recall any rebuke from her for my expenditure for books when the money should have been spent for other purposes. Sometimes I expected it and maybe deserved it. We have shared a common interest in the soil from which our ancestral lines have come.

These years together trying the best we could to meet the demands which have come from the church constituency, have brought each of us to our latter years with greater signs of aging. The formation of wrinkles and the fading of the hair and those inevitable aches and pains that he aged do not escape, all remind us that the years are moving on. In an effort to say what is difficult to say and yet it is stamped indelibly on our minds, one man expressed the thought acceptably as follows:

"Others looking at my wife see a middle-aged, gray-haired woman, but I see infinitely more. I see the shining golden hair, sparkling blue eyes and curving, girlish figure of 48 years ago. I see 40 years of loving, gentle and cheerful companionship since we were wed. I see two-score years of devoted service as wife and mother. The smell of clean sheets, scalded dishes and appetizing food delicately and tastefully prepared will never leave me. The delicious fragrance and delightful memory of clean, healthy babies, dressed in dainty and beautiful clothes that loving and skilful hands had made for them, laughing and frolicking with their young mother, will remain with me while life

shall last. I can hear their pealing laughter as she read or told stories to them and entertained them and their friends with artful games. I recall four decades as I see grandchildren gathering around to enjoy something of what was once the heritage of their parents. I remember how some appreciation of good music and art came into our home and how all these many blessings overflowed to thousands of refugee children."

---Anon.

Add a little and take a little and you have a summation of what comes to mind as memory turns back the pages. This I maintain is an observation worth preserving and passing on. Children and grandchildren did not come to us in the natural manner. But unless I stop and recount the details, I am hardly aware that this is so. After a manner wholly unexpected to us at one time, we were and have been blessed with children and grandchildren of our very own.

In 1936 we filed an application with the Children's Home Society in Greensboro with the hope that in the not too distant future a baby would be available to us for adoption. In March 1939, three years later, word came that they had a little boy, a blond with blue eyes, that might be to our liking. They apologized that some features did not match our own, but in consideration of all the available facts they thought we would be happy with the little fellow. We went up for an interview. We did not lose much time in getting off on this visit. Did we want the baby or did we not? In order to make the venture a little less demanding for the moment, we remembered that the final answer could be deferred until after our arrival in Greensboro. It seemed now that the whole thing had been dropped on us rather unexpectedly although our application had been on file at the Home for three years. It was a matter we struggled and prayed about. The long trip from Maysville to Greensboro was not necessary unless we intended to bring the baby back with us.

Arriving at the Home we were greeted by the matron and invited into the reception room. After a few minutes and they did seem terribly long, we were invited into the baby's room. Here was a little boy with wonderful blue eyes, blond hair and complexion. He was not in good humor. He was crying something terrible as if he thought the worst possible thing was about to happen to him. I took him up in my arms

and tried to assure him that we were already in love with him and there was no need to be afraid. Lerlene was no disinterested spectator. I observed tears on her cheeks as there were on mine. The little fellow got his arms around our necks and hearts at the same time. We knew from that moment that he would be making the long journey with us back to Maysville and beyond.

A list of things we would need was given us. Inexperienced and ignorant as we were, we ~~needed guidance~~ needed guidance. Soon with details attended to, we were in possession of our baby and on our way home. Proud and ~~and~~ awkward! Maybe not much different however, from parents who enter parenthood from the more conventional end. The little fellow had put on his best manners leading us to think that he was completely reconciled to what was taking place. It was a cold day. Snow lay around in patches from the rather heavy fall a few nights before. We had no heater in the car but the sun on this bright, clear day soon made the interior of our little car quite comfortable.

Upon arriving in Maysville we became acutely aware that we had made all too little preparation. The necessary provisions we could think of at the time, were soon brought together: the bed, heater in the nursery which was none other than our bed room, diapers, gowns, blankets. The list could be lengthened considerably. The cold house into which we were taking our nine-month old infant was not very inviting. A fire was kindled and soon the one room at least was warm and comfortable. Trying to be responsive to the multitude of duties confronting us and not knowing which one should take priority, it occurred to me that our next door neighbor and friend, Mrs. Parsons who had gained wisdom through many years of this kind of experience, might be able to offer wise counsel. I went across the way and broke the news to her. Soon we were flooded with wise and loving counsel.

A peculiar kind of relationship always exists between the parsonage family and the local church members. It is always their church, their parsonage, their preacher and... their family. When something as unusual as this happens in their parsonage, they are interested and that may be an understatement. The word spread and soon there were plenty of visitors and advice. One of the good and faithful women along with other things, added a most discouraging word. She had recently been through a prolonged illness with one of her children and maybe this experience prompted her remark: "You do not know what you are getting into." Maybe she was

right. If she were right, this was not the first time. But the word on the whole was understanding and helpful.

Perhaps the name of Yetta Brock, however, should be at the head of the list. This "old maid school teacher" who might have been the furthest removed from the role she now began to play, became and remained the most devoted and helpful god-parent any little child ever had. Others might have thought of it, but she was the one to suggest it: a "shower" for the new parsonage baby! It was wonderful to see what was brought in and made available for the baby's use. A second-hand bed was found at one of the neighbor's house and put in use. Richard slept through many a long day and night in this bed and it continues to be a keep-sake as well as many other things associated with this little boy.

The good people of Maysville along with many other things not mentioned at this time, did something else for the parsonage baby that should be entered in the record. A little slip of paper in the handwriting of Miss Lillian Foscoe, which we still treasure, reads as follows:

"When the Wilmington Dist. & the Jones-Onslow
Zone W. M. met at Jacksonville on Oct. 5,
they unanimously agreed to give a Life mem-
bership to our parsonage baby and now in
behalf of our aux it gives me great pleasure
to present the same to Richard LeRoy Harris
with our love.

(Signed)

W. M. S. of Maysville, N. C.

The above is the lead pencil sketch phrased and read by Miss Lillian Foscoe on Sunday morning, October 9, 1939, when she came forward at the regular morning worship and presented the Children's Life Membership Certificate to little Richard. It reads:

This certifies that Richard LeRoy Harris
is a

LIFE MEMBER

Of the baby special department
Of the Woman's Missionary Society of the
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH

October 9, 1939

Mrs. J. W. Perry, President

In November 1942 we moved from Maysville to Saxapahaw. Richard was four years old. In September 1944 he entered school. What a big day it was! Something I wrote in 1955, when he was a senior in High School in Rockingham, reads: He loved school from the start and, if anything he loved it better then than he does now." There were days when he came home quite proud of himself because of the "honors" that had come to him. It was a memorable day when he brought home the following citation:

"To Whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Richard Harris is certified as an A-1 certified mopper."

The following is one of the first letters he ever wrote to us. At the time he was visiting with my brother's boy, Johnnie, in Greenville:

Greenville, N. C.

Route 5

May 22, 1947

"Dear Mother and Daddy:

I am still here with Johnnie. We are having a good time. We might go to Greenville Sat. We have been getting up about six o'clock. Johnnie school does not get out until Thursday. We had a big rain last night. When we went to get the mail we stopped at the store. In front there was a bank of sand and inside it was not wet. At Farmville the water drowned the car so they could not start. The wind was pretty strong... I would have written you sooner but I forgot it. I will close for now.

Your boy

Richard Harris"

Richard was born in Buncombe County, North Carolina, June 19, 1938 of parents that were high school graduates. He has known all along ~~that~~ that he is an adopted child; that he came to us because we loved him and wanted him. Richard graduated from High School in Rockingham on May 29, 1956. He enrolled in North Carolina State University in Raleigh in September of that year. We watched to see how he would adjust to college work. At the end of the year he failed to make the number of "quality points" required

to continue as a student. Accepting some failures along with some successes we have learned, is inevitably a part of life. He had turned sixteen only a short time before this and because he at the time had the agency for the Charlotte News in the Rockingham area, we had supplied him with a car. He kept the car and took it with him when he went to the University. His love affair for cars at this time knew no bounds and presently he found himself so absorbed and distracted by this interest that the greater interest was slighted and neglected. Something of a more practical nature seemed the only alternative. He enrolled for the Junior Accounting course at King's Business College in Raleigh. Before finishing this course he secured employment with an accounting firm. It was his own decision. It looked as if school days were over. We dared to hope for the best.

One important thing happened at business school that was not on schedule: he met Polly Buck, a student at the same school, from Greenville, daughter of Scott Buck and wife, a fine family from the Black Jack community of Pitt County. She grew up on the farm and had a good background for practical living. We soon learned to share Richard's love for Polly. While marriage did not seem the best course at this time, everything seemed to move in that direction. On April 4, 1959 they were married in old Black Jack Free Will Baptist Church in which church she and her family held membership. I was honored with the officiating role, assisted by the pastor, Rev. Floyd Cherry. After a short tour in the Washington, D. C. area, they set up housekeeping in a small apartment that Richard had been occupying for sometime. Polly was employed by Mrs. Covington who operated a tying service adjoining the University campus. Our visit with the young couple soon after the beginning of their house-keeping experience convinced us that Polly was a good cook, a fact that has been confirmed many time since that evening.

The word was passed on to us sometime later that Richard had left the accounting firm and was employed with Gardener's, a floral concern in Cameron Village. His pay was small but with both he and Polly working, they got along. Then the responsibility area was enlarged: Bobby Joe Harris arrived on February 20, 1960. What a wonderful baby he was! We visited mother and baby in Rex Hospital and got our first glance of our grandson. He was a fine baby and we shared in their happiness.

The housing problem, an item of expense in their budget, could be more economically handled, it seemed to us, by taking a house we owned in Wendell. The house that had been serving as a tenant dwelling on the farm, was no longer used for this purpose, could be converted and thus effect a saving in living expenses. Richard was not interested. We proceeded with our remodeling plans: we put in a bath room, sanded and finished the floors, added closets, rewired and supplied storm windows and doors. This with an overall paint job, completely transformed the uninviting house to something quite different. Without a word of complaint, the young family moved in. Colored help was secured to look after Bobby and help with the house work. Polly held her job with Mrs. Covington.

After a few months with Gardner's , Richard went with the Sander's Motor Co., Ford dealers in Raleigh. Perhaps this was one of the most significant changes he ever made. Here he seemed to have found work that supplied incentive as well as interest. His love affair with the automobile had anatural tie-in with the work he was doing. Pay was better. He continued with Sander's until he was induced to take the office manager's place with the Ford dealer in Wendell. This seemed a good move. All the time, however, he was looking for something better. He left the Wendell position and went with the Ford agency in Clayton while continuing to live in Wendell. As is so often case with car dealers, changes of one kind or another , brought Richard back to Wendell to his former place of employment. At this time we had retired and were living in our home in Wendell. That restlessness that seemed never to desert him, soon sent him back to Sander's in Raleigh. This time the boy seemed to get a good break. A change in office personnel and managment advanced Richard to the manager's position. This was a distinct promotion. Perhaps this position and advancement would have had some permanence but for the fact that the old bug-a-boo that seems always to haunt automobile dealers, str ck again. Sanders sold controlling interest to a car dealer from Arkansas. Mr. Wiygul moved in and took over. He told Richard, however, that he wanted him to remain. And he did for a sufficient period to allow Wiygul to close out his business in Arkansas. When this happened and his old emloyees were available for the move to Raleigh, Richard was politely eased out. He found himself "on vacation and looking for a job." He looked but did not make many discoveries. He learned, however, through some source, that a Dodge dealer in Atlanta, Ga. was looking for an office man. Contact was made and Richard was invited down

for an interview. He caught an Eastern Air Line plane and flew down. His first experience in flying. They made him an offer and he accepted. In a few days he was on the job in Atlanta. Polly and Bobby for the time being, continued to live in Wendell. He found a house to his liking in Marietta, a suburb of Atlanta. Sometime in the latter part of October, Polly and Bobby with the furniture and the two Siamese cats (Tom and Puff) followed. We felt terribly lonely. Richard hoped to buy a home in spite of the high prices and that ever-present uncertainty that seems to attend the auto sales business. In March 1972, he found a \$38,000 house some seven miles out of Marietta and thirty odd miles from Atlanta. It seemed a long distance and entailed much driving over dangerously crowded highways. We arranged to pay twenty-percent down with monthly payments less than the rent. On March 3, 1972 he closed the deal and moved in. We visited them on March 30--April 3, a week-end that included Easter Sunday. We were anxious to see the house and observe them in their new setting. Bobby said he liked his school, riding the bus to and fro each day. In spite of the problems all seemed satisfied. We came back feeling that the move to Atlanta was not all bad.

On the night of August 1, 1972 Richard called and dropped a bomb shell. The Lennox-Bodge concern, with which he worked, was being liquidated; another outfit was taking over. It was quite similar to what had happened in another place at another time. Richard had resigned but would work on for two or more weeks. His plan was to come back to North Carolina and try his luck on the home base, maybe Carolina Beach and Wilmington. Bobby would have to start to school soon. We had staked much on the venture in Georgia: the house with obligations he could not easily walk away from, moving expense and he with no job, no car (the car he had been using belonged to the business) and no money. There were problems ahead. This was easy to see.

The house was turned over to a real estate agency but in the meantime insurance and monthly payments had to be taken care of. Not knowing where his final location would be, the furniture was moved to Raleigh and stored. In the meantime the family made do with the furniture that was in Parsonage-X at the Beach. (Parsonage-X was the old Methodist parsonage, the one in which we had lived when we served the Methodist Church there, that we had bought and moved to a new site.) Bobby entered Sunset Park school in Wilmington. Richard scouted around trying to find something but with little success. He took on to the suggestion that he go back to

for an interview

college and finish his accounting course. Living at the beach he would be convenient to the University of North Carolina at Wilmington. The suggestion that had not been heeded too well in the past seemed now to fall on listening ears. Doubtless he had learned something in the thirteen years he had tried to get along doing a work that demanded more thorough preparation than he had. Since the Fall Semester had already commenced, he would have to wait until the beginning of the Spring Semester in January 1973. In the meantime he secured employment with Sears and for a short time with an accounting firm in Wilmington. Polly was able to pick up one of those temporary jobs.

At this writing, Richard is pursuing his college course at the U. N. C. (W) and, if all goes well, will get his degree in the spring of 1976. He has worked steadily throughout the summer schools since he enrolled. His considerable experience ought to stand him in good stead and with his degree he ought to be able to stand on his own two feet. Polly has a good position with the University. Her pay is reasonably good and carries certain other benefits. Bobby is enrolled in the Cape Fear Academy, a private school and doing well. It is important, of course, that a boy should like his school but ~~it~~ is more important that the atmosphere and environment be conducive to learning. This cannot be said of many of the schools Bobby has ~~attended~~ attended in the past.

We pray for our children that each of them will possess and live by that faith that belongs to a Christian; that they will love the church that has contributed so much to them and to which their father and mother have devoted long years of service and "in the light of life they will walk until traveling days are done."

The Ministry

As a boy I remember many of the ministers that were often in our home. They were often young men. In one instance it was the first pastorate. The young minister, still a student at the Ayden Seminary, presided at his first Communion service at old Parker's Chapel, a service that was held on the occasion of the Quarterly Conference every three months. The members took note that he passed the wine before the bread, a reversal of the usual order. What he saw in me that prompted the comment, I do not know, but he always said that I would be a preacher. (The term "preacher" is the commonly used word but for me personally "minister" is preferable.) From my earliest

recollections, I had an interest in the Church and Sunday School despite the fact that my attendance and connection with both were not by modern standards regular and consistent. At one time or another I served as secretary of the Sunday School, secretary of the Quarterly Conference, teacher and Superintendent of the Sunday School. The were thrust upon me not so much because of my willingness or efficiency but more often than not because there was nobody else to do the job.

When I entered the Ayden Seminary to pursue high school work, I found myself in an atmosphere that lent aid to my natural bent. Would it have been different if it had been the public school? I do not know. In the Seminary I was thrown with several boys in most cases older than myself, who were looking forward to the ministry. J. E. Sawyer and A. R. Flowers, principals of the school during my residence, were ordained ministers in the F. W. B. Church. Strange to say, most of the time no formal courses in Bible were offered. Professor Sawyer held a Bible Class at irregular intervals, usually thirty minutes just before beginning the regular classes of the day. No examination and no credit ~~was given~~ were given.

Some of the boys held "preaching" services in the country churches around Ayden. The first "sermon" for me was in a school house a few miles out in the country. Here Sunday School was conducted in the afternoon. Once a month, after the Sunday School, one of the boys would bring a message. My first sermon was based on the account of the young, rich ruler (Matt. 19:16-22). My second sermon was preached from the pulpit of Elm Grove F. W. B. church at Littlefield. Professor J. E. Sawyer, the pastor had to be away. Lonnie R. Ennis and myself were called upon to take over the services. I took Saturday night and he took Sunday morning. Again it was my sermon on the young rich ruler. We may not remember the last sermon, but we will hardly forget the first.

The requirements for securing ministerial credentials in the F. W. B. church at that time are not very clear in my mind. Some kind of credentials were issued me by my local church. Incidentally the local church held unlimited power in this respect. It could ordain whomever it pleased. The ordination to which I refer was administered by Brother Wilson Lupton, the pastor of Parker's Chapel, on October 7, 1921. He presided, administered the rites such as they were, issued and signed the certificate. I was 24 years of age at the time. The first church I served as pastor was Bryce's Creek at Croatan, N. C. on highway 70 out of New Bern.

I served Union Chapel on the Long Acre road out of Plymouth for a short while. There was a short pastorate at Hargett's Cross Roads. I served the F. W. B. church in Kinston for one year. My ministry in the F. W. B. church was concluded with my pastorate of Piny Grove near Pactolus and the church in Elizabeth City. In 1924 while a student at Atlantic Christian College, I took membership with the First Christian Church in Wilson.

Changing church affiliation was certainly not in my plan when I came to Atlantic Christian. Many members of my mother's family were affiliated with this body and back through the years there had been nothing like an insurmountable barrier between the two bodies. The doctrines and practices of the two bodies were not greatly different. I was not the victim of any proselyting practice of the Campbellites. It was a change made after careful and prayerful consideration. Atlantic Christian College, while belonging to the Disciples' brotherhood, maintained a broad and liberal policy and served the church without doing violence to the ecumenical spirit. Conditions in the Free Will Baptist Church today are vastly changed from what they were a generation ago. The majority of the young ministers in this church today are college and seminary trained. Public education in the state doubtless accounts in a large measure for this change.

A short while after uniting with the Disciples Church, I was approached about taking over the pastorate of the Wilson Mills church. Dr. H. S. Hülley, president of the College, had been serving this church but was at the time the interim pastor of the Dunn congregation. I made my visit to Wilson Mills, preached my "trial sermon" and was accepted as pastor. A lot could be said about the manner churches overlook the ignorance and inexperience of young ministers.

When the State Convention convened in the fall of 1924, I went before the examining committee, answered a few questions and was enrolled as one of their ministers. My previous ordination was acceptable. The Disciples' Church grants ministers and laymen co-equal status in the administration of church affairs and this includes ordinance of Communion. In the Episcopally governed churches only the ordained Elders of the church may preside at the Communion table.

The ministry upon which I was entering did have some practices that had been ~~part of~~ a tradition since the beginning of the Church and that I at the time were ignorant of. Some of the things I said and did must have been amusing if not embarrassing to the orthodox Campbellites. Mrs. W. G. Wilson of the Wilson Mills congregation, a person of splendid culture and

unusual tact, said to me while on a visit in her home: "You did something in our church the other Sunday that has never been done before." I tried to prepare for a jolt that I felt was coming. "And what was that?" I enquired. "You opened the doors of the church and that has never been done before." There was something like a rebuke in her manner that was quite unlike Mrs. Wilson. She informed me that "opening the doors of the church" was not good Campbellite practice. Maybe I was trying to mix the practice of the Free Will Baptist with that of the Disciples. The latter body believes that the doors of the church, having been opened by Christ, are always open. No man opens and no man shuts. Of course she was right. Words do not always express the full intents of our hearts. While my statment was unusual it is not likely that it was misunderstood by anyone. The doors of the church are indeed open and by the mercies of God will always remain open for any who will enter. It may be necessary however, to call this fact to the attention of any who will hear.

In October 1925 I accepted the pastorate of the Wendell Christian Church. This gave me two half-time churches leaving me no vacant Sundays. My coming to Wendell was destined to be more significant than I realized at the time. Here I met the girl that was later to become my wife; here we bought a farm, built our home and here we have lived through the years of our retirement. My relation with the Wendell church was most pleasant as it has remained through the years.

I resigned the Wilson Mills Church soon after entering Duke in 1926. I continued to serve the Wendell Church until June 1928. There was an interval when I was without work but there was nothing unusual about that at this particular time. Lots of others were in a similar situation. The country was getting deeply settled in the great Depression. Even if one were hungry he was sure to have company. What a time to finish college and try to get launched in a career! I was in debt ~~xxx~~ for money borrowed to complete my education. I was 31 years of age. I had been gravitating between two possible fields of work, preaching and teaching. Both at the time seemed to be in the doldrums.

It is probably better to leave the telling of the devastating effects of the Depression to the bona fide historian. Suffice it to say at this point that this was a time when young people coming out of college with no "strong arm" support from parents, faced a discouraging future.

Unemployment, bread lines, bankrupt sales, bank failures were all part of the news everywhere. One historian says this depression, which had worldwide reverberations, helped to pave the way for the rise of Adolph Hitler in Germany, which in turn helped pave the way for the most tragic period in human history, World War II. In Germany the Nazi party gained support from the discontent and misery of the masses. This was the time fate ordained that I should come out of college with my sheep skin. I was one of many thousands to confront such an emergency.

There were pastorless churches and church-less pastors but for several reasons they did not get together. The ranks of the unemployed pastors were growing steadily. I was not married and did not have a family to support. The home of my parents was always open to me and for that I was grateful. My father was a conservative man; his annual income was and had always been small but he was clear of debt and on his small farm his outgo for living was manageable. As he said many times, he had always lived at home and boarded at the same place. The depression did not hit farmers in his class as it did the man on salary and the small business man. Low prices for his produce, curtailed his income but it did not threaten his very existence.

I worked with the family on the farm, getting the tobacco in the curing barns and then ready for the market. One day there arrived a telegram from N. E. Wright, Superintendent of Schools in Swain County. I was offered the position of teaching science in the Almond High School. Fortunately it was not Astronomy or Relativity. My credentials for teaching science hardly commended me for the job but I felt sure I could handle high school science. School was to open on August 22, 1928. At this time I had completely settled my mind that every teaching place available anywhere around would be snapped up by some favorite son or daughter in the community; no outsider would be given consideration over local applicants. There were, I suppose, good reasons for this. This particular vacancy was available for the reason that the proper person was not on the prospective list in this isolated mountain community. The Superintendent got my name from the Placement Bureau at Duke.

Almond in Swain County on the Southern Railway between Asheville and Murphy, at the confluence of the Nantahala and the Little Tennessee rivers, was a scenic beauty spot. The Almond High was small but modern and fairly well equipped. The High School with four teachers, was combined with the Elementary and Primary divisions. Children were brought in from

the surrounding mountain area by a fleet of buses. How they made it over those rough mountain roads through the winter is hard to understand. There was, as I recall, but one accident and that was not serious. Gary T. Wendell had been principal of the school for a number of years and was doing a good job. The high school faculty was composed of the Principal, Murrill Brittan of Murfreesboro, Reginald Turner, now retired and living at Kure Beach, and myself. The three of us boarded and roomed with Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Ammons along beside the singing waters of the Nantahala river. Living conditions in Almond were well suited to the austerity of the times: no electricity, no phones, no running water. My friend Turner made headlines a few years later when he won \$20,000 jack pot on the popular radio program of that time, "Stop the Music." Time magazine carried the following:

"One day last week Reginald Turner, 49, a tired, timid, Veterans Administration employee of Winston-Salem, N. C. arrived in Manhattan with his wife. They were whisked from train into a dizzy whirlwind of broadcasts, playgoing, wining and dining. Soon the Turners with their four sons would embark on a South American cruise. By selling the television sets and diamond rings that had been dumped in their laps, they would pay off a lot of old bills.

"What made life so new and different for the Turners? Last fortnight Mr. Turner, by naming a song that was being played on ABC's "Stop the Music" won \$17,000 worth of prizes."

Yes, it was the same Reginald Turner that had been my co-worker in the Almond High School. I don't suppose any winner was ever more deserving than he. At the time I knew him in Almond he was providing a living for himself and supporting a widowed mother and one or two sisters out of his meager salary. He was not doing much better salary wise with the Veterans Administration. He came to Almond at the end of a long and difficult road. His parents lost everything from a freshet along the Catawba River years before. The father died soon afterwards and the family never again enjoyed the affluence it had known.

While at Almond we got to know Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, the noted writer of Asheville. Almond was her home for a number of years but after the death of her husband she moved to Asheville. While we were at Almond, Mrs. Dargan came back frequently for visits. Mrs. Ammons ~~where~~ with whom we boarded and roomed, was a special friend of Mrs. Dargan's in fact she figured promi-

nently in many of her stories. During these years of living contact with the mountain people she so completely identified with them that they came to think of her as one of their own. The Dargans lived in their modest little home on what they called their mountain farm a short distance from Almond. It was difficult to see how farming could have been done on those steep mountain sides. It must have been through sheer vision and fancy.

A collection of Mrs. Dargan's human, sympathetic and engaging stories with their genuine mountain flavor, most of them previously published in the Atlantic Monthly, are contained in her book, "Highland Annals" published by Scribner's in 1925, ~~which~~ is perhaps her best known book. "The Cycle's Rim" is a collection of sonnets patterned after Mrs. Browning's, "Sonnets From the Portuguese" won for her the \$500 prize offered by the Southern Society of New York as the best book by a Southern writer for that year. Her book of poems, "Lute and Furrow" reflects something of the inspiration the author gained from life on her circumscribed mountain farm:

"What is this gait that shakes the grayest boughs?

A voice is calling fieldward, 'tis time to start the plows!
To set the furrows rolling while all the old crows nod,
And deep as life, the kernel, to cut the golden sod!

"When half the things that must be done are greater than our art,
And half the things that must be done are smaller than our heart,
And poorest gifts are dear to burn on altars unrevealed,
Like music comes the summons, the challenge from the weald---
'They tread immortal measure who make a mellow field."

The husband, Pegram Dargan, lost his life tragically while cruising off the coast of South America. I am not sure that Mrs. Dargan ever knew the details. Following this experience, the home in the recesses of the mountain at Almond, was closed and Mrs. Dargan moved to Asheville. The husband was a poet in his own right. His book of poems, "Carolina Ditties" was published in 1904, two years before Olive Tilford Dargan brought out her first book, "Semiramis." We were told that Mrs. Dargan "called in" all the volumes of "Carolina Ditties" after the death of the author. At the time of our visit to the Dargan cabin, rapidly falling into decay, a quantity of the husband's work was stored in the deserted dwelling. Mrs. Ammons who carried the key and regarded herself as the caretaker, obligingly

gave each of us who accompanied her that afternoon a copy of "Carolina Ditties."

Olive Tilford Dargan loved the mountains and in a peculiar way those that surrounded Almond. It was here that she gained that inspiration that prompted her to become the noted writer that she was. After she moved away she never ceased, as long as her permitted, to make those return visits. The beautiful Unakas (the name the Indians gave the Great Smokies) imparted to her the incentive for living. One week end during the fall season when the mountain foliage was at its height, Mrs. Dargan with her neice and nephew, made one of those periodic visits to Almond. She had come, she said, to refresh her mind and renew her spirit by wandering again over the mountains she had known and loved for so long. This time it was to be a little more extensive than usual, leaving Almond on Friday afternoon, reaching over Saturday, Saturday night and into Sunday. The three high school teachers, Turner, Britain and Harris, were invited to come along. The pedagogues were in a receptive mood and readily accepted. The trek as it was planned, would take us up the Nantahala across the mountains to Robbinsville and then further back into the recesses to the Tapoca dam which at that time was a relatively newly constructed project. The two cars were piled high with provisions and passengers. Prospects were good for a wonderful week-end in the most beautiful mountain area of North Carolina. Arthur Ammons, thorough-going native, had lived all his life in the mountains and knew perfectly the devious and uncertain ways over which we traveled. The cooperation we had hoped for from the weather, did not hold out. Soon after leaving Almond it began to rain and continued steadily through the afternoon and night. We spent Friday night hovering for shelter in quarters the stock had temporarily abandoned. Mrs. Dargan, traveling in the car with her nephew and niece, shared the experience with patience and good humor. The mountain trails became well nigh impassible. We hoped there would be improvement in the weather on Saturday. But in this we were disappointed. In the afternoon amid the continuing rain, it seemed best to retrace our way back to Almond.

Olive Tilford Dargan died at her home in Asheville in January 1968 at the age of 94. The news papers lauded her as a "bold, genuine and hardy spirit." She was a native of Kentucky and came to the highland country on a short walking trip in 1906. The "short walking trip" developed into a love affair that lasted 62 years. While on this "temporary visit" Mrs. Dargan said, "If I ever have a real home it will be in these mountains." Truly the hills and the people became her home and likewise she became their

true laureate. She was, someone said, the implacable "foe of the meretricious." Her contribution to literature grew out of her love for natural beauty and natural men. She spurned cure-alls, polemics and literary tricks. She didn't come easily by those necessities to sustain life. It was said that maybe sometimes she had to squeeze stones for physical nourishment but she found nourishment everywhere for her esthetic and spiritual nature. Robert Louis Stevenson could have had their noble spirit in mind when he wrote, "Home is the sailor, home from the sea. And the hunter home from the hill."

It was almost a permanent good-bye we said to Almond when we left at the close of school. Lerlene and I went back for a visit with the Ammons family while attending Summer School at Junaluska in 1932. The gracious hospitality of the family, at that time intact, was much enjoyed and appreciated. It was the last time we were ever to see Almond as we had known it. Soon it was to be no more. The inevitable march of progress destroys many things. Almond in its old setting just happened to be one of those targets marked for destruction. When the power people built their huge dam on the Little Tennessee River in Swain County, this little community with its homes, church, school and everything was forced to clear out. The railroad and highway were re-routed. Water two hundred feet deep now covers the site of the Ammons home. Mrs. Dargan's beloved Almond is no more; the singing Nantahala has been silenced forever. On the one visit I have made to the site of Almond, I found myself completely lost. I stopped at a filling station for information. Fortunately the operator of the station happened to be Zeke Bailey, one of the boys I taught in the 8th Grade. We enjoyed a reunion after a lapse of several years. He volunteered his service as a guide through this transformed country. We went to the site of the school; nothing was left to indicate what used to be on the site. Looking north in the direction of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, we saw an expanse of water engulfing the area that used to be Almond. We were reminded again that Time continues its inevitable march.

Leaving Almond at the close of school we soon discovered, if we did not already know it, that the depression was still with us. The stock market, the financial barometer of the country, for many months had been on the down grade. October was to usher in the crisis and that black day on Wall Street when the fatal decline began. The controls such as were available at that time, could not halt the panic wave of selling. On October 29, the stock market's worst day; sixteen million and four hundred thousand shares of stock ~~were~~ dumped on the exchange for any price they would bring.

In the midst of a very uncertain future, the life of the people moved along with something of a normal trend. Through some medium I discovered that Ocracoke School wanted a principal; interested parties should contact Hyde County Superintendent of Schools. I made enquiry. I received an immediate reply from the Superintendent. I was asked to meet him for an interview in Washington, N. C. At this meeting I was told about the school and the situation in general. I was offered the position which I accepted. "From Murphy to Manteo" the familiar old idiom, took on definite meaning for me. It was from the heights to the depths literally. Again it was clear that the depression psychology tied in with the economic conditions to provide an opening that offered some advantage to me. No favorite sons or daughters were available, hence an opening for an outsider.

I soon made an exploratory trip to Ocracoke where I met with the local committee. The quaintness of this historic place along the outer banks, tied in with some of the earliest history of North Carolina. It had everything Almond had in the way of isolation. Ocracoke in 1929 cannot be compared with Ocracoke of today. Here like almost everywhere else, modernity has broken through the isolation barrier. The aeroplane and the modern ferry service maintain dependable transportation to and from the outside world. I came into Ocracoke on this initial visit via a freight boat down the Pamlico river from Washington. This route at the time was not as popular with passengers as the daily mail boat out of Atlantic. Because of my convenience to the port at Washington, however, I chose this route. We left Washington about 8 o'clock in the evening and arrived in Ocracoke just as the sun was coming up. Approaching Ocracoke from the west on the Sound, the first visible sign of land is the lighthouse which in the darkness seems to rise out of the water like a huge star. Passengers aboard the freighter availed themselves of the sight that sailors love to see whether approaching from the Sound side or the Atlantic side. The lighthouse is a landmark on the island as well as on the outer banks. Upon landing I found my way to the Pamlico Inn operated by Bill Gaskill and his wife, Annie, where I obtained a room and tried to catch a little sleep. I was awakened in a short while doubtless by some mischievous boy singing something to the tune of the "Old Rugged Cross." The words as I caught them seemed slightly changed: "On a hill far away / Stood an Old Chevrolet." Since there weren't but one or two Chevrolets and its kind on the island, it must have been for the most part something the young man dreamed about.

After a somewhat belated breakfast served in a typical Ocracoke

atmosphere, I set out to do some exploring. The uniqueness of Ocracoke Island at the time of which I write, could best be known by one who was destined to spend nine months in residence. There was no electricity, no hard surface roads. In fact no roads at all, just paths running off in various directions through the deep sands. There was not a Chevrolet to be seen. The ecology problem that was gathering momentum in other places was an unknown quantity in these parts. Drinking water, we might say the total usable water supply, was caught from the roofs of the houses and stored in cisterns. during periods of prolonged droughts, neighbor would share with neighbor as his supply allowed. The long established policy on Ocracoke whether it was water or something else was sharing and "make do." There were two or three grocery stores with a limited supply of grocery and general merchandise. Coal, the most used commodity for fuel, was bought in on freight boat out of Washington. This boat that might well be called the life-line, made two round trips a week.

I made contact with Gary Bragg, chairman of the local school board, got a good look at the four-room, delapidated school building, found a vacant, four-room house that seemed to offer reasonable satisfactory living quarters and otherwise got myself in readiness for the return trip to Washington on Monday. At that point I was fortunate enough to make connection with the late night Norfolk and Southern train for Greenville. From that point I walked the five miles out to my parent's home. There were lots of better places than Ocracoke, but nevertheless it was a place and I was, according to the contract, to receive \$140 per month.

Lerlene and I were married in the Christian Church in Wendell, a church I had served as pastor a few years previously, on the morning of September 2, 1929. The officiating minister, John Waters, in making his return trip to his home in Wilson, provided us transportation to that point on our way to Ocracoke. We took the A. C. L. train for New Bern where we spent the night in the old Gaston Hotel. The next day we continued our journey to Beaufort and then to Atlantic by bus from which point we took the boat for Ocracoke, arriving there about five o'clock in the afternoon of September 3, 1929

A wise man once said we ought to always expect the unexpected. The unexpected naturally enough happened on this unusual occasion. Maybe we were a little thoughtless in planning or maybe the transportation facilities were a little less than efficient. Whatever it was, Lerlene's

trunk containing all her wearing apparel, got sidetracked somewhere and with exception of one cotton dress, she had nothing to ~~were~~ wear except that lovely, brown velvet outfit she wore at the wedding. It was appropriate enough for the wedding but when we landed in Ocracoke, still wearing that lovely outfit and stepped into that deep sand, she seemed most inappropriately dressed. The conventional attire of Ocracoke was a little different from this. At the pier Bill Gaskill stepped forward and greeted Berlene in a most cordial fashion. He enquired if she were from New York, he evidently thought her dress indicated as much. He was expecting an important guest from that point and surely she looked the part. Mr. and Mrs. Gary Bragg invited us to their home and provided us over-night entertainment.

Ocracoke is today a resort for the people and a paradise for sportsmen. This little speck of land and its people seem always to be threatened by the monstrous Atlantic on one side and the Pamlico Sound on the other. Its inhabitants numbering little more than one hundred at the time of my residence, are, for the most part, descendants from ancestors who landed here not necessarily by choice but by chance from wrecks off the coast of the island. Many here have never been off the island. When we were there the population was all white with exception of one negro family. Integration at this time was not being attempted and the children of this family, because they were colored, did not attend school anywhere. They were a highly respected family and except for the fact that tradition dictated otherwise, I do not believe there would have been any objection to them sharing in the local school facilities. The school provided for the children through the 8th Grade. The United States Government maintained a Coast Guard and Lighthouse stations on the island. The lighthouse, built in 1797, is one of the oldest lighthouses in America still in active service. Previous to 1930, it was lighted each evening by the keeper who ascended the long flight of steps, using kerosene as fuel. In that year it was converted to electricity. We lived while on the island in a house near the base and enjoyed the rare privilege of having our bed-room lighted each night by the mellow rays from that ancient tower.

There is some question as to the origin of the odd name, "Ocracoke." One tradition has it that a certain house in the village known as the "Old Pirate House" was the home of Blackbeard, the pirate, and was used as the hiding place for his plunder. This same source has it that at a point

in the inlet near the village, locally known as "Teach's Hole" the buccaneer tarred and caulked his ships. It is said that Blackbeard dropped anchor one day in the inlet preparatory to unloading his booty, but before doing so he surveyed the coast to make sure that all was safe. There was nothing to break the still stretches of the sand and calm of the shallow sea. In his haste to hurry up the unloading process, he suddenly shook his fist and yelled into the prevailing stillness, "Oh, crow, cock!" Thus one tradition has it that Ocracoke got its name. This is also the well authenticated site where Blackbeard met Lieutenant Robert Maynard of the British navy in the fall of 1718 and came to his tragic end.

We have been told on authority of an old document now in the Chowan County courthouse in Edenton, that Ocracoke Island bore the name by which it is now known as far back as 1716, two years before the notorious pirate met his Waterloo. In a rare old volume known as "The History and Lives of All the Most Notorious Pirates and Their Crews" published in London in 1735, Ocracoke Inlet is spelled "Okere-Cock Inlet".

Among the many legends and traditions that live on this island is one concerning the beautiful daughter of Aaron Burr, Theodosia Burr Alston. It is well known that she lost her life aboard a ship somewhere along the eastern coast. The legend persists locally though not strongly supported by evidence, that she was rescued from a wrecked ship near Ocracoke and lived on the island until her death.

Ocracoke was settled in the 17th century. In those years before the War between the States, Ocracoke became an important port of entry. Large storage warehouses were maintained here during the 1700's. Perhaps the most famous was on Shell Castle, a small island of shell rock in the inlet, owned in that earlier day by John Gray Blount, landowner and merchant prince. A pitcher in the Blount Collection in the Hall of History in Raleigh, bears a sketch of Shell Castle. At Shell Island ships were ~~increased~~ loaded with cargoes of tar, pitch and turpentine and returned with staple products and manufactured articles. After the royal Governor, Josiah Martin had been forced out of the colony, he wrote the following to his home government from New York: "The contemptible port of Ocracoke . . . has become a great channel of supply to the rebels while the more considerable ports of the Continent have been watched by the King's ships." He then added: "Commodore Hotham the Naval Commander . . . will no doubt take all

proper measures for shutting up the avenue of succor to the rebels."

Portsmouth Island, across the inlet one mile south of Ocracoke was in that earlier period also a much used port. Boats from many countries loaded and unloaded cargo here and, before the Civil War, became a resort for rich planters from the mainland. Fort Granville, built here by the Confederates in 1753 and burned by them after the fall of Ocracoke, marked the beginning of the decline of Portsmouth Island. The hospital and prison, maintained here by the Federals until after the War, were also destroyed without leaving a trace. In 1938, the Coast Guard Station built in early 1890's, had its garrison removed. Today Portsmouth is hardly more than a barren stretch of sand. Two families of the old-timers are left and these stubbornly refuse to leave their native hearth but obviously their days are numbered.

The sea through the years has taken its toll of life and many are the families on Ocracoke left without a husband, father or brother as a result of tragic misfortunes of the sea. Here boys grow up hardly knowing anything else but marine life; they enlist in the navy, merchant marine or engage in the business of fishing, the means of a livelihood they know best. The sad fate of Jim Baugham Gaskill, the youngest son of Bill and Annie Gaskill, owners and operators of the Pamlico Inn, is one of the latest names to be added to the long list. When we were at Ocracoke Jim Baugham was about 13 years of age. He was a kind of helper around the Inn. He had an attractive personality and was a favorite of everyone on the island. After we moved away we lost contact with the island and its people. After a few years we began to hear about the sad fate that overtook this young man. Jim Baugham inherited the true spirit of the hearty sea-farer, that of courage and daring. When a young Coast Guard recruit asked a grizzled old captain of the Guard whether the boat crew could expect to return alive if they should venture out in the raging sea on a rescue mission to which they had been called, the veteran skipper replied, "Son there is nothing in the manual that says we have to return. It only says we have to go."

In December, 1941, when the Japanese made their treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor, Jim Baugham was 25 years of age and had already earned his master's license and was a qualified and experienced ship captain. Jim offered his service to the Merchant Marine and was accepted. He was assigned to the vessel, the Carib Sea. It was on this vessel that Captain Jim Gaskill sailed southwardly in early March, 1942. Passing a few miles east of Ocracoke, he must have had thoughts of home and loved ones. A storm of violent proportions swept the coast on March 11, wreaking havoc

and doing damage to an extent that will never be known. One thing is known: Captain Jim Gaskill lost his life aboard the ship, Carib Sea either as a result of the storm or of an attack by an enemy submarine. It was while the father was checking the damage done to his pier and the boats alongside, that he spied a piece of timber some eight or ten feet in length and possibly two feet wide. It possibly attracted his interest more because it jutted against one of the boats than because of its size. In his effort to propel it away from the wharf in the hope that the tides would take it out to sea, ~~when~~ ~~it happened~~ the offending board flipped and Bill Gaskill found himself looking at the bold letters that had until now been hid from his view, "Carib Sea." It was the name plate from the ship on which his son Jim Baugham Gaskill had sailed. Later official information confirmed the fact that Jim had lost his life when the Carib Sea was torpedoed and sunk. Further evidence of the tragedy was made known that very afternoon when Jim Baugham's older brother while walking along the ocean's shore came across the door from the pilothouse of Carib Sea. Attached to the door were the licenses of several of the officers of the Carib Sea and among them the license of Captain James B. Gaskill. The tragedy of the Carib Sea is matched by the strangeness of the turbulent sea bringing these two tokens over the many miles, past other other inlets and ports and depositing them at the very point where members of the brave young captain's family would find them. Later word from the War Department confirmed the sad intelligence that the ocean had already made known. Today there rests upon the altar of the United Methodist Church in the village of Ocracoke, a beautiful gold-colored cross. At the base of the cross one reads the following inscription: "IN MEMORY OF CAPT. JAMES B. GASKILL. JULY 2, 1916. MARCH 11, 1942. THIS CROSS CONSTRUCTED FROM SALVAGE OF THE SHIP UPON WHICH CAPTAIN GASKILL LOST HIS LIFE." ~~Here~~ Here on Sunday the congregation offers its worship to a good God even as they sing the words of the glorious old hymn:

"For all the danger on the stormy deep,
For all who 'neath their billows sleep,
Great God of wave and wind and sky
Thy boundless mercy now we seek."

Our venture in housekeeping on Ocracoke had novelty all its own. Getting your water for household use out of a cistern and during drouths, trying to make it last until the next rainstorm, is something everyone on the island is accustomed to. The two local stores carried a fairly good line of staple groceries but other than this everything else had to be brought in by special order with the captain of the freight boat, this included fresh meat except of course what could be secured out of the water. Vegetables could be grown very well in local gardens. Every lump of coal and this was at the time the only fuel used for heating the houses, had to come in via freight boat on special order. Strange as it may seem nobody on the island out of any neighborly or commercial concern against the day of need, chose to lay in a supply to be reatiled out to the residents. All coal had to be sacked and handled much as one would handle a sack of sugar. Several days were required to complete the operation.

There were two churches on the island: Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal, South. Since there had to be two, it might seem a little strange that both had to be Methodists. The union in 1939 brought these two bodies together. The M. E. Church, South, upon our arrival, was served by the Rev. W. A. Betts. He was succeeded that fall by the Rev. R. W. Fitts.

The Betts family was a prominent one in North Carolina and South Carolina Methodism. Albert Deem Betts, the son of W. A. Betts, was the author of the book, "Methodism in South Carolina." Henry Betts, the youngest of W. A. Betts' children, was my star student in the 8th grade. In September 1952, after not having heard anything from Henry in years, I received an important looking letter. It had the imprint of "Henry M. Betts, Attorney at Law, Austin, Texas." It read:

2004 Bremen St.

September 10th

1952

Rev. H. LeRoy Harris
Garland, N. C.

Dear Mr. Harris:

In looking over one of the Conference Books the other night at a Board of Stewards Meeting, I came across the name of H. L. R. Harris, Garland, N. C. I presume you are the same graduate of Duke University who taught me in the 8th Grade in 1929.

If you are the same one I knew, I would like very much

to hear from you again when you can spare the time. The last I heard of H. LeRoy Harris was when he served the pastorate at Pink Hill. Surely you must be the same one I knew as my teacher.

Tell me all about yourself and where you have served since I last knew you. Though many years have passed there has been hardly a week to go by but what my thoughts returned to those days that I shall always hold dear in the land of memories.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I remain

Yours most sincerely,

HENRY M. BETTS

I regard a thing like this as one of the rewarding compensations life affords us. In further correspondence I learned that he was happily married and the father of three children. I was interested in learning about some of the things that had befallen him since the days at Ocracoke. In a later correspondence, he wrote:

"It is hard to realize that I am 37 years old. The days of Ocracoke seem but a yesterday in this short span . . . Having come to Texas in 1933 you can see I have spent over half my life here, all of which has been in Austin except for four years in Dallas where I began my law practice, then moved back to Austin to do some oil and gas work . . . I wish so much you, Mrs. Harris and Richard could drive out this way to see us sometime. It would be a real privilege and a joy to see all of you. Why don't you try it next summer when you take a vacation?"

The nine months we spent on Ocracoke Island were filled with unforgettable experiences: the kindness of the neighbors in supplying us with sea food from their abundant supply; the storm that swept across the island leaving it flooded with water, even necessitating me taking off my shoes and wading in bare feet to reach home; the mistaken report of Henry Betts one day that the school house was on fire, exciting much false alarm. Perhaps the one figure we remember above the others is "Aunt Mame Harris! She

lived alone in her quaint little cottage a short distance from ours. Perceiving that we were unacquainted with Ocracoke ways, she somewhat informally adopted us. Her giant fig trees, loaded with fruit, were skillfully converted into the most excellent preserves under the guidance of "Aunt Mame." We missed her frequent visits that became less frequent when she went with Bill Gaskill at the Pamlico Inn. Here her culinary skill added something distinctive to the famous meals served in the dining room of the well known Inn.

Perhaps the only time Lerlene's parents were over-night guests in our home was while we were at Ocracoke. Never having visited the outer banks, and, of course being somewhat curious to know more about our living situation on the Island, they with their younger daughter, Clyde B. Cline, accepted our invitation to visit us during the Thanksgiving vacation. At this time the tobacco crop had been harvested and sold and it was the best possible time to get away from the chores of caring for the farm animals for a short period. November, their favorite month, usually brought excellent weather. Everything having been looked after and the preparations all made, the party of three left Wendell in the Browns' new Buick, early on Wednesday morning, Thanksgiving Eve, 1929. They arrived in Atlantic where they parked the car and caught the mail boat for Ocracoke. The day of their arrival was one of those perfect fall days. We met them at the pier and escorted them on foot through the deep sand to our cottage. Sleeping accommodations being somewhat limited in our cottage, Lerlene and I accepted the kind invitation of Aunt Mame and found lodging at her house while our guests took over our cottage.

The radio, just coming into popular use, gave us no information about the hurricane approaching from the northeast. No detailed weather reports were given out at that time by the weather bureau. Thanksgiving dawned bright and clear. Since our honored guests had little love for fishing, the one sport in which Ocracoke excelled, we resorted to the only type of entertainment that was left: walking excursions over the island. Sometimes walking through deep sand was not an exciting pastime, but we heard no complaint. In the afternoon the overcast blotted out the sun and soon dark and threatening clouds began to appear. But change in the weather and often without warning, is the accustomed and expected thing on Ocracoke. The natives keeping a close watch on the barometer as they are wont to do, noticed an unusual drop along with the temperature. The increasing velocity of the wind and the torrents of rain left no doubt but that we were in for a storm. Naturally enough the Browns as well as the rest of

us were thinking about that trip back to Wendell and all of the water that lay in between. Because of the weather we were not even sure that the mail boat would make the trip and it does take bad weather to make the old mariners on the island to change their schedule. We learned, however, that unless conditions got worse, the mail boat would make its usual trip. Our guests seemed to share the indomitable spirit of the natives; they would not listen to any suggestion that the return trip be delayed. The home and the animals back home were left for only a short time. It was urgent that they get back on schedule if at all possible. When the boat pulled up to the pier that early morning hour, it was still dark. While the wind had somewhat subsided, it was still a threatening and dangerous situation. With some difficulty our three departing guests were able, with the help that was given, to get aboard the boat. Almost without any formal good-by they were off in the darkness and the raging waters of the Pamlico Sound. We were left with only a hope and a prayer. The good captain, brave and courageous from many other similar experiences, too on that particular morning, the indirect course which meant a deeper penetration of the Sound and thus further away from the rougher waters of the inlet. This route, he said offered greater safety.

When the Browns arrived home which they did with the help of the Lord and many in between, they found as they had feared, that the storm had not left the interior of the state without damage. The damage from the wind was not as great but the unseasonably low temperature was something else. The Browns had taken no precaution against a possible freeze when they left home. Houseplants that were outdoors had been killed; water pipes had froze and bursted and the house flooded. There were many reasons why the trip to Ocracoke was a memorable one.

The school on the island was part of the Hyde County administrative unit although neither I nor my teachers, because of the transportation problem, never attended a meeting of the school personnel of the County. The County Superintendent made what he thought would be a short visit to our school during the year, but because of a storm the trip was prolonged over two or more days. In a sense the island was separate and apart from the rest of the county in both the school and law enforcing areas. There was no peace officer on the island; no cop or sheriff was available unless called and transported from the county seat, Swan Quarter. Surprisingly enough lawlessness was not a problem. Ocracoke in those days was sometimes referred to as a "Sportsman's Paradise" which it might have been in spite of the unsportsmanlike sportsman. Blackbeard in his day found it a good

hide-a-way spot. Perhaps no place along the outer banks offered more seclusion and freedom from molestation by the law than did Ocracoke. Many of the sportsmen when they came brought along their drink against the possibility that such was not available on the island and to make sure that their stay conformed to the sportsman's ideal of a real vacation. This is not said with any disrespect to the natives but merely to point up the fact that a situation of this kind did exist. I saw and knew very little about what went on in the sportsmen's circle. I discovered, however, when there was a program and a gathering of people at the school that, for the school-house area at least, the principal was expected to enforce the peace and maintain order.

We left Ocracoke after the close of school to move again in another circle, one that was still in the pinch of the depression. We left, however, a bit of unfinished business when we left the county. Hyde was one of the poorer counties in the state and because of this and possibly other reasons, the county found itself without funds with which ~~the~~ to pay the promised supplement. Month after month the salary check was delayed and invariably short. For whatever comfort it afforded, the word was passed along that the promised salary would be paid when sufficient funds were available. Long after we left Ocracoke. In the meantime living expenses went on. When it became evident that the balance due on salary was not going to be paid, in other words the funds were not going to become available because of the ruling of the County Auditor, the principals of the county engaged a lawyer and brought suit to recover the promised supplement. The County made payment when the Court directed it to do so. The cost to us in taking the action we did, reduced the amount of the payment we finally received to a bare minimum. I was not present at the trial and never knew anything beyond what was conveyed to me by our lawyer.

We left Ocracoke via the freight boat to Washington. The Browns met us at this point. They said this was as near as they wanted to go to Ocracoke. That visit they made at Thanksgiving was still vivid in their minds. We missed the life on the island that we had become accustomed to: the light house, the mail boat, the gulls, the neighbors that had been kind to us. We had learned to feel at home with the congregation at the Methodist church.

Escaping from the confines of Ocracoke Island was, I suppose, somewhat like escaping from prison. It was good to be back on the mainland where there was plenty of space. What would it be: a school or a pulpit? My ministerial friend, Hilary Bowen, a North Carolina boy whom I had known

since Atlantic Christian College days, was serving a church in Baltimore, invited me up into his area where there were some pastorless churches. One of the churches was an unfinished structure in the city of Baltimore, obviously not a very thriving congregation. I was asked to lead the prayer service on a Wednesday evening. Dr. Peter Ainsley, pastor of the Christian ~~Temple~~ Temple in the city, was in the audience. He was a national figure in the world of religion and his presence on that particular evening could have had no other purpose than to see and hear the young preacher and pass on to the congregation something of his considered opinion. I visited another church near Bel Air, Md, situated in an attractive community a few miles out of Baltimore. Here I spent a week, preaching twice on each of the Sundays and conducting one funeral. Several prospective ministers were scheduled for visits in the weeks ahead. From these the congregation would make a choice. The choice went to another man which I learned from correspondence with the congregation, turned out to be an unwise one. After I had joined the Methodist Conference and was serving my first appointment, I received a letter asking me if I would accept the church.

Membership in the North Carolina Conference

Dr, Walter Patten, a former pastor of the Jarvis Memorial Church in Greenville and a friend reaching back over the years, invited me to visit him at his home in New Bern. He at the time was Superintendent of the New Bern District. He outlined what the Methodist Church could offer a young man. No glittering offers but just what one joining the Conference at that time could expect.

Transferring from one religious denomination to another raises questions if the transferee happens to be a minister. Laymen transfer ~~with~~ for little or no reason and no questions are asked. This is not quite true with a minister. As the ecumenical church becomes more firmly established, the right of the minister to exercise his choice in this matter will become more generally accepted. We have only one Gospel message regardless of the label we wear, only one Christ to offer men as Lord and Saviour. The divisive doctrines of a partisan nature are as un-Christian as they are unnecessary. Dr, Harry Emerson Fosdick speaks of the way many professing Christians possess the Christian faith: they inherit it, swallow it without question, take it

over as we do the cut of our clothes without thinking about it. But in this case your faith is really not your own: you never thought it out or fought it out. One student said, "Being a Methodist, just because your parents were, is like wearing a second-hand hat that does not fit."

Whether the hat fitted or not I had settled the issue in my own mind. I was wholly unacquainted with the procedure of transferring from the Disciples church to the Methodist. The two churches are totally different in the matter of ministerial orders. The two orders of the Methodist ministry were taken directly out of the Established Church of England without change; the Disciples have no orders at all. Ministers and laymen are co-equal in all ministerial matters even in the matter of presiding and serving the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In the Methodist Church ministers do not hold membership in the local church, but in the Conference. My church membership was transferred from the Christian Church in Wendell to the St. Paul's Church in Goldsboro. The Quarterly Conference which is the business body in the local church, recommended me to the District Conference and that body in turn recommended me to the Annual Conference.

According to the book of Discipline, the book of rules and law for the governing of the church, each applicant for Admission on Trial was required to pass a course of study consisting of some half a dozen books taken through the Correspondence School, Emory University, Ga. In addition he is required to write a paper on, "My Call to the Ministry." Credits were entered and the Correspondence School made a report to the proper Conference Committee. One's advancement from the first to the second, to the third year depended upon his creditable work in the Correspondence School.

The 1930 session of the North Carolina Conference, the session in which I was enrolled as a member on Trial, was held in Henderson. This was the first Conference I ever attended. I knew little about what would happen. One is reminded of the two Holiness preachers, so the story goes, who attended a session of a Methodist Annual Conference just to observe what went on. They sat around all day listening to reports and uninteresting speeches. They were not too highly impressed. Finally one said to the other as they prepared to leave, "You know we have been here all day and I haven't heard the Lord's name mentioned." His companion maybe a little more observing, replied, "Yes, I have, just one time. It was when that big Presiding Elder stepped on one of the little preacher's toes." It is true that some not so surprising things

do happen at these annual Conference sessions.

In 1930 there were 255 names on the ~~chronological~~ chronological roll of the North Carolina Conference. Eight men were admitted on trial at that session: John Asa Guice, Atticus Morris Williams, Elwin Harrel Measemer, John Glenn Barden, Hyman LeRoy Harris, David Dinwiddie Traynham, Leon Russell and Carlos Poynor Womack. The total amount of money contributed for all purposes that year was \$1,380,625.00. There were nine Districts; two hundred and twenty-seven pastoral appointments. A comparison of these figures with the same comparison in 1973 will show something of the growth in the forty-three years. There are in 1973 five hundred and twenty pastoral appointments; total money raised \$3,301,305.29. It is to be remembered that in 1930 we were in the trough of the depression.

The process of being admitted into an Annual Conference is something those being admitted will probably remember. Dr. H. S. Myers, Duke Professor, was Chairman of the Admissions Committee. If there was a tendency on the part of some members of the Committee to direct their questions toward sectarian ends and doctrinal distinctions, encouraged no doubt because I had a non-Methodist background, Dr. Myers tactfully brought the inquisition back to the broad base of the Christian religion. My two year residence ~~and~~ at Duke and my personal acquaintance with several members of the Committee were helpful factors. I had no difficulty.

Some impressions of the Conference might be in order. I had a very general idea of the practical aspect of a Conference supplied through my study of the Discipline and other subjects. The office and person of a Bishop were outside and beyond my personal experience. Edwin D. Mouzon, the presiding bishop, was an impressive figure. His physical appearance matched perfectly his towering intellect. As I listened to his daily devotional messages and his inspiring sermon delivered on Sunday morning, I was both inspired and informed. In my judgment he might well be called a prince of the pulpit. I have learned since then, however, that the office of bishop is not always filled by men of Edwin D. Mouzon's stature. E. D. Mouzon looked the part of a Methodist bishop and played a major role in bringing about the union of the three branches of Methodism in 1939.

My first Conference was the point of my most lasting and telling impression. There was no welcoming committee to greet me upon my arrival and none was expected. I did hope however that somebody in that closed circle that has been referred to as the greatest brotherhood on earth, would shake my hand and have a kind word. You have heard of the lonely figure that went into a restaurant and seated himself at a table. When the waiter

appeared and asked what he wanted, he could think of nothing more desirable than two fried eggs and a few kind words. Two fried eggs are never to be despised and certainly a few kind words are always in order. After all this was a body of Christian men and women committed to the serious and necessary business of disseminating the doctrines of love and goodwill among all men everywhere. I began to learn on that day that a Methodist Annual Conference is not exactly a spiritual retreat. The founder of Methodism had said of himself a long time ago, "Leisure and I have parted company." Certainly for the time being at least, it seemed that everybody had parted company with leisure. The body was a bee-hive of activity; each one totally absorbed in pursuing his own ends. The greatest brotherhood on earth does practice brotherhood but this might not be apparent at a session of the Annual Conference. One of the members of the Admissions Committee reminded me when I was before it, that being a Christian does indeed make a change in a man but it doesn't change human nature. There are cliques in this brotherhood and it is not entirely free of the caste system. Any settled opinion I might advance at this point was nothing that I experienced at the first Conference, but rather an outgrowth of my thirty-years experience in the Conference. One has of necessity to build a philosophy that fits the situation in which he finds himself. This I have tried to do. For myself I was determined not to let the obvious discrimination and defects of the system do to me what I have seen it do to so many others. If I accepted the good that was in the system, I would also have to accept the bad. Recent years have brought marvelous changes and many are definitely for the good. The Apostle Paul reminds us, "that ~~which~~ when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." That goal of perfection is still ahead of us, but who will say that we are not moving in that direction?

Conference Appointments

The one thing the Methodist itinerant could write most about would be his appointments. These appointments and what he does with them determines the success or failure of his ministry. On November 24, 1930 I was assigned to the Pink Hill Charge at that time in the New Bern District. I knew something about the area in general but nothing about the Charge in particular. We made ready for that first move into a Methodist parsonage. With the few things we brought from Wendell and Greenville and the scanty furnishings in the parsonage, we soon found ourselves very

satisfactorily established in our new setting. The two story structure was roomy enough but structurally it had never been completed. Using some left-over material from the recently built church we completed the ceiling job on the kitchen. The water supply came from an old hand pump on the back porch and was so full of iron and other minerals that it was quite unsatisfactory. Electricity was available but only used for lighting. The Pink Hill church, a two-story brick veneer structure, was one of the first churches built in the area by money from the Duke Endowment. Pink Hill is located on the line dividing Lenoir and Duplin Counties and is surrounded by some of the best farm land in Eastern North Carolina. But like every area at this particular time, it was severely hurt by the depression. The people represented a good cross section of rural North Carolina: thrifty, conservative, not too devoutly religious. The area was served by a representative group of old line Protestant churches--Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Universalist. To my knowledge every church in the area at the time was largely supported by mission money. This was certainly true of the churches in Pink Hill. Tobacco, the backbone of the economy, averaged in 1930, \$8.00 per hundred pounds. Bank failures were the order of the day. Every bank in Kinston, the near-by shopping and marketing center, folded up. I took my place in the line trying to reach the teller's counter before the doors closed. Pink Hill had not bank at this time.

People here as elsewhere at this time had learned to adapt to the austerity of the times. Where there was no bank, no doctor, no drug store, they somehow managed to get along. Situations like this induce people to work out their own alternative and this they often do in surprising ways. There was no medical doctor in all the area between Kinston and Kenansville, a distance of about forty miles. Combine all the existing economic factors with this one fact and you have a pretty sensible explanation for a practitioner like John Flavius Maxwell, locally known as "Dr. Maxwell." Eighty-three years of age at the time, he served a large clientele in this needy area. When asked how he got started in his humanitarian work, he said he was pressed into it gradually. The people found out that he knew how to effectively render first aid and to suggest home remedies that got results. His popularity grew until it reached such proportion that the major part of his time was consumed in being a "helpful neighbor to the sick and ailing. It was then that he began to take more seriously this ministry to his fellow man. Feeling that he needed some kind of credentials from the Law, he went before the Clerk of Court in Kenansville and went

through some kind of registering formality. No further questions were asked and Dr. Maxwell was launched on a medical career that covered nearly half a century.

Surely some of the things that happened here could have happened nowhere else. For instance: The church at Pink Hill in order to save the expense of the electric bill and this was long before the day of the "fuel escalator charge", had its meter removed and tied its line in with the parsonage on the adjoining lot. The pastor, obliging man that he was, would take care of the church's electric bill. Had they not paid him for the year the grand total of \$196.00? A collection was taken for the Orphanage in the Sunday School. The amount received was turned over to the Superintendent who was directed to send it on to the Orphanage. A few days later the Superintendent appeared at the parsonage and wanted to know who was going to pay postage on the letter. The \$1,200 salary was apportioned to the five churches on the Charge, of this amount only \$660 was paid. The pastor, using his car, collected cotton, tobacco, potatoes, chickens and other commodities and made sale on the local market to raise money for the benevolences. The grand total of the offering given him in one of the churches for preaching one week in "revival" services was \$2.50.

There were many good things, kindly acts of love and understanding, that should be entered in the record. Raymond Rogers, a young man from one of the churches on the Charge, in spite of the adversity that had overtaken him and his young family, graciously shared what he had to eat with the parsonage family. Good and faithful members whose "abundance of poverty and deep love abounded unto the riches of their liberality," supported the young preacher and stood by him in the work he was trying to do. Who can forget W. B. Becton, Chairman of the County Board of Education and a strong supporting member of the Woodington church, who, in spite that a hail storm had practically wiped out his tobacco crop, still put his accustomed \$200 in the church collection. Branch Williams of the Smith's Chapel church, who, in spite of failing health and finances, made his usual donation and more. It has always been a mystery why Branch Williams, good man that he was, in one of those weak moments that comes to mortals, and after his faithful wife had passed on, laid hold of a deadly weapon close at hand and took his own life.

We closed our ministry at Pink Hill in March 1935 at a mid-point of the Conference year. The pastor of the Person Street-Calvary Charge in

Fayetteville, C. A. Johnson, died suddenly and left a vacancy at that point. Since I was a fifth-year man (five years on the Pink Hill Charge) I was in line to be moved, the appointment came to me. Our situation in Fayetteville was quite unlike the one in Pink Hill. There were 614 members in the three churches composing the Charge. The first year there were nine additions on Profession of Faith, nine by transfer. For the first time in my Methodist ministry the promised salary of \$1,000 was paid in full as were also the Conference benevolences. Next year we had twenty-three additions on Profession of Faith with the same good report on salary and benevolences. The something less than a good record I made at Pink Hill was showing improvement and naturally enough I was beginning to have more confidence in myself and my capability as a Methodist minister. There was, I must add, a pretty sizeable donation from the mission treasurer of the Conference that helped to make the total salary more adequate. The record at those points whereby a Methodist minister is measured, continued good through 1937 when we were moved to Maysville. The parsonage that we found in such a needy state of repair, was redone inside and outside. Person Street built more adequate quarters for the Sunday School. Our ministry on the Person-Street-Calvary Charge, judged by any fair standard, was constructive. Did the depression come to a sudden end? No, not exactly. With the coming of Franklin D. Roosevelt to the Presidency in 1932 and the reforms he introduced in the total economic life of the country, we saw the beginning of the end of the depression. Too, our people in Fayetteville had a somewhat different economic and cultural background.

Urban life in old Fayetteville was not without its attractions. The contacts we had with the ministerial fraternity in the city was helpful. The isolation we had known in this respect at Pink Hill came to an end. Fayetteville is one of the oldest towns in North Carolina. In 1739 the Scots lead by Colonel McAllister settled in Campbellton, the old section of Fayetteville. In 1746-47, a group of ~~extra~~ expatriated Scots who had escaped the "penalty of death to one in every twenty survivors of Culloden," established a gristmill and village at Cross Creek, a place where two streams crossed each other. The preponderance of Scots in the place made the town a center of Tory influence. Flora Macdonald and her husband, Alan, who had lead troops of Highland Scots against the Whigs at the Battle of Moore's Creek Bridge, settled here in 1774. Nevertheless, Whigs met here, at Liberty Point, June 20, 1775, and signed a resolution pledging themselves to "resist force by force" and to "go forth and be ready to sac-

rifice our lives and fortunes to secure freedom and safety."

The vicinity of Fayetteville witnessed a number of minor encounters during the Revolutionary War. In 1781 Cornwallis occupied the town enroute to Wilmington. In 1783 Campbellton and Cross Creek united and were incorporated and, having shifted their allegiance, they named the place Fayetteville in honor of the French patriot and leader, Marquis de Lafayette, the first community in the country to so honor the Frenchman.

Fayetteville served as the State capital from 1789 to 1793. It missed by one vote being named the permanent seat of North Carolina government. The State Convention held here on November 21, 1789, ratified the Federal Constitution. The General Assembly, meeting in Fayetteville the same year, chartered the University of North Carolina, the first of the Nations State Universities.

Because of its favorable location on the Cape Fear, Fayetteville in that early day became an important point of trade. Vessels of light draft brought imports from the Atlantic and carried back products of the field, looms, potteries and forges. A network of roads radiated from the town, the most important being the Plank Road of timbers upon heavy stringers which ran one hundred and twenty-nine miles toward the northwest. The destructive fire on May 29, 1831, said to have been the worst in the United States up to that time, destroyed 600 homes, 125 businesses, several churches and the Convention Hall where the General Assembly had been held. In 1865 the Yankee forces under Sherman, occupied the town, wrecking the only printing press and burning some of the mills. The business and economic life of the community was helped by the coming of the railroads about 1870 as well as the textile mills that offset the decline of the turpentine and lumber industries. Water traffic was suspended in 1923 but was revived again in 1936 when a lock and dam were built on the Cape Fear at Tolar's Landing making a 9-foot slack-water channel available to Fayetteville. A dock and terminal were built to provide facilities for the increased river trade.

The town has many points of interest. The most noted perhaps is the old Market House at the intersection of Green and Gellespie, Person and Hay Streets. It houses a public library and relics of the War between the States. This three-bay brick building has a hipped-roof the central section of which is surmounted by a tower whose clock has run, so we are told, accurately since 1638 when the building was erected. The bell in the cupola used to be rung each day at 7:30 for breakfast, at 1:00 p. m. for dinner, at sunset, and at 9:00 p. m. for curfew. The old clock

string the hours and capable of being heard over much of the city, was in good working order while we lived there. The ringing of the bell at stated times had been discontinued. Liberty Point, at Person and Bow Streets, was the scene of a meeting of thirty patriots who pledged resistance to Great Britain on June 20, 1775, a date that appears on the Great Seal of the State of North Carolina. The First Presbyterian Church on the E. corner of Bow and Ann Streets, is doubtless the oldest church structure in the city, having been built about 1816. It was gutted by fire in 1831 and rebuilt the next year, using the old walls and foundations. In the vestibule are a marble-topped table in solid mahogany and a sacramental silver vase dating back to 1824. For many years whale oil was burned in the ornamental chandeliers.

The parsonage at Person Street in the old Campbellton section in which we lived, was doubtless one of the oldest structures in that old section. We were unable to determine the date of construction but from every indication it harked back to the middle of the nineteenth century. It was the only house in which we ever lived that I had experiences that I was never able to satisfactorily explain. The bed room I occupied adjoined that of Mrs. Harris' and many were the times when I would be awakened at night and there at the foot of my bed visibly enough would be two white robed figures, resplendent in their dress. I would in every case rise up to catch a better view of my nocturnal guests and then they would gradually disappear. This was a frequent occurrence during our residence in this old house and always in this particular room. I accredited it to my over indulgence in eating or a nervous condition at the time. Any explanation I was able to give was never entirely satisfactory to me. This structure has since been razed and a modern new parsonage occupies the site next to Person ~~Street~~ Street church.

The Hay Street United Methodist Church, corner of Hay and Old Streets, a red brick, steepled edifice, the mother church of Methodism in Fayetteville, was dedicated in 1908. It had its beginning in the late 1770's as a result of the preaching of a free negro shoemaker, Henry Evans. The whites united with the colored congregation and continued as good, orthodox members until they erected a chapel for themselves in 1803. The Sunday School the whites started in their chapel in 1819, is said to be the oldest Methodist Sunday School in the State of which there is authentic record.

Cross Creek Cemetery on Grove Street, shaded by ancient cedars and pines, contains the graves of many of the earliest settlers. Confederate

soldiers are buried around the Confederate monument, erected in 1868. This monument holds the distinction of being the first memorial erected to the defeated Confederacy. It is a 10-foot octagonal shaft on a white marble base surmounted by a cross designed by George Lauder. Here also is the grave of the artist, Elliott Daingerfield.

At the time of our three-year residence in Fayetteville, 1934-1937, which was just before the beginning of World War II, the military reservation at Fort Bragg, ten miles distance, had not grown to such immense proportions as it is today. Fayetteville was just a small urban center. The white population at that time was made up largely of the descendants of the first Scottish settlers. With the coming of the war and the great influx of the military and related personnel, the growth and expansion of the base was begun as well as that of Fayetteville and the surrounding area. Fort Bragg is today one of the largest military bases in the country.

After three years as the calendar measures time, we moved again. This time to the old County of Jones and the Maysville Charge. If one had the least idea that he was getting away from one sprawling military base to a quiet, peaceable countryside, he soon had another thought coming. The quiet that had prevailed for so long in the Jones-Onslow area was about to come to an end. Soon World War II was to start and this area would begin a transformation that had been little dreamed of heretofore. First it was the building of Camp Davis a temporary base on Highway 17 toward Wilmington. That immense procession passed our door, in the morning going down, in the evening, coming back. These workmen came from many miles distance and constituted many types of workmen, all anxious to share in the good wages being paid at the base. The Camp, so it was said, was being built on a "cost plus" bases, a thing we had never heard of before. Many of my church members got in on the "good thing" and put in time on Sunday just like they did on Monday. The temporary base at Camp Davis which was used by the military during the war and then discarded, was followed immediately by something much larger and more permanent, Camp LeJeune on our very door block and Cherry Point a few miles to the east of us.

The impact of this revolutionary change upon the churches on the Maysville Charge was gradual and tremendous. The six-point circuit I found at Maysville in 1937, was exactly as it had been for many years. The slow-moving, conservative, farming area did not promise anything better for the churches in the future than they had known in the past. Maysville a station? Belgrade and Tabernacle a station? Pollocksville and Lee's a station? Nobody

had expected this. Three new parsonages have been built with a combined valuation of \$75,000; a new church at Maysville with a value of \$125,000; a new church at Pollocksville with a value of \$70,000. Maybe the coming of the military bases into the area does not account for all the changes; similar changes have come to other places over the Conference. But in this section where changes even in this latter day normally come slowly, the military bases with their population and economic growth, take the major part of the credit.

Many old families are found in Jones among them being the Simmons, Foy, Foscu, Bubanks and others. The ancestral home of Furnifold McLendel Simmons, who served thirty years in the United States Senate, is near Pollocksville. Leon, Tom and Carrie Simmons were members of our Pollocksville Church. The Senator's only son, James and wife, made their home in Pollocksville.

F. M. Simmons who has been referred to as a "Statesman of the New South" played a leading role in North Carolina politics for a record number of years. It was here in this typical rural setting that this man launched his political career that put him in the fore-front of his party in the State and in the United States Senate for thirty years, a longer term in that body than any other man, surpassing the record term of Lee S. Overman by two years. Nathaniel Macon served over twenty-years in the House and fifteen years in the Senate, giving him a thirty-seven year record in Congress. The Senator never attended a Law School. His college training consisted of a year at Wake Forest, transferring next year to old Trinity College, now Duke University. He was a charter member of the Alpha Tau Omega, the first fraternity on the campus. He was graduated in 1873. He later received the degree of Doctor of Laws from his alma mater, having previously been awarded a Master of Arts degree. In 1915 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of North Carolina. He as well as his senatorial colleague, Lee Slater Overman, served several years on the Board of Trustees of Duke University. His first venture in Politics was one term in the House, 1887-1889. He was defeated for a second term. In 1901 he took his seat in the Senate and served until 1931 when he was defeated by Josiah W. Bailey.

Qualities of character and leadership, essential to good government, stand out in the life of this man. Honesty was more than a policy with him, it was an essential part of his nature, a quality he inherited

from his parents, Furnifold Green Simmons and wife, Mary McLendel Simmons. A by-word in the community was, "As honest as old Furney Simmons." His opponents accused him of many things but they never accused him of being dishonest. As an honest man he sought to inject conscience into his politics. He wrestled with his conscience as to whether or not he would support President Wilson in the declaration of War against Germany in 1917. As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee he had much to do with the financial legislation entailed by our entrance into the War. He assisted in the drafting of bills that brought eighteen billion dollars into the Federal Treasury. "In the beginning," he said, "I was bitterly opposed... to the United States entering that tremendous conflict. But as time passed, the necessity of pursuing the course which we did became apparent. I discussed the question many times with the President and I know that he advised the declaration of war very reluctantly and only because it seemed to be absolutely essential to our safety." In 1928 he steadfastly refused to support Governor Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, the only Democrat in Congress who refused to do so. Another evidence of his effort to inject conscience into politics. This time it cost him his office he had held for thirty years.

The politician has always to be ready to accept defeat and how well he does this reflects the type of man he is. F. M. Simmons would doubtless enter the two defeats he suffered in politics, one to retrain his seat in the House that earlier day and the one to retain his seat in the Senate in the latter day, as the two most memorable ones in his life. Of the latter he said toward the end of his life: "I have never regretted in the slightest my action in refusing to vote for Smith although I was the only Democrat in either house of Congress to pursue that course. I have never apologized for it, and I have lived to have the satisfaction of knowing that if I needed any vindication, Al Smith's course since then has furnished that vindication."

His failure to retain his seat in the House back in 1887, while not so noteworthy, did have a peculiar angle. It was unique in that he gained the seat by defeating a negro incumbent, and then in turn was himself defeated by a negro. The unusual feat was explained by the Senator as follows: While in the House he helped James City, a community composed largely of negroes across the Trent river from New Bern, to obtain a post-office and postmaster. The negroes, to show their appreciation, pledged their loyalty and support to the young congressman. In the Primary in 1887, Simmons was opposed by Henry P. Cheatham, a negro hopeful, who came into the area

campaigning for Simmons' seat. The negroes in James City did not want to listen and sent Cheatham word not to come to James City. On the night before the election, however, Cheatham with a brass band, put in his appearance. The populace turned out, not so much to hear the candidate but the irresistible music. The important part of the plan was of course the opportunity the occasion afforded Cheatham to speak to the voters. Somebody in the audience set the stage by directing a difficult question at Cheatham:

"What is the matter with Mr. Simmons? Didn't he git us our postoffice and our postmaster? And didn't he git us a big, new \$75,000 postoffice for us to use, too, at New Bern? And didn't he git us a \$20,000 road from the end of the bridge out to the national cemetery for us to parade on for our Emancipation Day celebration to the cemetery?"

Candidate Cheatham was ready with his answers and replied with great eloquence: "I'll tell you what's the matter with Simmons, my brothers. He's got too much influence in Washington, He's got too much money from the Government. Why, he just puts on his silk hat and took his gold-headed cane and walked right up the White House. He didn't even knock on the door. He jest walked right in and saw President Cleveland, and said, 'Boss, I want a postoffice and postmaster for James City,' and the President said, 'All right, Mr. Simmons, jest go around to the Post-office Department and tell 'em I said give them to you.'

"Then later he takes his silk hat and gold cane again and he walks around to the White House and says, 'Boss, I want \$75,000 for a new postoffice in my home town' and the President says, 'Why all right, Mr. Simmons, jest go around to the Treasury and tell 'em I said give you the money.'"

"A little later this man Simmons again takes his silk hat and cane and walks to the White House and says to Mr. Cleveland, 'Boss, this time I want \$20,000 right away to build a macadam road to the Federal Cemetery in New Bern,' and of course the President gave him that. I tell you brothers, that's the way he got all the money. He's got too much power. If we re-elect him, he'll walk back to the White House and tell the President he don't like them damn niggers in James City and they ought to be put back in slavery. Brothers I tell you if Boss Cleveland and Boss Simmons are re-elected, right straight back to slavery you go."

Mr. Simmons failed to get a single vote in James City, not even that of the postmaster he named to the office. The true explanation of Mr. Simmons' defeat by his opponent might not have been as simple as the little episode in James City would indicate. But Cheatham got the vote and the

young congressman lost his seat in the House.

We concluded our five-year pastorate in Maysville in November 1942, the longest in our experience. In moving from Maysville to Saxapahaw we crossed the entire Conference area from east to west, from Dan to Bersheba as it were. As one of the older preachers in the Conference said on one occasion, he never moved away from one Charge to another without feeling that he was leaving the work a little better than he found it. There were a few tangible evidences that this was so on the Maysville Charge. The Maysville Church was operating with no accommodation for the Sunday School except the one-room auditorium when we arrived. We succeeded in erecting an education unit with eight class rooms. A furnace room with central heat for the entire building was supplied. Plans were initiated for the building of a modern plant at Pollocksville although the actual building was not undertaken until after our departure. To me Saxapahaw was just a name in the Conference Journal. Actually it had not been in the Journal very long as a Charge, only since the union of the three Methodist bodies in 1939. Three other churches beside Saxapahaw made up the Charge. The latter had been something of a union church, the building having been used jointly by the M. E. Church, South, the Presbyterians and the Methodist Protestant bodies. Orange Chapel and Concord had been Methodist Protestant. Clover Garden had been affiliated with the M. E. Church, South. The Charge as it stood when I arrived was something that had come out of the union and even yet many of the people did not realize that union had been officially proclaimed.

The unusual name "Saxapahaw" comes from a tribe of Indians that once lived in the area dating back to the year 1521. These Indians were known by various tribal names but "Saxapahaw," difficult enough to spell, is the one that has survived out of the welter. It is hid away on a connecting link between highways 87 from Graham to Pittsboro on one end, and 54 connecting Chapel Hill and Graham on the other. It is an old settlement and has been a mill and trade center as far back as there are any records. The parsonage that was to be our home for the duration, was a drafty, ante-dated, two-story structure that had been built and used as a parsonage by the Methodist Protestant wing of the union. Only recently had electricity and running water been provided. E. Everett Jordan, the Charge Lay Leader, lead in a movement to build closets and redo the interior a few days after our arrival. With exception of the fact that there was no underpinning to the house, it was quite comfortable.

The three dominant Methodist bodies in North Carolina up to

1939 had been going their separate ways, at least since 1845. The Methodist Episcopal body, I suppose, could be called the nearest to the parental stem. In 1828 the Methodist Protestant malcontents withdrew and established a separate body. This element was dissatisfied with a church that was largely dominated by the clergy and they had little love for the office and person of bishop. The Methodist Protestants in their church gave the laymen equal recognition with the clergy and abolished the office of bishop, conferring the episcopal function upon one they chose to call Superintendent. The Methodist Episcopal, South, continued to dwell in the parental dwelling until 1845 when, because of the slavery issue and its implications for the Southern element, withdrew and established a separate body. With the union in 1939 the three separate bodies having discovered that their basic differences had disappeared, effected a union that took on a new name, the Methodist Church. It is an interesting fact that the new body incorporated much of the very thing that the two dissident bodies had been contending for. The ever growing spirit of unity among Methodist people was further evidenced in 1946 when the Evangelical United Brethren Church, a body with a distinct Methodist background, united with the Methodist Church. This latter union created little or no practical problem in the North Carolina Conference since no branch of the E. U. B. Church existed within the confines of the Conference.

Union in the Christian church, as many can testify, is hard to come by. There are always two difficult focal points: one at the top, one at the bottom. The one that engages the most thought and, as many would say, the most important, is at the top. Here the details of doctrine and polity are worked out. Once this is done and the official vote is taken, we say the formality of union is complete. The other focal point that might be discounted, is the local church. If union doesn't work here, there is no union. It was at this latter point that many of us discovered our problem.

I was serving at WAYSVILLE in 1939 when the union came about and to us at that point and largely throughout eastern North Carolina, union signified little. This area, composed of people who called themselves Methodists knew nothing different from the M. E. Church, South. The union brought about a slight change in the name and that was about the only thing they took note of. Not many felt like one devoted soul on the WAYSVILLE work, Miss Florence Wootten, who said she joined the M. E. Church, South, took vows to support it with her presence, her prayers, her gifts and her service; she felt her vows were made to God and were very sacred. Now

could this be changed? The idea of transferring her total loyalty to another church was not only repugnant, it was impossible. Miss Florence communicated her views to Bishop Collins Denny who was her presiding bishop when she united with the M. E. Church, South and had been something of a spiritual guide all through the years and whom she knew entertained ideas similar to her own. Bishop Denny was a great soul and an outstanding leader in the M. E. Church, South, who was opposed to union and, it is understood, never accepted his salary from the united church. Miss Florence got some reassurance from Bishop Denny and other sources that seemed to help her overcome her fears. She eventually forgot her problems that seemed at one time so frightening and continued her loyalty and devotion to the only church she had ever known.

The problem in some degree was found in most every place where there were practical problems of union. When I arrived at Saxapahaw I found myself right in the midst of this problem. I was the first pastor on the scene, the Saxapahaw Charge, who had not previously belonged to the Methodist Protestant division of the house. The man immediately preceding me, was an M. P., living in the Saxapahaw parsonage and was, of course, the logical man to serve the Charge after the union. I moved to the work in 1942, three years after the consummation of union. The M. P. man passed on and I appeared on the scene, coming from some place they knew not where. At this point for the majority of the people on the Charge, the implications of union became quite real. If union were to be successful, it must be made to work down here in the local church.

The years since 1939 have given us the opportunity to study the effectiveness and desirability of a truly "big" church with sectional, racial and cultural differences. Being the "biggest Protestant church in the United States" is a distinction the Methodist Church has shared part of the time with the Southern Baptists. Part of the time it has been one part of the time the other. How big ought a Christian church to be? There does not seem to be much that is desirable in being big for bigness sake. Perhaps the verdict of the generations to come will be more authoritative at this point than our own. Considering the problems that had to be dealt with before Methodism could achieve anything like organic union, makes it all the more remarkable that the union we have could have been realized at all.

At the time union was consummated in 1939, the Civil War had been passed seventy-four years; ninety-five years since the Northern and Southern bodies had separated. Legalized slavery was no longer a problem

but the racial barrier was very real especially in the South. It was the ingenious plan of union that facilitated and made possible the union of the three Methodist bodies. The plan divided the country into sectional areas, called Jurisdictions, and made each jurisdiction a unity within itself thereby creating as someone has said, a multiple church. The racial question involving the black element of the church was solved by creating the Central Jurisdiction to which all the blacks regardless of their residence, were assigned. The South it has been said would never have voted for union without an arrangement of this kind. This arrangement for several years seemed to work. Then the era of integration dawned. The Supreme Court outlawed segregation. This made the Methodist Church look like something less than a Christian church. It was not comfortable in its role of preaching brotherhood and practicing something else to say nothing of the legal status of such a policy. The liberal element of the Church kept up its fight for the abolition of the Central Jurisdiction until this goal was finally achieved. Now the Discipline of the Church directs that "in the United ~~States~~ Methodist Church there shall be no jurisdictional or central conference based on any ground other than geographical and regional divisions."

It probably is not to the credit of the Christian Church that she has followed the Court in the matter of integration instead of herself, being the appointed exponent and proclaimer of the Gospel message, supplying the leadership for such a change. But since the church is closer to the people than the court, more nearly "of the people, for the people and by the people" as Lincoln would say, it is wise to exercise caution while at the same time she seeks to make her every action conform to the standards that Christian conscience and practice dictates. In this our day with the radical ideas of liberalism rampant, is it wise as many are wont to do, to deny that such a thing as race exists at all? Are we advancing the cause of our religion and humanity by giving lip endorsement to something that has grown out of ~~the~~ the liberalism of our time, i. e., the "Women's Liberation" movement which denies that there is any difference in the sexes? It would seem wise for us to recognize that there are essential differences that God has built within his creation, whether it be race or sex, that have a purpose and the sooner we recognize this the better. If there are injustices within this creation, there are and always will be, then it is our bounden duty to seek by whatever means available to correct these injustices.

Saxapahaw presents a practical example of church unity. Two separate denominations used the same house of worship thus reflecting a certain aspect of unity. The people had grown accustomed to having at one time a Methodist Protestant in the pulpit and at another time, a Southern Methodist. The worshipping congregation each time made up of people from both denominations but each maintaining its separate and distinct organization. But now the ruling body of each group had decreed that the divisiveness that had hitherto existed had come to an end; there was just one church. Adherents of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, accustomed to sitting on one side and those of the Methodist Protestant persuasion on the other side and the pastor in the middle, were now called upon to go just a little further in exemplifying the spirit of Christian unity. Maybe I wasn't the best man to effectively deal with a problem of this kind but I felt we were certainly working toward desirable ends. The problem was not doctrinal differences but social and economic at least in this particular case. This difference tended to make one group more dominant than the other. I felt we had attained more success in bridging the gulf between the two groups in the Saxapahaw church than in another part of the Charge. Two of the churches on the Charge, Clover Garden and Orange Chapel, represented ~~the~~ locally two of the bodies involved in the union. They were only four miles apart. Each needed something better in the way of physical facilities. Obviously here was a case where, if union could be made to work, the two could come together and build a modern structure capable of serving the people adequately and constructively. Wasn't this one of the benefits expected to come out of union? At our invitation Dr. J. W. Ormond, director of the Country Church Department of the Duke Endowment, paid us a visit, surveyed the situation and pledged us financial help from the Endowment. It did seem from what we could determine, that sentiment was in favor of bringing the two congregations together but in this a further check proved that we were wrong. Today each of these congregations have new plants but they are no nearer together than they were.

As we tried to work together toward the goal of union, perhaps the uncertainty and the underlying undesirability of the goal tended to make both pastor and people more sensitive to little irritating matters than would have otherwise been the case; maybe we were not always as careful to avoid the thoughtless word or act as we should have been. In one of the churches among the W. P. S., I knew there were some malcontents. I

suppose, knowing this, I should not have been surprised at what happened one Sunday morning. I was in my accustomed manner getting launched in my sermon when, without any warning, one of the male members, noted for his cantankerous views as I learned later, arose to his feet and in the most accusing manner he knew, questioned something the pastor had said. He concluded his remarks by saying, "The sooner you go back where you came from the better off we will be." To say the least this kind of thing didn't help in anywise the Gospel message the pastor was attempting to bring. The congregation was obviously stunned in an atmosphere of silence. No effort was made to answer the brother. To have done so would doubtless have antagonized him all the more. With sincere apology for any offending word that might have been spoken, the sermon was continued. After the service we called a meeting of the official board of which the accusing brother fortunately was not a member. Was the thing that had happened that morning an indication of the feeling of the congregation? I didn't think it was. This impromptu meeting of the most responsible members of the church would, I thought, clarify the question. The Board was apologetic. I was given to understand that this kind of thing was not unusual for this particular brother. The reassurance they conveyed was most helpful. When my four-year pastorate was concluded and the time of parting from the congregation had come, I felt sure I was leaving some of the most loyal and devoted friends in that congregation that I had been privileged to know anywhere. No recurrence of that Sunday morning's experience took place nor was there a jarring note, so far as I knew, during the rest of my pastorate.

Saxapahaw was the home of Senator B. Everett Jordan and family and because of this fact, it became better known over the state than it had been. During the depression the textile mill on the Haw River at Saxapahaw went bankrupt and was sold at auction. B. Everett Jordan and his brother Dr. Henry Jordan and others bought the property and set out to make the property known as the Sellers Manufacturing Company one of the most modern spinning and mercerizing plants in the United States. The enterprise expanded until thriving plants of the Sellers concern were operating at Cedar Falls and Lake Forest as well as Saxapahaw. Today production consists of fancy combination yarns and the mercerized yarn known as "Durene." This trade name is nationally known and advertised. Sales offices of the Company are located in Charlotte, N. C. Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Los Angeles. The executive offices are located in Saxapahaw.

A man with an unusual capacity for business, B. Everett Jordan

surprised some of his friends when he became interested in politics. At the time of my residence at Saxapahaw there seemed little to indicate that he was destined to go as far as the United States Senate. Coming from a strong Methodist family, he took a leading part in the affairs of his church and community long before he went to Washington. At one time he was Associate Lay Leader of the North Carolina Conference; he served on the Board of Trustees of his alma mater, Duke University. He lead in the movement to get a modern hospital built in Burlington, doing a lot of the canvassing himself. When his neighbor, W. Kerr Scott was looking around for campaign aids in his try for the office of Governor in 1948, he laid hold of Everett Jordan and his brother, Dr. Henry Jordan, an associate in the textile business. When Scott went in as Governor, Dr. Henry Jordan became Chairman of the State Highway Commission and B. Everett became chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee. Later under Gov. William B. Umstead, Jordan was appointed to membership on the National Deocratic Committee. These positions thrust him a little further forward in politics. In 1958 when North Carolina Senator, W. Kerr Scott died in office, Gov. Luther Hodges appointed B. Everett Jordan to the United States Senate. Many thought at the time that it was just an interim appointment, that Jordan would hold the office only until Hodges completed his term as Governor when Hodges would offer himself for the Senate. Hodges did not seek the Senate seat and Jordan for the first time in his life offered himself for an elective office, junior Senator from North Carolina. He was elected and served in that body until 1972 when he was defeated by Nick Galifinakis, who relinquished his seat in the House to try for the Senate. Galifinakis was in turn defeated in the election by the Republican, Jesse Helms. This election registered some kind of revolution in North Carolina politics. For the first time in a hundred years a Republican, James E. Holshouser, Jr. defeated the Democratic nominee and took his seat as Governor of North Carolina. B. Everett Jordan retired to his home in Saxapahaw after serving some fourteen years in the U. S. Senate. This good man died of cancer at his home in Saxapahaw, March 15, 1974 in his 77th year. The funeral was held in the Saxapahaw Methodist Church and interment took place in Pine Hill Cemetery in Burlington.

B. Everett Jordan is well known as a business man and politician. As a churchman and Christian he is probably not so well known. He belonged to a prominent Methodist family. His father, the Rev. H. H. Jordan, was a

prominent minister in the Western North Carolina Conference and, as somebody said, fathered a housefull of well known sons. Other children were: Dr. Henry Jordan, a dentist in Cedar Falls, N. C. an associate of his brother in the textile business. Frank followed in the tradition of his father and for a number of years was an itinerant in the Western North Carolina Conference; Charles E. was affiliated with Duke University for many years and served the institution as Vice President and Treasurer; a daughter married Henry Sprinkle who was at one time Editor of the North Carolina Christian Advocate and later Editor of the World Outlook, the missionary periodical of the Methodist Church. Everett Jordan served the little church at Saxapahaw as a faithful layman. The other churches on the Charge knew him as a supporting friend. The church was a constructive influence in his own life and he sought to make it a meaningful agent in the lives of the people in the village. He respected and co-operated with his pastor. His progressive spirit that was later to manifest itself in politics, contributed in many vital ways to the on-going life of the community. A leader whether in politics or religion needs to be in advance of the people whom he seeks to lead. One year when the pastor's salary was due to be raised and wasn't, he kept silent. But one day soon afterwards he stopped by at the parsonage and gave the pastor \$200 in cash out of his pocket, saying as he did so that he was aware that the salary was inadequate and should have been raised. He contributed the money as a personal contribution and the church was to know nothing about it. Maybe he was the most financially able man that it was my privilege to serve as pastor, but that did not make him the magnanimous and generous man that he was. Those who knew him best in the village and beyond, would testify to the genuine goodness of the man. Some thought it was extra politeness when, soon after he was named to the Senate, he personally arranged for the treatment, transportation and comfort of a young Swedish exchange student who lost her arm when hit by a propeller on an aeroplane at the airport in Greensboro. Later while on a trip to Sweden, the Senator became the most important visitor of the day. The Swedish press hailed him as a shining example of American friendliness and good will.

The pastor and family often shared in the hospitality of the Jordan home. Lerlene lead in a movement to put a Hammond electric organ in the Saxapahaw church while we were there. On July of the next year after our departure from the Charge on the occasion of the dedication of the organ, Mrs. Jordan, gracious lady that she was, invited us back for the occasion and to be her over-night guests. We cherish lasting memories of Saxapahaw and its people.

When the Conference convened in November 1946, we again took to the long road. We moved from Saxapahaw to Knightdale (the location of the parsonage) to serve the Millbrook Charge, Raleigh District. After the parsonage at Millbrook was destroyed by fire and some changes in the Charge boundaries, the parsonage was built at Knightdale. We thought we had gained something in the matter of location. The Millbrook church is now in the city of Raleigh. The interior of the parsonage and otherwise made a little more attractive. One of the ladies assisting with the work of readying the parsonage said to us in a most gracious manner that she hoped we would be their pastor for four years. It seemed that they had been making changes much more often and she personally hoped for something better. We were pleased with her expectations and also shared her hope in this respect. At that time we had averaged four years in every place we had served.

Our stay on the Millbrook Charge for several reasons was destined to be a short one. There were five churches and widely acattered over two counties. Oaky Grove at Shotwell, sometning of a landmark in that area, was about ready to close its doors permanently. I was the last pastor. Youngsville and Millbrook were old churches each having a history that went back many years. Wake Forest and ~~Youngsville~~ Knightdale were comparatively young churches and were struggling to get a ~~fastehold~~ foot-hold in communities where the Baptists were dominant. It had been said that no Methodist minister had ever received a piece of mail at the Wake Forest post-office. This record probably was not broken until several years later when a Methodist parsonage was built at Wake Forest and a Methodist minister took up residence there. This Wake-Forest-Rolesville area contained a few scattered Methodists and for a number of years there had been a struggling little Methodist Church at Rolesville. With the coming of a few prominent Methodist families to Wake Forest, some of them moving in from the Rolesville area, it began to be said that there would be a better future for the Rolesville church if it were moved to Wake Forest. Moving a church, as we know, is more easily said than done. History and tradition reaching back over the years are solidly against this practice. The vision and foresight of a few wise souls prevailed. About 1942 for the first time a Wake Forest Methodist Church appears in the Conference Journal.

An encouraging factor in the move if not the deciding one, was the financial help available from the Duke Endowment. In his Indenture

Mr. Duke provided help for the "country Church" if not within the confines of an incorporated town or city. This restriction has been variously interpreted and in this case it worked to the advantage of the Wake Forest venture. A site for the Wake Forest Methodist Church was secured on ~~Highway~~ Highway No. 1, south of the town just beyond the corporate limits. This was conforming to the letter if not the spirit of the indenture. At this time Wake Forest College had not been moved to Winston-Salem and some two hundred Methodist students on an average were in attendance at this Baptist institution. A large number of these students attended our church and contributed greatly to our church life. The growth of the Methodist Church through the years is conclusive proof that the decision to move from Rolesville to Wake Forest was a wise one.

The closing of one pastorate and the beginning of another is always a time of deep heart-searching. So little of what you should have done and wanted to do, actually got done. Life is a discouraging experience for every man in that he is always confronted with more things to do than it is possible for one to do. He has therefore to formulate some kind of philosophy with which to live: do the best you can and don't worry too much about what you cannot do. This will not always be pleasing to one's self nor the people he is trying to serve but it will enable the individual to live with himself with some degree of satisfaction.

The appointment to the Carolina Beach church, Wilmington District, if a little less than some of the family had hoped for, at least filled one member with great delight. Richard, our 16-year old son, anticipated the move as a fulfillment of his most cherished dream. The young church at the Beach, I was the third pastor, and the old church at Federal Point, a little south of Carolina Beach, constituted the Charge. At the time of my coming the organized congregation of Methodists at the Beach was but six years old. Up to now the few Methodists had found a home at the Community Church. Building a church of their own was something that had been thought of and hoped for. Constructing a building at this time while World War II was in progress was well nigh impossible. No doubt but that the project would have been left alone but for the persistence of the District Superintendent, A. S. Parker. He somehow found encouragement at a time and place that others found discouragement. He found an old abandoned Baptist Church in Delco some thirty or forty miles from Wilmington that was for sale. The idea of buying this property, tearing it down and transporting it to Carolina Beach, seemed a good

one. A very attractive site at the corner of Harper and Third Avenue, was purchased and soon the Methodists had a church all their own. The next thing in order for Methodists after their church is a parsonage. That same persistence seemed to hold on and presently this problem was solved. At this time the abandoned barracks at the Army base on Federal Point were being disposed of. This offered the Methodists an opportunity to secure what they needed. The church lot seemed ample. One of these barracks was transported from the site at Federal Point and planted on space adjacent to the church. It was at the time just an oblong enclosure with four walls. Under the skilled direction of Mr. Hines, an experienced and prominent builder who was a member of the congregation, the hull of a barrack was converted into a most comfortable and attractive six-room dwelling for the pastor. Another barrack of somewhat different demension was brought in converted into an educational unit for the church.

The journey to Carolina Beach on that beautiful November day was uneventful except for what happened on the bridge over the inland waterway as we were about to make our entry to the Beach. Driving slowly across the bridge, the spindle of the right hand wheel wrung off, dropping the axle onto the surface of the bridge. In spite of all the driver could do, the car was pulled up against the railing while the wheel, still on the bridge, rolled on ahead. We thought of what might have happened if the unfortunate thing had happened while we were driving along the highway at sixty miles per hour. We came up to the parsonage sitting helplessly in our Commander Studebaker behind a wrecker but fortunately no one was hurt.

There were at the time one hundred and sixteen members at the Beach and forty-four at Federal Point. When the Federal Government enlarged its defense area and took over a great deal more land, the little Federal Point church was abandoned. The building was sold to the Baptists and moved to Kure's Beach thus marking the entry of the Baptists into Kure. Some of the ~~xxxxxx~~ Federal Point members took membership at Carolina Beach while others went elsewhere. The cemetery on the church property and the only one on the Beach, was left as it was but the Government ~~xxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ discouraged its further use as a burial site.

There are some places where one senses the reality of history in the very atmosphere. The restless ocean that has in its own way influenced the history of man both for good and ill, helps to impart this atmosphere to Carolina Beach. There have been through the years a succession of hurri-

hurricanes that the old timers are always ready to tell you about. When Hazel which is remembered as one of the most devastating hurricanes to sweep our area in years, was bearing down on the coast, the word came over the radio that "All of Carolina Beach has been destroyed." There/ was some careless exaggeration in the report. Carolina Beach had been badly hurt but not destroyed.

Fort Fisher in the southern extremity of the beach area, has through the years been a point of defense for the mainland. On the ocean side there is a monument that marks the most historic site in the area. Here on the white sands at this strategic point was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Civi; War. This tall, majestic monument erected by the North Carolina division of the Daughters of the Confederacy, partially tells the story in the following words:

"Here stood the headquarters of Fort Fisher. The sonstruction of the Fort began in the summer of 1862 under the direction of Colonel William Lamb, commandant, who with General W. H. C. Whiting and Major James Reilly served until the Fort was captured on January 15, 1865. Each of the bombardments by the Federal Fleet of December 24-25, 1864, and January 13-15, 1865, was heavier than any other naval demonstration in the history of the world. In the January attack were engaged 58 warships, which landed with attendant transports, an army of about 10,000 men.

"Fort Fisher protected against opposition, a large and important foreign trade in war supplies, necessary to the existence of the Confederacy.

"Near this point stood a flagstaff of Fort Fisher which was shattered by a Federal shell on December 24, 1864. A new staff was erected and Private Christopher C. Eland (Kinston, N. C.) of the 36th North Carolina regiment volunteered during the heavy bombardment to replace the flag. It was shot down and Eland once more climbed the staff and attached the colors."

This battle so many years ago has been called the bloodiest and most violent in all North Carolina history. Begun on Christmas Eve, 1864, it

continued through Christmas Day and then was renewed on the 13th day of January to be concluded on January 15, 1865. Fort Fisher fell and the back of the Confederacy was broken. Ninety days later General Robt. E. Lee surrendered and one of the bloodiest wars came to an end. The big sand mounds over which Union and Confederate soldiers exchanged such deadly blows have been leveled by the winds and the encroaching ocean. For a long while the lonely monument was about all that remained to tell a hurrying generation what once transpired here. But during World War II, the Federal Government reactivated the area and again it became the home of our defensive forces. Anti-aircraft gunners trained here.

We are told that there are plans to establish a Marine Life Garden near the ancient site of the Fort. The Garden, if plans carry, will contain a salt water aquarium and will be located on a five acre tract at the terminus of U. S. Highway 421, twenty miles south of Wilmington. The property fronts on the ocean and adjoins the Confederate "Battle Area." The marine establishment will display specimens of marine life such as plants, sharks, porpoise, turtles, barracudas and all types of fish native to the area. Visitors will be able to observe live marine life in its native habitat. The ferry across the Cape Fear river at this point, part of the plan, is now in operation. Regular ferry service links together the two historic fort sites, Fort Caswell on the Brunswick County side and Fort Fisher on the Carolina Beach side, thus making the two more accessible to tourists and the general public.

The North Carolina Department of Archives and History has not overlooked the importance the Fort Fisher area has and the meaning it ought to have for the present generation. Working after the plan the Department has followed in recent years and in other places, the import of local history is brought to light and made to live in a vivid manner. A Center-Museum on the site contains mementoes and relics of the great Civil War battle. Here one can read letters written to/ loved ones at home by boys here at the Fort who were soon to fall victims to the onslaught of war. The Department has done a remarkable piece of work in bringing together these relics and artifacts that help to tell the sad story associated with Fort Fisher.

The American Heritage magazine, a national historical publication in the issue of February, 1963, contains an article that gives us a first hand account of the Fort Fisher tragedy. It was written by a New York

attorney, Stillman King Wightman (1803-1899) whose son, Edward K. Wightman, was among the number of young men killed in the battle of Fort Fisher. When the sad intelligence reached the Wightman family in New York on January 19, 1865 that the son had lost his life, the father concluded that he should go to Fort Fisher, this obscure spot on the North Carolina coast, and search for the body of his son. He hoped against the odds to find the body and bring it home for burial. It seemed that he got little help from his government. Some two months after this harrowing experience he sat down and wrote a detailed account of what he went through during the search. But he did find the body and brought it back with him to his home in New York. The original manuscript through the years had passed through the hands of his son and great grand-son, the latter being Dr. Henry Booth Wightman of Ithica, N. Y. Bruce Catton in his introductory says: "Stillman Wightman was persevering. It was hard to reach Fort Fisher; harder yet still to find the body of the dead soldier and to arrange matters so that the body could be brought back for burial; still harder for the father to steel himself for the performance of a grim but necessary task. In his recital of this experience, Mr. Wightman somehow managed to speak for all of the men, in all times and lands, who have had to see a precious light go out under the smoke of battle. He opened the grave where his boy had been buried, looked upon what remained, satisfied himself that this was indeed the body of his son, lived through the harrowing job that then became necessary, brought the coffin back home-- and then devoutly thanked God for the infinite mercy that had enabled him to do all of this. There were hundreds of thousands of fathers and mothers in the Civil War who felt as this man felt and there have been hundreds of thousands since then who have had to live with, and master, the grief he felt. Because his artless narrative expresses something not merely timeless but ennobling and inspiring, (this magazine) presents it here as a haunting echo from the nation's terrible time of testing."

Another incident one hears about on Carolina Beach, is the mysterious disappearance of Mrs. Lelia Lewis Bryan (the Lewis name is an old one on the Beach) and her four-year old daughter, Mary Rachel, on the night of May 10, 1941. The mother left her home to go to a near-by grocery store, taking her little daughter with her. They have not been seen or heard from since. They were driving a 1935 Ford coupe which vanished along with the mother and daughter. The husband and father, E. C. Bryan, was at home when his wife and daughter left. When their return had been unduly delayed, he went to the grocery store to make enquiry whereupon he found out that they had not been seen at the store that evening. By 11 o'clock Bryan was

at the Carolina Beach police station. Word of the disappearance of the mother and daughter went out over the State and nation. A concerted effort was made to find the two missing persons. The Inland Waterway was dragged as well as the numerous inlets in the area and those places along the Cape Fear river that could be approached by an automobile. Every state motor vehicle department in the country was alerted and ordered to be on the lookout for the 1935 black Ford coupe. It has been brought to light that the motor number of this car, 16-1833996, has not been licensed anywhere in the United States neither has a title to this car been filed anywhere. Despite the many rumors that the mother and daughter had been seen here or there, the continuing search by the FBI and other law enforcing agencies, no trace of Mrs. Bryan and her little daughter has come to light. Another mystery remains unsolved..

Across the Cape Fear river from Carolina Beach. the Department of Archives and History has uncovered another important site packed with history and with ruins dating back to 1726. We refer to Old Brunswick Town off highway 133, between Southport and Wilmington. Since this was once the gathering place for delegates to Gov. Tryon's legislature, it could be called the capital of the colony. Colonel Maurice Moore in 1725 received a land grant of 1500 acres from the King of England and Brunswick Town was started the next year as a real estate venture. Five years later or thereabouts, Brunswick was the county seat of New Hanover County. In 1765 a group of citizens lead by Cornelius Barnett surrounded the home of Gov. Tryon and protested the Stamp Act by placing the Governor under house arrest. This ~~was~~ is said to be the first incident of armed resistance to British authority in America. At the outbreak of the American Revolution the citizens, fearful of a British attack upon their town, moved to other quarters. The town of Brunswick or what was left of it, was burned by British sailors in 1776. On September 4, 1748 the town experienced something of a devastating onslaught from a ship load of Spanish sailors who came ashore at that point to pillage and destroy. A destructive hurricane swept over the area in September 1769. Governor Tryon in reporting the damage, said: "I believe from reports hundreds or thousands of the most vigorous trees were destroyed; many houses blown down...upward of 20 sawmill dams carried away...scarce a ship in the river that was not drove from her anchor."

During the Civil War Fort Anderson was built diagonally across the site. After the fall of Fort Fisher in January 1865, Fort Anderson held out for thirty days and was then abandoned. The ruins of old St.

St. Phillip's Church, built in 1740, remain the most impressive ~~XXXX~~ of Brunswick Town. The enclosed area measures 54 x 78 feet; the walls are 33 inches thick and soar some 23 feet into the air. A marble tablet on one of the interior walls tells the brief story of Gov. Arthur Dobbs who is reputed to have been buried within the confines. The new \$80,000 center-museum, built and maintained by the State Department of Archives and History, is similar to the one at Fort Fisher. Such relics as bits of china and pottery, nails, pins, buttons, dolls, wig-curlers, locks and other items that have been uncovered on the site since the restoration was commenced in 1963, are on display.

The scenic half-mile "nature trail" around Brunswick Pond with its countless trees, flowers and shrubs is an interesting part of the old Brunswick Town project. This interesting part of the restoration ~~project~~ is a result of the co-operative effort of the Garden Clubs of North Carolina and the Department of Archives and History. The flora display is varied and includes what may be the oldest crepe myrtle in America. William G. Faulk, Jr. the archeologist who is responsible for most of the work at the site, says: "The earliest written record of any crepe myrtle being grown in America was in 1804, that being the year when the Far Eastern plant was brought to Virginia." Faulk thinks some of the earliest residents of Brunswick Town brought crepe myrtle with them.

With the convening of Conference in Kinston, November 1-5, 1950, we concluded our pastorate at Carolina Beach. This and the Millbrook appointment were the only appointments where I served only one year. The Garland Charge, Wilmington District, was our next appointment. This was the point we came near being assigned when we left Person Street in 1937. It seemed that we were destined to serve Garland sooner or later. The District Superintendent, C. D. Barclift, talked with us at length about Garland. Some misunderstanding had developed there between the people and pastor. In an effort to effect a settlement, Bishop W. W. Peele out of Richmond, was called in. The situation was made clear to me and I was given the choice of going there or not going. My feeling was that the problems of the past and with a faith born largely of ignorance, I felt I could do an acceptable job at Garland. The Charge with five churches was well situated in a rich farming area on the border of Sampson and Bladen counties. I had met the Lay Delegate from the Charge at Conference, McRae Warren, son of Abel Warren, a leading merchant of the County. Mack was also a steward and Superintendent of the Sunday School. Surely a church that could

produce such a fine young man as McEae Warren was not all bad. I was not displeased with the prospects. His gracious offer to take his truck and move us from the Beach to Garland, did not in anywise hurt my impression. This was an unheard of courtesy in all my moving experience. It should be said also that this same truck moved us from Garland to Rockingham, a service that was rendered to us without charge.

The reception we received at Garland was in every way most cordial. It wasn't long, however, before I discovered that a spirit of fear and defeatism lay over the little congregation. Abel Warren, the financial backbone of the church, had through some misunderstanding been alienated and was attending the local Baptist church regularly and teaching a Sunday School class. Warren's two sons, Mack and Calvin and the boy's mother, were loyally supporting the church. Because of the financial prospects, the salary had been reduced as well as all other Conference items. The influence of this strong man could be felt in every department of the church. With my limited understanding of the situation, I felt that Abel Warren had not broken his ties with the Garland Methodist Church. Winning this man back into the fellowship of the church family was something that challenged us at this time.

The pastor working with the Official Board decided to make a frontal attack upon this problem. We would make an appointment with Mr. Warren and the pastor and members of the Board would go as a body and make our appeal to him in the spirit of Christian love and loyalty, to return and ~~XXXXXX~~ resume his place in the fellowship of the Garland Methodist Church. Individual members of the Board, including his two sons, spoke a word of entreaty. I shall never forget looking into the faces of those fine sons and listening to their words. Nobody today has a copy of what was said at the time and doubtless more eloquent words have been spoken at other times. But I doubt that words more genuinely sincere and from the heart have ever been spoken. We waited to hear what the response would be. He thanked each of us for our interest and coming. He would come back to the Garland Methodist Church and he did. His devoted relationship to this church has continued until this day.

If anyone doubts the success of our peace mission on that particular evening, all he has to do is look at the beautiful, renovated structure the congregation has today. They have ample quarters for a growing Sunday School and modern facilities throughout the church; there is an electric organ, furniture in the pulpit and a growing congregation. This one mission may not be the total explanation, but certainly it accounts in

a large measure for what has happened. A church divided against itself has not been known to accomplish as much.

Of all the places we have served in the itinerancy, Garland is perhaps the most difficult to evaluate. The deficiencies in a church-people relationship is more concretely manifested toward the minister than in any other. He may not get the credit for the good that is accomplished but he will certainly get the blame for the bad. The series of misfits that sometime befalls a church, is always unfortunate. Something like this might have happened on the Garland Charge. Whatever it was it was certainly a good thing when the Charge was divided in 1956. Centenary (Marrells) was taken off and, with another church from another Charge, made into a separate work. A parsonage was built at Marrells and the people at last got what they had wanted for a long time, their own pastor living in their midst. . In addition to the new parsonage they have also built a new brick church with adequate quarters for the educational and social needs of the congregation. All of this indicates a good working relationship between pastor and people.

The Conference in Burlington, October 22-26, 1952, assigned us to the West Rockingham Charge, Fayetteville District. I feared as always when up for an appointment. Most anything can happen at such a time. The Fayetteville District Superintendent, W. C. Ball, approached me at Conference and asked if I would like to serve in his District? Then he told me about West Rockingham. We had not thought that we would be moving in that direction since everything I had heard about was in the opposite direction. With only three churches instead of five and a substantial increase in salary, it did look like some promotion. Any secret fear I might have had about landing in an industrial area, I kept to myself. I was persuaded while in the itinerancy that it was of doubtful value to let any kind of preference as to type of work or location be made known to the appointive powers. Health is always a proper consideration at this point but maybe it has been a little overworked. From the information I could gain from the Superintendent and former pastors about West Rockingham, I did not feel too badly my appointment.

Moving day, always appointed by Conference, was November 4, 1952, the day Dwight D. Eisenhower was elected president of the United States with 442 electoral votes. Republicans also won control of both houses of Congress by a narrow margin, but we didn't know this until well along in the next day. Our candidate for whom we did not cast a vote because of the ideal of

moving, Adlai Ewing Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, went down in defeat. For us at the moment there were other more pressing matters. We were trying hard to right our topsy-turvy world. It was a cold morning, that November 5, 1952, but being already packed, we were on the road traveling at an early hour. By late breakfast time we were in Rockingham and unloading at the West Rockingham parsonage. My predecessor, M. R. Chambers, was still around and from him we received a most cordial greeting. Some of the local people came in to bid us welcome and to offer whatever aid they could. There followed at the proper time a visitation from the ladies of the church with plenty of good food for the parsonage family. Pee Dee church administered an old-fashioned pounding on Saturday evening.

The West Rockingham Charge was better than we had feared. In this kind of moving game as in life, the things we most fear seldom happen. The three churches, West Rockingham, Pee Dee and Zion, the latter being the "mother church" of Methodism in Richmond county, was only three miles out. West Rockingham had only the summer before moved into its beautiful new building. While there was a debt of \$17,000 remaining, the congregation was having no financial problems. Pee Dee the strongest of the three churches numerically and financially, was the most typically industrial but on the whole composed, as were the others, of a fine class of people.

We had no grounds to be displeased with our appointment. During our residence at Pee Dee we lead in the construction of a splendid education building with ample accommodation for the social needs of the congregation. In 1957 this church became a station appointment (separated from the Charge with its own pastor). A modern \$22,000 parsonage was constructed. We appreciated the remark made to us by the District Superintendent, "You laid a good foundation on the West Rockingham work."

The following account written by the pastor on the occasion of the annual Homecoming at Zion in 1954 appeared in the local paper at that time:

"Zion Methodist Church will observe its annual Homecoming on Sunday, September 12, 1954. For a number of years this day has been an important event in the life of the church and community. Members from distant points as well as local friends of the congregation will make the annual pilgrimage back to the old church and enjoy the day in a genuine old-fashioned manner. This year the day is particularly significant as the congregation will dedicate the recently constructed education annex. In addition to the new construct-

ruction, the auditorium has been completely redone. The choir section is elevated with an attractive paneled enclosure. The walls have been finished in a soft pastel green. The floor of the choir loft has been done in a beautiful hardwood, while that of the auditorium and the pews have been done in the natural. The exterior has been painted and screens supplied to the doors and windows.

"Zion dates back a century or more. It grew out of the 'Presbyterian Meeting House' on the Wall's Ferry road, which was used at that early date by all denominations. The late William Covington gave the land upon which Zion church now stands. The early deed bears the date of 1829. The older part of the present structure was completed in the early fifties. Bishop Francis Asbury, the pioneer bishop of American Methodism, preached in the Meeting House on January 21, 1801 and had something to do with organizing the Methodist congregation that has continued since that date."

Isaac London, Editor of the Rockingham Post-Dispatch, in the issue of Thursday, September 8, 1955, commenced a series of articles on the history of Zion church. In the first installment he wrote:

"Zion was doubtless a 'Society' by 1800. It is recorded that Bishop Francis Asbury preached on January 21, 1801, in the Presbyterian Meeting House and, recorded the bishop, 'We had a quickening session.'

"We do know by authenticated court records that there was a 'Zion Meeting House' in 1829 on the site of the present church. We also know that a new building was started in 1847 and completed around 1855, and the present building is the same building is the same building . . . erected 100 years ago. In recent years the remodeling has brought oil-furnace heat, electric lights, a modern Sunday School annex to the east side of the building, new paint job etc.

"The present building seats 225.

"It would be a mistake to say that the 1955 Homecoming is a 'Centennial' My personal opinion is that the first building erected on this site was around 1824. But tradition has

it that Rev. Benjamin Stealey preached the first sermon in it. He lived about a mile northwest of Rockingham where he owned land between 1794 and 1817, and the little branch ~~between~~ between Pee Dee Methodist and Pee Dee Baptist churches is named 'Stealey Branch.'

With the beginning of the Conference year, July 1, 1957 the West Rockingham Charge was divided: Pee Dee became a station and West Rockingham and Zion a Charge. If the present growth continued in the not too distant future Zion and West Rockingham will become two separate stations bringing us a little nearer the goal of giving to every church a pastor and program all its own.

Summing up the years at West Rockingham, we would say that it is good to have to accommodate yourself to the thinking of the people whom you serve. It is no little achievement when one discovers those areas of approach whereby those people whom you serve can be helped. I soon realized after coming to Rockingham that I was called to minister to a people who were radically conservative in their theology. I felt this more keenly here perhaps than on any other work I ever served. Preaching to the people on this Charge, while it presented some difficulty to me, I definitely believe I came out of it with the feeling that I had been helped. Ministers in their training and study tend often to go off too much on the liberal side. The common meeting ground between minister and people without which very little good is accomplished, constantly narrows until the effectiveness of the minister is pretty largely destroyed not only to this immediate congregation but to any congregation. Fortunately I discovered this early in my ministry here at West Rockingham. Sensing this need, I sought to give myself more seriously to the study of the "Fundamentals" of this Gospel I was endeavoring to preach, something I had not done since an earlier day. I subscribed to what might reasonably be called conservative periodicals although I did not cease to read a few of those periodicals that has meant much to me, i. e., the Christian Century and Current Opinion. I read again with considerable care that fine contribution that a group of very capable laymen gave to us a number of years ago, a series of volumes entitled, "The Fundamentals." This work was, as they stated it, "A Testimony to the Truth." The work was published by the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, California. I do not believe that there is a cure for the dangerous trend of modern day radicalism, the so-called

Social Gospel, unless we can know and understand the basic truths of the Gospel outlined in the Bible. A friend of mine graduated from the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago before taking up his work in the Divinity School. Whether he deliberately planned it that way or whether there was a change in his objective as a Christian worker, I do not know. But he did say that he was always glad for the grounding he got in the fundamentals at Moody. He felt he was better able to combat the assaults scholarship made upon his faith by having something definite to hold to. The pastor in the field is a long way removed from the theories advanced in the class room. The cause would be better served if both people and pastor were both more conscious of the problems and could strive together in the honest spirit of truth-seeking to arrive at an answer.

The other day they buried a young man (John Skally Terry) in Rockingham who had been designated, so it was said, the official biographer of the noted North Carolina writer, Thomas Wolfe. The two had been intimate friends for a long time and associates in the teaching profession. It was an interesting story, a necessary one to be sure, they told of the extensive labor and preparation the young biographer had given to his appointed task. Impressed with great admiration for his subject, he had worked faithfully through long years on the volume that was certainly to be the crowning achievement of his literary career. The thorough, painstaking effort that was made to secure the facts of Thomas Wolfe's life, was a splendid example of patience and industry.

The young writer's apartment in Brooklyn, so we are told, was literally filled by the year 1941, with notes, manuscripts, letters and clippings relating to the life and work of his famous subject. In 1943 he brought out a preliminary work, a slight volume, with the title, "Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother." The main task lay ahead. In the meantime the extensive search for facts relating to his subject continued. The pile of accumulated material grew higher and higher. Presently his apartment was filled to such an extent that even his friends were not permitted to enter.

In 1950 the young writer announced, to the great satisfaction of his publisher and friends, that the biography of Wolfe would be in print and available to the public within a year. But this proved to be premature, a promise forced out of him by the insistence of well-wishing and anxious friends. At the end of the year there was no fulfillment of the promise. The young author said there were still facts "to be

nailed down, libelous material to be skirted, the wrath of friends and relatives to be reckoned with." At one time seven publishing houses were bidding for the book, but the professor went on gathering material: interviewing acquaintances, photostating letters, gathering scraps of information here and there. Finally the publishers stopped hounding him but continued to wait patiently and hopefully. Everyone realized that too much time was being consumed in preparation. Everywhere the professor went in America he was collecting anecdotes and scraps of information on his subject. Occasionally a fragmentary article about Wolfe would appear but no official biography. It was said he seemed to live on stories about Thomas Wolfe.

One morning, July 19, 1953, the professor was found dead in his apartment. Amid the great pile of material relating to the life and labors of Thomas Wolfe, the earthly life of John Skally Terry had come to an end. The long, exhausting, painstaking effort, fell short of its goal.

This is not just another of life's sad and pathetic incidents. It is a truthful but sad commentary on life. Henry Giles had some thoughts on a subject like this: "And thus does life go on, until death accomplishes the catastrophe in silence, takes the worn frame within his hand, and, as if it were a dried-up scroll, crumbles it in his grasp to ashes."

Conference in 1956 was held in Greenville (June 25-28). After four years in Rockingham we were assigned to the Cobb Circuit in Caswell County. Bidding good-bye to our friends and faithful co-workers was not easy. More than ever before Richard was made aware of what it meant to be torn away from friends and forced into a new setting. We were glad that this had not happened until he finished high school. He was looking forward to entering North Carolina State University in the fall.

When one puts himself in the hands of the Methodist appointing agency he begins to understand how this system works. At such a time the strength and weakness of the system becomes apparent. The cause to be served in all its ramifications is so tremendous the individual is often overlooked. What chance is there that any kind of sympathetic hearing will be given the individual when there are so many matters of over-arching importance to be considered? Time and thought must be directed to those matters--and people--who authoritatively demand to be heard. On one occasion I listened to two bishops as they ~~xxx~~ conferred over the telephone regarding a certain appointment. Consideration was being given to the man to be appointed to this important station. The burden of their conversation and I am not sure ~~that~~ that any other qualification was mentioned, was that

he must, insofar as possible, have "entree" to the cultural, economic and social status of the congregation to which he is appointed. This one consideration points up the problem confronting the bishop and his cabinet. It may offer some explanation also why the individual often fails in his effort to get a sympathetic hearing.

We moved out of the parsonage on Thursday, July 5th, and traveled the long road to the Cobb Circuit parsonage near Danville, Va. It was near noon when we arrived, tired and weary from the ordeal that started early that morning but in reality had been going on for a number of days. We found upon our arrival that the outgoing minister was still in the parsonage and was not expecting to move until the next day. This was an unfortunate situation and should not have happened. We never knew the reason for it. The Conference sets the moving date just to make an incident like this unlikely to happen. All the ministers in the Rockingham area who were making a move at this time and there were three or four, all understood that the "moving day" was Thursday, July 5th. After some hesitant and uncertain moves the out-going family got out sometime in the afternoon. We got into the parsonage sometime before sundown a little in advance of a severe electrical storm.

On Sunday, July 8th, we got into two of the churches on the Charge. The first impression one gets of people and church are always important and lasting. The piedmont area of the State had attraction for us. We had lived in Saxapahaw for four years. We were exactly on the line of the western extremity of the Conference. Most of our neighboring pastors, the nearest ones, were members of the Western North Carolina Conference. The quiet location, so unlike Rockingham, on the Park Springs road with a small but comfortable parsonage (We were the second family to live in it) was much to our liking.

Caswell County on the Virginia border in the northwest corner of the State, has an atmosphere that is peculiarly its own. Old houses, old churches, old customs and traditions help to create this atmosphere. If we have thought that rambling old dwellings that date back to ante-bellum days belonged exclusively to the eastern part of the State where the first settlements were made, you are wrong. This area of which we write, while laying no claim to the oldest church or the site of the first settlement, can rightly claim the distinction of having done an excellent job in preserving old landmarks of which there are a plenty.

The old Red House Presbyterian Church in the northeast corner

of Caswell County was or abized and used as a place of worship in 1755 according to the Journal of the Rev. Hugh McAden. This was only twenty-one years after the St. Thomas Church in Bath was erected, the oldest church in our State. Mr. McAden lead in the founding of the church and served as church's pastor until his death, January 20, 1781, a pastorate spanning twenty-six years. In 1781 the Revolutionary War was being fought and the area was a bone of contention between the two opposing armies. General Nathaniel Green was retreating across the Dan River followed closely by the army of the British General, Lord Cornwallis. About two weeks after McAden's death the British encamped on the church yard and Cornwallis, it is said, used the church edifice as his headquarters. The Tories according to the record, held great enmity for Mr. McAden for what reason we do not know, and sought revenge by destroying the property of his family and burning the home. They dug into the grave and ~~murdered~~ mutilated his body.

Caswell County is proud of its history. One item among many in this long and noted history has to do with the culture and manufacture of bright leaf tobacco. This was in the day before the rise of the giant industry in the Eastern belt. Many a passer-by has observed the historical marker along highway 86, a few miles west of Lanceyville toward Danville, which calls attention to the fact that bright leaf tobacco was first grown about 1852 on a near-by farm by Eli and Elisha Slade. This revolutionary curing process that ushered in the "bright leaf era" and caused the production of tobacco in North Carolina to jump from 12,000,000 pounds in 1850 to 33,000,000 pounds in 1860, was accidentally discovered by a negro servant, Stephen, on the farm of the Slade brothers. The premium price paid for the weed stimulated production of the product. There were soon after 1852 some 97 small tobacco manufacturing plants centered in the area of Caswell. One notably successful plant of this number was one operated by Washington Duke on his eroded hillside farm in Durham County.

There are some interesting facts about the beginning of the culture and sale of tobacco along the North Carolina-Virginia border area. The early settlers found the Indians growing tobacco and converting it to the traditions use for which it probably is best known, smoking. The colonists in the Albermarle area, prior to the Proprietary grant in 1663, had taken up lands and at this early date were said to be large producers of tobacco. Even before this time the permanent English colony in Jamestown in its recovery from "starving time" in 1609 and 1610, had

discovered something of a "gold mine" in tobacco. From Jamestown the culture of the weed was taken into the Albermarle region and then throughout the Roanoke valley and finally into Granville and the whole tier of counties along the Virginia border. As cotton was later to become the promoter of the slave industry, even so tobacco at this date hastened the trend toward slave holding. North Carolina merchants were permitted to make payments to their British creditors in coin or in products such as naval stores and tobacco.

The culture of tobacco was destined to play a major role in the economic history of North Carolina, the State that prior to 1830 had been known as the "Rip Van Winkle State." There were some who were wise enough to see that tobacco offered a better financial future for them. It was not unusual for a planter to clear \$400 to \$700 per worker each year. Tobacco brought wealth and wealth brought prominence. The industry seemed to be waiting for somebody to do exactly what the Slade brothers did here in Caswell.

The attractive financial returns from tobacco was not in the production but in the preparation and sale of the product. And this is the next chapter in this interesting bit of history with its setting here in Caswell County. The "Rip Van Winkle State" needed a publicity agent and this was to come, surprisingly enough, through the medium of tobacco. Lefler and Newsome in their history of North Carolina says the Civil War advertised and stimulated the consumption of smoking tobacco made from North Carolina bright leaf. Some of the wiser and more enterprising men of the time, began to manufacture the product and make it available to the public. These small plants established by such men as Green, Blackwell, Carr and Washington Duke, processed the weed, packing and distributing it to the public, were men of vision and pioneers of a new breed in their day. About the close of the Civil War period, there were about one hundred of these small manufacturing plants operating in North Carolina. One of these plants was owned and operated by Blackwell and King on the Ark Springs Road in Caswell, the very community where we lived. These several plants employed more than 1,500 workers and turned out products estimated to be worth about \$1,120,000 each year.

A modern Horatio Alger story is that of young James Buchanan Duke, "Buck" as he was generally known, going with his father at the close of the War to peddle his "Pro Rebo Publico" tobacco from a wagon on the streets of Durham that there might be wherewithal to buy supplies to last

the family through the winter and this same "Juck" Duke becoming within a short thirty-years a multimillionaire and head of the American Tobacco Company, one of America's most powerful trusts. Indeed a mighty oak had grown from a tiny acorn. In 1865 Washington Duke began the manufacture of tobacco on his farm in Orange (now Durham) County. In 1874 the business was moved from the farm to Durham where an older son, Brodie, had been in business since 1869.

Few sections in segregated America have completely escaped the the racial tension that has built up over these recent months. Caswell County least of all with its large population of colored people who have been active in seeking to have their children admitted into the hitherto all white schools of the county. It is a contest with both legal and social aspects. And while this controversy goes the rounds in the courts, it is all too likely that a beautiful act of racial good-will enacted here in Caswell County, might be overlooked.

Some sixty years ago a negro lad was growing up on a tobacco farm in the Cobb community in Caswell. The colored family to which he belonged was a highly respected one. While a young man this subject about whom we write, moved away from the community to Virginia. Here through association he became interested in securing an education. After completing work in the public schools he enrolled in Storier College in Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. Later he transferred to Michigan State University where he was later graduated. He worked hard and prospered. He finally became permanently established in Toledo, Ohio. The tie that bound him to his native community, however, was never broken even to the strictly segregated Cobb School and the local Methodist Church. We found when we came to the Cobb Circuit that Bethel Methodist Church on the Park Springs road and sometimes referred to as "Gentleman's Ridge" was receiving regular dividends from stock in Western Union bought and paid for by this native son of color and donated to the church. During my residence the gift was supplemented by additional stock. This benefactor is remembered by the older residents of the community as Mack Williamson. Cobb School, which was named incidentally for Jack Cobb, a local boy who grew up to become vice-president of the American Tobacco Co., and other schools in the County have likewise benefitted from the generous gifts of this native

son of color.

There is a sequel to this story that ought to be told lest one misread the perfectly obvious. One day in the spring of 1959, during our residence, a late model car (I learned later that it was a Ford Thunderbird not exactly in the class of the Model T) stopped in front of the parsonage. A negro man got out and, carrying a gift package in his hand, made his way up the walk toward the front door. I was at the door and had it opened when he arrived. I did not know but concluded that it was Mack Williamson. I soon found out that I was correct. I invited him in. But he didn't sit down. He talked in a very gracious manner while still holding the package and a bill of money in his hands.

"Here is a little gift for the Madam" he said. "The money is to buy her something you won't buy for her." Mack didn't stay long. He did tell me that he was planning to attend Sunday School and worship service at Bethel next Sunday. I assured him we would be glad to have him join us and would look forward to his coming. Our congregation at Bethel was not an integrated one and I was uncertain what the reaction of the congregation would be. Having to meet my appointment at another church, I did not arrive at Bethel until 11 o'clock. There were some racial fanatics at Bethel I knew about; there probably were some I did not know about. When I arrived at Bethel that morning, I found Mack standing in the aisle and preparing to leave. I remembered he said he would be with us in both Sunday School and church services. I spoke to him and expressed the wish that he stay with us in the service that was to follow. He had engagement elsewhere and would have to go. He promised that he would visit us at the parsonage on Tuesday morning, 10 o'clock, just before he left to go back to his home in Toledo. This man thus provided me with an opportunity to become better acquainted with him, the man that I had a little time before this invited to become an honorary member of Bethel church. I did this at the time I wrote thanking him for his further donation of Western Union stock to the church. I do not know that the status of "honorary member" is very well defined; maybe I was wrong or maybe I was right in extending the invitation. But since he declined and none of the members ever knew that it was proffered, no one was hurt.

With exception of one or two incidents that Mack hopefull did not know about, I was proud of the way Bethel received Mack Williamson that morning. Many of the members made a point to greet him and make him

feel welcome. One man, however, took his wife and left. He was heard to remark as he went out that he did not want to worship with a negro. One suspect and there was not much doubt as to his identity, tried to make it unpleasant for the parsonage family. He persisted in calling over the phone at unusual and inconvenient hours. He talked in a disguised voice often pretending to be a negro calling to enquire about the church services and wanting to know if negroes would be welcome to visit Bethel.

Mack's interest in us was further demonstrated in presenting stock in the Missouri Pacific Railroad and in the Dan River Mills; not much but some and we regularly receive dividend checks from this stock at the present time. We are always reminded thereby of this loyal friend of color. We kept up correspondence with each other over the years. When the correspondence stopped and I heard nothing from him in response to me letters, I wondered what had happened. A letter addressed to his family at his known address, brought the sad news that Mack had passed away a few months previously. We had lost a good friend, a man in advance of his time and one who had helped by what he was and did, to break through the racial barrier.

Conference in 1960 was held at Rocky Mount, June 27-30 and we broke our pastoral relations with the good people on the Cobb work and took it up with an unknown group on the Macon Charge in Warren County. The three churches composing this Charge had recently been taken from the Warren Charge and made into a separate work. The name "Macon" comes from that of an honored son, Nathaniel Macon who has been called the most eccentric man who ever "trode the pages of North Carolina history." His modest home, dilapidated and all but taken over by the encroaching forest, is just a few miles north of Macon. Here in what has been described as a Warren County wilderness, five miles from the nearest settlement, he took up farming on some 600 acres. Enterprising man that he was, he eventually increased these acres to 2,000 and at the time of his death he owned 70 slaves. He used to say that "A man should not live near enough to his neighbor to hear his dogs bark."

Nathaniel Macon married Hannah Plummer of Virginia, having won her in what he called a fair deal from another suitor. It is said that he produced a deck of cards in the presence of Miss Hannah and suggested to his rival suitor that they play for high stakes, the hand of Miss

Hannah. In spite of his skill with cards, he lost his coveted prize whereupon the versatile Macon exclaimed: "Hannah, I have lost you fairly, but love is superior to fortune. I cannot give you up. I love you yet!" What kind of arrangement Macon made with his rival, we do not know. But he and his love; Hannah Plummer were married and made their home on Hubquarter Creek near the Roanoke River, preferring this location to the fashionable community of Shocco which he had inherited. The young wife died while Macon was in his early thirties leaving him with two daughters and one son. He never made any formal religious profession and never united with any church and was called by many an atheist. But each Sabbath morning his plantation bell pealed an invitation to his slaves to assemble and hear the Scriptures read and to engage in prayers lead by Macon himself.

Macon's political career began in 1782 when he was elected to the State legislature, serving one term in the upper House. He went to Congress in 1791 and served in the lower House from that date until 1815. From 1801 to 1807 he was Speaker of the House. He served in the Senate from 1815 to 1828. His total of thirty-seven years in Congress constitutes a record that has not been broken to this day. Although absent from the State during the long period of his political activity, he nevertheless was quite influential in North Carolina politics. He presided at the historic North Carolina Constitutional Convention in 1835. He was outspoken in his political and social views. He did not believe in the emancipation of the negro. A state had the right to secede from the Union, he believed, provided she paid her proportional share of the public debt. He believed suffrage should be based on maturity of judgment and not on property rights. He advocated public education supported by general taxation. He believed in religious liberty, county integrity, stated terms for office holders instead of for the duration of their good behavior. Perhaps he was one of the earliest advocates of annual sessions of the Legislature. He believed the State University at Chapel Hill should be moved to Raleigh. "Education in the cloister" was not part of his philosophy.

The day he died, it is said, he got up and shaved, attired himself in the burial clothes he had reserved for the purpose and lay back down. He himself called the physician and mortician and after consulting them about pertinent matters, he passed quietly away in his 79th year. He was buried on his farm 10 miles north of the little town that bears his name. His grave today is covered with rocks deposited there, at his request so it is said, by visitors over the years, at a spot he himself selected. The legend on the tomb stone reads as follows:

NATHANIEL MACON

1758-1837

"A soldier of the Revolution. State Senator 1782-1784.
 Representative in Congress 1791-1815 And Speaker of
 the House 1801-1807 United States Senator 1815-1828
 President of the Constitutional Convention of 1835 The
 strictest of our models of Genuine Republicanism
 Nathaniel Macon upon whose tomb will be written 'Ultimus
 Romanorum' -- Thomas Jefferson

Erected By

North Carolina Historical Commission

And

Macon North Carolina Community Club"

Nathaniel Macon has been called a Southern statesman of whom it
 might be said that no taint of corruption ever touched his garments, and
 that he served North Carolina and her people more faithfully than any other
 who ever represented them.

We spent two eventful years at Macon. The residue of culture
 in Warren County sets it apart from the average. The County, named for
 Major General Joseph Warren of Massachusetts as is also the town of Warren-
 ton, was formed in 1778. The territory between and Louisburg ^{and Brevard, N.C.} including
 all of what is now Warren and Franklin Counties, was originally known as
 Bute County, formed in 1746 and named for John Stuart, Earl of Bute, first
 lord of the treasury under George III. The area was known for its intense
 patriotism. A current phrase in 1775 was "There are no Tories in Bute."
 It is not surprising that in 1778, because of the unpopular British
 title, the General Assembly divided the territory into two counties,
 Warren and Franklin as it exists today and Bute ceased to exist. Warrenton
 is the only town in North Carolina that owns a hotel and a railroad. The
 latter is a three-mile line running from Warrenton to Warren Plains. Horace
 Greeley, the famous New York editor and at one time a candidate for the
 Presidency, was married to Miss Mary Youngs Cheney, a teacher in one of

the local schools, in the Emanuel Episcopal Church in Warrenton. Traveling south from Warrenton on Highway 401, one notes a historical marker which states that the grave of Annie Carter Lee, daughter of Robert E. Lee, is a few hundred yards to the West. She came to the Shocco Springs resort which is close by, in hopes of recovering her health by a prolonged stay at the Springs. Here she died in 1862 at the age of 23. General Lee visited the grave in 1870.

Warren County like many other counties in the State, needs a ~~stronger~~ larger tax base in order to increase its revenue intake. One or two textile mills, of small dimensions, have opened in the county in recent months, but agriculture is still the economic backbone of the county. Approximately seventy-five per cent of the population is non-white. The Seaboard-Coast Line Railway is the county's chief source of revenue. In spite of its obvious economic needs, the County carries forward its cultural tradition that is second to none in the State.

Another Detour

A little boy riding with his daddy over a road that was beset with too many "detour" signs and each one sending them off into some indirect way to their destination and over roads that were none too good, noticed the "detour" signs by the roadside, became curious and asked his daddy the meaning of the word "detour." The father hardly in a mood to give the word a correct interpretation, remained silently. Presently the boy said to his daddy: "I think I know what the word 'detour' means. "And what does it mean, son," asked the father. The boy replied, "It means bad roads." When I designate this portion of my story "Another Detour" I think some clarification is needed.

Back in 1937 I wrote the following at the bottom of a biographical questionair that came to me from the Conference Secretary, Thos. M. Grant: "Perhaps for the record I ought to say that I was born into a Free Will Baptist home, and affiliated with that church at the age of 12; attended the high school operated by the F. W. Baptists in Ayden, known as the Ayden Seminary; began preaching while attending this school. Later I joined the Disciples Church, held short pastorates in Wilson Mills and Wendell. In 1930 I united with the St. Paul's Church in Goldsboro and joined the North Carolina Conference the same year." At this point

there is a statment that indicates something of my thinking at that time. It is this: "I personally attach little importance to these transfers (In the parlance of the traveling father and son, "detours." They indicate in no wise any change in my doctrinal beliefs. I think I may say that through these transfers I have been saved from the restrictions that sometimes hard and fast secretarian ties impose."

One of the young preachers in the Conference was proclaiming his loyalty to the Methodist Church and was doing it with a bit of the ecumenical tinge, but he did say he feared he would not be satisfied even if he made it to heaven if there was not a little corner somewhere around where the people called Methodists could get together and carry on their peculiar confab. Speaking for myself I can only say, I share in the ecumenical trend, and see nothing wrong with the devotion the young preacher had for his particular group. We need loyalty among church people to their respective church and beyond that for the issues that are common to us all. Vital Christianity knows no secretarian bias. Sometimes I am moved to say that while others have talked about the ecumenical church, I have in my own way done just a little more. I have practiced it.

In the late summer of 1947 the Christian Church in Wendell approached me again about becoming their pastor. They had made a similar approach in 1946. The young Smithfield Christian Church, only recently organized, wanted a pastor. The plan as it was outlined to me, the one that had been devised by the Wendell and Smithfield churches, was: I would live in my home in Wendell and serve the two congregations, preaching at Wendell on Sunday morning and Smithfield Sunday evening. While salary to me was not the primary consideration, they had given thought to that, too.

We were faced with a difficult decision. We had served in the North Carolina Conference for seventeen years. We had made many friends and we prized them highly. In these service years we had earned quite a sizeable claim upon the Retirement Fund. We did not know that such a fund existed in the Christian Church. I was serving a good work. My future in the Methodist Church was not discouraging. Should we make another ecclesiastical detour? To be able to live in our own home on our farm was something that had attraction for us. We had to come to a decision. Dwight D. Eisenhower when he was approached by the Republicans about his possible candidacy for the Presidency, wrote to one of his friends, saying: "I

trust this explanation will convince you that my conclusions are not only sound but have been arrived at objectively and have not been influenced by my own desire and convenience." I am not sure that many of us can make important decisions involving our future life and work and make them purely objectively without being unduly influenced by our own desire and convenience. I am not sure that we ought to. Some of the issues involved in our case were so intensely personal that I am not sure that I can state them in such a manner that will make them understandable to another. The Methodist ministry and the non-Methodist ministry each offered in our case something different. After much heart searching and prayer, we gave the Wendell church an affirmative answer to the proposition they had submitted to us. My seventeen years of effective service in the Methodist ministry entitled me to at least two years of sabbatical leave from the Conference with the privilege of returning and assuming my status in the Conference with all the rights I had earned in the Pension Fund.

We talked with our District Superintendent, H. B. Porter, who was very understanding. I communicated with my Bishop, W. W. Peele of Richmond, Va. who wrote me in return as follows: "We regret to see you go but pray the blessing of our Father upon you." These and other friends did not try to make it difficult for us. At the close of the Conference year in 1947, we moved to Wendell and assumed the pastorate of the Wendell and Smithfield Christian churches. Each Sunday morning we were in the Wendell Church and in the evening in the Smithfield Church. There were certainly a lot of adjustments to be made. Neither of the churches had ever had a settled pastor in their midst and while the present set-up was something new, each congregation dared to hope for something better than it had known in the past. The two points were some twenty-five miles apart and for other reasons were difficult to serve. I soon realized I was not doing a satisfactory job at either point. Wendell was in the planning stage of a new church structure on a new site; Smithfield was an infant congregation and like all infants needed constant attention and oversight. The proposed building in Wendell had been in the talking stage for many years and there were some now who were trying to put the brakes on the new proposal. In a church conference one Sunday morning, some hard things were said pro and con. Some of the most faithful had to listen to some uncomplementary things that were said. One member expressed herself quite frankly, saying:

"I don't see why we have to have all this confusion among ourselves. Maybe it would be better since we already have a Methodist pastor, if we should all join the Methodist Church." One could reasonably well raise some question about the loyalty of this individual to her Campbellite group when he remembers that a little later she left the Christian Church and united with the local Baptist group. Listening and observing I could not escape the conclusion that my company of Campbellites, at least in one instance, were not quite ready to practice Christian unity that they had preached through the years.

There is not much to record about this experience. Smithfield presented many knotty problems and were too much under the dominance of a couple steeped in their theory of narrow ecclesiasticism. Something was needed that I obviously was not supplying. Through the State Secretary, C. C. Ware, I learned that they congregation wanted nothing so much as some good old Campbellite preaching. Thinking that maybe this could be supplied by an increased emphasis upon the early history of the Disciples, I preached a series of sermons on this history. While these sermons embraced some of the cherished bits of history of the church, I still felt that they lacked that peculiar flavor my long-suffering and restive parishoners were hungry for.

I have often referred to this one-way journey from the Disciples Church into Methodism. I say "one way journey" because in every case I have known the men who travel this road are always going in one direction, i. e., into Methodism and not out of it. I was forced to the conclusion that I had gone far enough on this one-way road to realize that I was attempting to travel in the wrong direction. I had not burned the bridges behind me and it was good to realize the way was open for my return journey. Why should this be a one-way road---this road from Methodism into Campbellism? I will advance a theory that is entirely my own.

The Methodist Church in this country is not be twenty-five years older than the Disciples Church. The Christmas Conference at which time American Methodism was formally begun, was held in Baltimore at the historic Lovely Lane Church, in 1784. Thomas Campbell, with his son, Alexander Campbell, is regarded as the founders of the Disciples Church. In 1809 Thomas Campbell delivered his historic "Declaration of Address" at which date the followers of Campbell are usually thought to have launched their movement. Today Methodism is the second largest protestant body in America, second only to the Southern Baptist Church. The Disciples

Church is in terms of numbers, a much smaller church. In the matter of age the two bodies differ only a few years, but in terms of growth they differ by several million. Many reasons may be advanced for this. Surely one of the dominant reasons is that Methodism has preached a warm-hearted, strongly evangelistic message. John Wesley, the founder, at the time of his conversion at Aldersgate in London, said, "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust the Lord and him alone for salvation. Assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." The Disciples have preached a distinctive type of legalism and too often a narrow, dogmatic ecclesiasticism; the Disciples have given emphasis to salvation by confession with the mouth and baptism. The Methodists have given emphasis to salvation by repentance and an inward work of grace. These may be somewhat outmoded terms in modern Christianity, but in that earlier day they signified something that had to be reckoned with. Methodism has never held to any peculiar system of doctrines. Wesley said, "If your heart is right, give me your hand." Freedom was given the individual to judge the righteousness of his heart. The Disciples movement started with a sectarian bias and a strong emphasis on baptism that has caused them to be accused of believing in water salvation. It is considered strange by some that Campbell launched his movement to induce unity into the divided body of protestantism, but the one body that has never been part of a union movement, if we overlook that early union with Stone, is this Campbellite body. Their theory of Christian unity has been strong, but their practice has been weak.

This American religious movement, as it has been called, has nevertheless made a distinct contribution to the religious life of this country. It has given to ecumenical Christianity some of its most forceful and capable leaders. The church in this country values highly the contribution of such men as Peter Winsley, the American prophet of Christian unity; Charles Clayton Morrison, the founder and for many years the editor and publisher of the liberal Christian Century magazine; Edward Scribner Ames and others. Leaders of the Disciples movement played a major role in launching the Federal Council of Churches known today as the National Council. If the contribution of this body is somewhat less than conspicuous on the local level, it is something else on the national level. It is perhaps the most conspicuous religious body that has had its total origin in this country and thus entitles it to be called an American

religious movement.

After two years of "trial and error" I notified the Board and Congregation of the Wendell church that I was resigning as of Homecoming October 9, 1949. I had resigned the Smithfield Church as of June 26, four months previously. Mrs. R. B. Whitley, one of the oldest and most influential members of the Wendell church, wrote us the following note:

Nov. 1, 1949

Dear Mr. Harris:

I am enclosing bulletin--this sermon ("The Power of the Cross") I enjoyed more than any other I heard you preach. As Charley (Shewas referring to Charley Price, a mutual friend) would say, "It put me on the mt. top." There was another on the Holy Spirit which came next. You'll never know how much I regret for you both to leave us. And Lerlene, you have made the best Pres. of W. M. S. we ever had. You bring spirituality to any meeting you attend.

Sincerely and with love,"

Mamie H. Whitley

Dr. C. C. Ware, State Secretary, wrote us in his letter of November 3, 1949, "I wish you would postpone your going back to the Methodist for another year and we will see what is the best we can do for you." Later he wrote, "Leroy, I wish for you the very greatest blessings and that you and Lerlene will get on well. Let me hear from you from time to time. I always rejoice to have good news from you."

Willard L. Sperry, in his book, "Sermons Preached at Harvard" (p. 37) has the following to say:

"We are told that in time of crisis and opportunity our conduct is seldom determined by our surface thought. The whole deeper stuff of the mind takes control then. The yield of our accumulated living over the years decides what we shall do at such times." The yield of my accumulated living over the years must have decided the issue for me. Somehow I felt I was urged along without having to make a conscious decision for myself.

Conference met in the fall of 1949 in Sanford. When the appointments were read out on Sunday afternoon, November 6 the place of our appointment had been made known to us earlier; we were entered for

Carolina Beach with a salary of \$2,800.00. Friends and parishoners from churches we had served in the Conference, were present and greeted Lerlene and me with that same warmth and sincerity we had known in other years. We returned home and began making ready for another move. The period of our settled life as we had been pleased to call it, had been short. Our home was not finished; the yard with its assortment of shrubs that we had so hopefully planted, were just getting started. We never had any thought, however, but to keep our home reserved for our own use looking forward to the day in the not-too-distant future when we would return. There were some who called and wanted us to know that we carried with us their best wishes while some wanted to know if we were interested in selling the home that we seemed forsaking and leaving. But in this one matter at least our minds were settled: we would not sell. The good Lord spared us and we did return, June 24, 1962. There were other secret visits to be sure when we made brief return visits and after a fashion that was wise or unwise managed to keep the house and grounds from deteriorating too fast if at all. Our return to our home at the appointed retirement age of 65, marked the closing of thirty years of service in the pastoral ministry of the North Carolina Conference. Lerlene passed from us on March 31, 1974, as we have already indicated, but the twelve years we had together in our home after retirement were happy years for which we are thankful to the good Lord. We had at this point come to the end of the last detour. The road ahead at this point seemed to be straight enough and with our limited foresight there were, much to our hearts content, few intimations of detours.

If there is to be a postscript to this record, and I think there ought to be, it will have to be this: Leaving our home which seemed too much like a bad ending of a beautiful dream, was something that Lerlene bore with surprising resignation and fortitude. And if it was difficult for her, it was hardly less so for her mother. The day we again took the long road there was nobody to tell us good-by, nobody except Grandma Brown. She was present to send us off with her blessing. She was so understanding about it all. We often heard her say she would not be around when that retirement date and return journey took place. In this she was entirely correct. A little less than three years after this, we managed to get away and take her on her last visit with her two sisters in Martin County, Aunt Gussie Ward and Aunt Donie Sexton. Two weeks later, August 31, 1952, she went from us. We will never forget Grandma Brown and the quiet and unpretentious part she played in our lives. Out of the love she had for her church and to which she contributed so much, she made yet another contri-

bution to the new Christian Church just a little while before she passed away. The pulpit furniture in the new structure was her personal contribution and belongs to bear the following legend: "Given by a long-time faithful and devoted member of this congregation, Mrs. Polly Lilly Brown as a memorial to her husband, Robert Benjamin Brown, who was for many years a faithful servant of his Lord and his Church." It was proper and fitting that Leriene and Clyde, the only children of this splendid couple, should convert the stock held by their father in the Bank of Wendell, into a memorial Fund, proceeds from which shall each year go to the support of the church to which they belonged.

Three Sermons

The three-year course of study required by everyone Admitted on Trial had a provision that each man asking for admittance into the Conference should write a sermon on an assigned subject for each of the years and submit it to the Examining Committee. The three following sermons are in the order given, the ones I submitted with all the limitations and imperfections appertaining thereto.

(I) Justification by Faith Text: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Romans 5:1.

The two words, justification and faith, are vital in the process of man's salvation. In any consideration of the subject, one naturally turns to St. Paul. While the Apostle, more than any other biblical writer, arouses our consciousness of the limitations of the Law, he seems now ere in his writings to have satisfactorily defined the terms. Instead the Apostle in his characteristic way, illustrates the text. His treatment is so thorough and satisfactorily done that we are never left in doubt as to the Pauline concept. Justification by Faith is not only the burden of Paul's letters, it is also the main issue of the Protestant Reformation which definitely marks an epoch in history. Here, the historians are wont to tell us, the church was liberated from the throes of ecclesiastical despotism and established the pre-eminence of the doctrine of Justification by Faith. Martin Luther, the high priest of the Reformation, declared Justification by Faith to be the "article of a standing or falling church."

Justification is one of the many words appropriated by Christian scholars from the field of jurisprudence. By derivations the word means, "to make just or conformable to a standard." Originally the word meant the same thing in religion as in jurisprudence.

Any judicial procedure involves among other things, a headship which is the judge. His duties are quite well understood, but for our purpose we will just say he presides, hears testimony and on the oases of the same, decides the issue according to the evidence submitted. "If there be controversy between men and they come into judgment, that the judge may judge them; then they shall justify the righteous and condemn the wicked." (Deut. 25:1) Hence the person or persons justified are acquitted and no longer subject to the penalty which the unsustained accusation imposed.

In religious terminology the act of justifying is shifted from an earthly court to a heavenly one, from the temporal judge to a divine one. The issue is the age-old controversy of sin; not sin that relates to the bodies of men but to the souls of men. The end desired is not the vote of acquittal by some human court or society of men, but rather the unmerited acceptance by a divine and righteous Judge of the universe. Man is for whatever reason, a sinner and stands condemned before the righteous Judge of the universe. We will not here argue the mitigating provisions of the Law. No one knew better than Paul the impotence and utter futility of these. Paul declared the Law to be a plumbline which revealed the leaning wall, but could do nothing to correct it. It was a thermometer to reveal the the alternations of our moral sickness, without being able to drive out the sickness and induce health. The book of Romans has well been called the protest of a man holding a thermometer in his mouth thinking it food. The Law was rigidly inflexible. According to its provisions he who offended in the least was guilty of offending in the whole. Paul could not perfectly obey and therefore knew he stood in danger of God's eternal wrath. In his defense at Jerusalem, he said, "I am verily a man which am a Jew born in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, yet brought up in this city...and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers." (Acts 27:3)

It is not too much to say that this teaching "according to the perfect manner of the law," perfect indeed as it must have been, found a corresponding perfection in the life of this resourceful pharisee. Yet it literally made a mad man of him. Armed with proper legal authority he went forth to persecute the Christians "unto death." He sought them out in every part, bound them and cast them into prison. When Paul talked about what

the law could not do, he knew whereof he spoke. In his old age we hear him crying out that he was the least of the apostles because he persecuted the Church of God and was not worthy to be called an apostle. The limitations of the law, find ample expression in the life of this man who has been called the greatest interpreter of the Christian religion.

But alas! this same Paul, and yet not the same, who plumbed the miserable depths of the law, ascends the heights of grace and proclaims the more acceptable provisions God has for the justification of all men. "When the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law that we might receive the adoption of sons... crying, Abbe, Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant but a son...an heir of God through Christ." (Gal. 4:4-7)

Justification and forgiveness are not synonymous terms. Paul may have been forgiven, but more, he had been justified in a manner, if not after a fashion, possible for all men. The question is not so much, How shall I a sinner become holy? This question is and has been asked by men of every religion, but how shall I a sinner be received by my God whom I have grieved and offended? Shall it be by good works such as is possible to every man in every religion or is it to be by some extraordinary provisions that man himself cannot provide? If we can clearly outline this process, I believe the fact and the method of justification will have been clarified.

Faith, like Justification, is a term that has been subjected to wide and varied uses. Perhaps it is well for us that it has. The word therefore is by no means a stranger to us that Justification is. We often speak of having faith in a person. When we so speak, our meaning is obvious enough. The Master in the Gospels often appealed to the disciples to have faith, and often upbraided them for their lack of faith. The experience during the storm at sea is an example. Similar references are found in the epistles. In Romans the fourth chapter, St. Paul emphasized the thorough-going qualities of Abraham's faith and identified it with the possible faith of a believer. It is clear that faith signifies trust and reliance. We go to the physician in whom we have faith; the soldier follows his superior in whom he has faith. A common definition might simply be: faith is relying upon that in which we have trust and confidence. The classic definition so often used is that found in Hebrews 11:1-2 and translated in one of the modern versions as follows: "What is faith? It is the confident assurance that something we want is going to happen. It is the cer-

tainity that what we have hoped for is waiting for us, even though we cannot see it up ahead." This definition, as every definition must, leaves something unsaid. Faith is not necessarily believing something that you already know. We ride through the air behind a skilled and experienced aviator, a Lindbergh perhaps, not without a tremor, but nevertheless with faith. Faith in this instance, as is usually the case, centers upon an object, the aviator. Thousands of uncertainties, known and unknown, attend the success of our flight and in no case would it be a success without the redeeming quality of faith.

Faith concerned with our eternal salvation is likewise centered upon an object, even Jesus Christ our Lord. We do not know the bondage of law that Paul knew, but it could be something just as non-dependable. Paul discovered that there were things the law could not do "in that it was weak through the flesh, but God sent his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." Here indeed bold stroke Paul makes known the object of his faith and not his only, but the object of everyone who shares this faith in the redeeming work of Christ. "By faith are we saved and that not of ourselves. It is the gift of God." Not only is the Object of our faith a gift of God, but also our ability to appropriate this gift. These words fit equally well any of God's promises and it makes the thing hoped for certain and the thing unseen visible. A definition may not help much but an illustration can. The whole of the 11th chapter of Hebrews, the great faith chapter, is an extended illustration of simple trust and reliance as reflected in the lives of a great host of men who walked not by sight but by faith and were, in biblical terms, justified thereby.

Faith is a prime prerequisite in man's salvation or justification. Can we believe what has been done for us through the person of Christ? Can we believe it to such an extent that assurance will be given us that it has been done for all mankind who will in faith believe. Faith is a virtue within itself but not entirely within itself. It is potent because it centers in an Object in comparison with which the faith of the subject is weak and limited. We are justified by our faith in Jesus Christ and his perfect work of redemption and through this faith we are saved. Faith is another name for our reliance upon Christ who thus becomes the source of our salvation. It is not the greatness of our ^{faith} but the greatness of our Saviour. When the British government dedicated that vast dam it had built along the Nile River in Egypt, it was the simple touch of a little finger upon an electric button that caused the giant gates to swing

majestically open permitting the mighty waters of the ancient Nile to flow into the prepared basin. The casual touch was merely a point of contact that brought the powerful dynamos into action. Even so faith even though it be ever so small, is the magic word in the process of man's justification and thus we naturally pass from the consideration of the adequacy of our faith to the adequacy of him who through his great love and in his own way justifies and saves us. Bishop Moule states it as follows:

"Man is drawn to ask, not, Do I rely enough? but, is Jesus Christ great enough and gracious enough, for me to rely upon? The introspective microscope is laid down. The soul's open eyes turn upwards to the face our Lord Jesus Christ ... Man relies instinctively upon an Object seen to be ... supremely able to sustain him. His feet are on the Rock and he knows it, not by feeling for his feet, but feeling the Rock."

May it be said also that faith as reliance is something far different from merit. Man is not worthy of rescue if, being in imminent danger, he accepts the proffered hand of a rescuer. The man who discovers himself to be a sinner in the old fashioned way as David did before the prophet Nathan; Isaiah in his vision in the temple; the keeper of the Philippian jail during the incarceration of Paul and Silas, cannot be more deserving because he chooses to accept the riches of grace in Jesus Christ. Richard Hooker said, "God doeth justify the believing man, yet not for the worthiness of his belief but for the worthiness of Him which is believed." We are justified by faith in Christ and nothing else. We are justified by our faith and yet not on account of our faith. The outlawed rebel may surrender to officials of his offended government. He may even be amnestied, not in anywise because of the valuable consideration of his surrender but because of the graciousness of his sovereign state. The rebel's surrender is a necessary means to an end. We might say it is only proper attitude. No power could make peace with a subject while he is still in a rebellious state of mind. Surrender is not the price paid for the freedom granted, it is only the outstretched hand whereby the proffered freedom is accepted.

Justification is God's amnesty to guilty sinners communicated through faith in Christ, simple, trusting, reliant faith; the rebel sinner doing the only thing he can do -- putting himself in a right relationship with an offended Lord. The guilt and penalty that are right to his, no longer hang threateningly over his head. He is the happy recipient of unconditional pardon and is granted sonship and adoption into the family of his lord.

(2) Repentance Text: "Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Matthew 3:2)

Repentance has been defined as a turning from a sinful to a godly life. This act called by whatever name, is taught by all religions of an etical nature. It is emphasized in Judaism and Christianity in a very special way. The objective it may be said of the Christian message is to produce a "sincere and thorough change in the mind of the impenitent. The old school resolved repentance into three elements, all necessary for one's salvation." These elements are illustrated by one of Dante's poems in which he enumerates the steps which lead up to purgatory. Here at the gate of purgatory stood the warder angel with a drawn sword. When the warder had given the invitation to enter, the candidate entered and passed over the steps.

"Whither did we enter, and that first stair
Was of white marble, polished so and clean,
It mirrored all my features as they were.
The second darker than dusk perse was seen,
Of stone all rugged, rough and coarse in grain
With many a crack its length and breadth between.
The third, which over the other towers amain,
Appeared as of fiery porphy
Like blood that gushes crimson from the vein."

This triple stair, it has been said, represents: First, Contrition of heart produced by man beholding himself as he really is, as Dante saw himself mirrored in the polished white marble. The second step has been likened unto Confession, an act which lays bare the heart, black as rugged stone, cracked, broken and coarse. The third step has a counterpart in justification or sanctification depicted in the fiery porphyry representing the blood of Christ shed for the remission of sins.

Repentance involves, first: the problem of sin. A consciousness of sin involves a definition of sin. For our purpose it might be said that sin is a wilful violation of the principles of the good life. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Since sin for our purpose is personal, it carries personal guilt and demands personal repentance. We are not thinking about corporate sin or the collective sin of society where, in the nature of the case, personal repentance cannot exist. Society does, however, provide the setting and throws around the individual that condition, good or bad, that aids or hinders the process of repentance.

Dr. John Herman Randall, Jr. observes that there has been a waning of the "sense of sin" in almost a single generation as one of the remarkable religious phenomena of our times. "No serious student of the Bible doubts but that repentance springing out of a conviction of sin is fundamental to the teachings of Christ. We also know that early Christianity was characterized by a overwhelming sense of personal guilt. But today this personal responsibility is all but gone."

Today the view of the social scientists more than that of the theologian have become part of the average person's thinking. He may not recognize the technical nomenclature of the scientists, but he does recognize and shares in the trend of the times. The culprit in our courts often fails to receive the sentence his misdemeanor warrants because his social inheritance has been less than desirable. The "exceeding sinfulness of sin" and the individual's guilt resolves itself into a problem that is not easily solved.

Repentance is not made easy by the individual's concept of God or his accountability to him. The old anthropomorphic idea (that God exists in the likeness of man) is all but displaced. The God concept today is stated on terms that are not essentially in unity with the highly personal concept. The God whom we reverently address in formal worship does not become more personal when he is referred to as "idealized reality" or "integrating force." Certainly no great importance can be attached to the misdeeds of a finite creature nor is repentance easy or likely when God is so incomprehensible and impersonal. And because this is so many today are lead to realize that, whether we like it or not, the idea of repentance in the old personal form has gone and the church cannot bring it back. And some of us are disturbed that not only is the form has gone but the necessity of repentance has gone also.

While the individualistic concept of life is passing we cannot fail to see at the same time fail to see how the commercial ties of the modern world is undergirding man with a sense of unity that religion per se has never been able to do. Thus as many of us see it, personal salvation has been merged with social salvation and Whitenead is probably

right when he says, "The problem now is, not how to produce great men, but how to produce great societies."

General William Booth has said, "My only hope for the ~~REFERENCE~~ permanent deliverance of mankind from misery, either in this world or the next, is the regeneration or remaking of the individual by the power of the Holy Ghost through Jesus Christ." We would do well to remember that Society does not make individuals so much as individuals make society. Jesus never initiated a mass movement to remake society. On the contrary his was an individual approach. Repentance that we are contending for can only be experienced by the individual as it involves both an emotional element and an act of the will. "Godly sorrow worketh repentance" in the individual and not in society. This salvation of the sinner and then of society is assured.

If individual repentance is not our primary concern because the individual lives in a society beset with sins that belong to the corporate group, then we are indeed in a perilous condition. If repentance is, as we have tried to indicate, "a sincere sorrow and thorough change of mind and a godly sorrow for sin" then repentance must continue to be our primary objective. Agreement on the meaning of the term used, is not difficult. The difficult question is: By what means is repentance achieved? If, as William Booth says, society is to be delivered from misery in this world and the next, a worthy goal to be sure, then how can this end be achieved? Maybe those who would discard the traditional means would do so not because the goal is not worthy but rather because the means of attaining it are at fault. Alluding again to Dante's poem, the individual is first made conscious of his true condition. The white polished stair was not important for its beauty alone. Its most important function was that as an agent to awaken the individual to a true sense of his guilt. On this wise was the individual's salvation initiated. Ashby Jones maintains that only that which is within man is real, that man lives by what he thinks. The problem is not one of transportation, getting man from one environment to another, but rather one of transformation. To carry a man from some East side spot to one on Fifth Avenue or from ~~hell~~ earth to heaven beyond the stars, may be worth little. If you haven't changed the man within, you haven't changed the man. So, by whatever means, this will continue to be our goal, a state of repentance that begets a new life, a re-making of the individuals through the power of the Holy Ghost through Jesus Christ, if we may state it in the words of William Booth.

If social and religious liberalism has lead us in a direction

that seems to be the opposite of repentance and forgiveness of sins, let's not be in a hurry to condemn the approach that may be different but nevertheless one that may be truly a co-operating agent and one that helps to further us toward our goal. The text, "Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," somehow lifts up an incentive that should help us along toward our cherished goal of repentance. Whatever explanation we may give in defining the "kingdom of heaven" or "the kingdom of God" it is out there for everyone to see. Whatever else it means, it undertakes to tell us that a kingdom of God's making has come to pass and is among us. Jesus talked about this kingdom as something else other than the kingdoms of this world. If the reality of this kingdom could once dawn upon us, then repentance would become a natural and sure thing. In making such a discovery we would find ourselves repenting of our sins not because it is the essential element in the process of salvation but rather because we are personally aware and have the assurance that God's kingdom has come to our earth and is already among us, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." Surely the leading and prompting of the Holy Spirit would make us more conscious of this kingdom, as William Scott is wont to say, and the individual is challenged to exercise his own will and repent of what he has been and take a step toward becoming what he ought to be. This is a challenge and at the same time an urge to action.

Classic literature as well as current life supplies numerous examples of repentance after the order of the text. In the inimitable story of Victor Hugo in "Les Miserable" one Jean Valjean has through a long series of unjust cruelties grown into a confirmed criminal. It was not until he came into contact with the simple and unpretentious goodness of the bishop that he experienced anything like repentance and was led to seek after the better life. In his meeting with the good bishop it seems that for the first time goodness became attractive to Jean Valjean. He was never the same afterwards. Was it not the abiding confidence our Lord had in men, all types of men, that touched the responsive cord and made them desirous of something better even the kingdom of heaven?

Dr. Harold T. Donaldson of the Congregational Church, England, relates an experience of his in the city of Leicester. "In the city where I live and which for many years Ramsay MacDonald represented in the parliament, there lived a man who was a 'rotter,' a drunkard, a human derelict. After many years of wasted life this man suddenly reformed. I

asked him one day what was the cause of this change. 'well' he said, 'One day I attended a Bible Class at which the man who is now Prime Minister of England, spoke. He talked about ideals and declared that a man must be willing to be crucified for the truth as he sees it, and that if everyone did this, in the end better people would make a better world. His talk changed my whole life. He kindled the flame and I have been living by it ever since.' Cannot the Holy Spirit working in the creature that God has created in his own image and into whom he has breathed the breath of life, use something like this to bring about that "right about face" condition that we sometime refer to as repentance?

(3) The Re-creation of man or Regeneration. Text: Genesis 1:26-28; Mark 5: 1-20.

In the first chapter of Genesis there is a record of man's creation. With reference to sequence this creation is not first but last. After the creation of the Earth and its multiforms of life and things. As Genesis records it, the creation of man was something of an after-thought. After the conclusion of the whole of creation, he said, "Let us make man. Thus man was created in His image and after His likeness. And as if the Creator was pleased with this creative act, this creature was given dominion "over the fish of the sea, over the fowl of the air and over the cattle and over all the earth."

In the Gospel of Mark there is another record which is in truth a re-creation of man. Here this superior creature who had been given dominion had lost this dominion. His dwelling in a wild mountain, in the lonely, desolate tombs of the departed dead. This man, if we may call him that, is a wild, demon possessed creature. He tears at his flesh and torments the country side. Neighbors and those around seek to subdue him by binding him with strong fetters and chains, but to no avail. All this he breaks asunder.

Into the country the Master came one day. This strange, wild creature of the tombs ran forth to meet him, crying, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God that thou torment me not." The Master commanded the unclean spirit to come out of him. Immediately we see him who was demon possessed, sitting and clothed and in his right mind.

These two pictures of man and I think we may call them that,

stand in striking contrast to one another. In one man is majestic and god-like, in the other he is demon possessed with little resemblance to the creature God intended him to be. In one he holds dominion over the earth and its creation, in the other he has lost all semblance of dominion even control over his own person.

The scripture, "Created in the image of God" has been interpreted in many ways. In this discourse we are interested in arguing none of these. We can however, appreciate the fact that in the twilight of man's creation and development, such a lofty idea should have been conceived. It might be said that the Hebrews attributed god-like qualities to man as the starting point of their monotheistic religion.

We do wrong in thinking that man's physical creation bears likeness to the Creator. We will have to pass beyond the physical if we are to approach that which transcends the physical. There are many races of men, ethnic groups, and each in his own way stands forth as an example that God has created all men of one blood and assigned him a place for his dwelling on the face of the earth. The physical likenesses and differences are not important as perhaps we are coming to recognize in this latter day. Paul thought of the body as the dwelling place of God's Spirit and imparts to us the image we bear to the Creator. It is important that we recognize the importance of the mind and soul in this relationship. Of all the creatures God has made, he imparted to man that peculiar quality of "thinking God's thoughts after him" not perfectly to be sure, but at least in some measure following along after the thoughts of God.

My object in introducing this aspect of the subject of man's regeneration is that it might constitute something of an introduction to the subject we are considering. The word "regeneration" itself pre-supposes the possibility of "degeneration" or else there could be no "regeneration." Since man's peculiar moral and spiritual qualities so distinctly relate him to God, it is not too much to say that, because of his failures in these areas, he may lose or never attain unto the image of God. The Bible certainly admits the possibility of this. The first man who disobeyed the commands of God, whether in the Garden of Eden or some other place, thereby lost something of the image of God. Cain, the first murderer, lost something of the image of God; Jacob, lying to his father and cheating his brother out of his birthright, lost something of the image of God in his life.

It seems that Paul carried throughout his life an accusing conscience because he persecuted the church of Christ and therefore considered himself the least of the apostles. It must be clear that wilful and persistent sin always leaves its scar and separates a man from God as one of the prophets remind us. Through the succeeding acts of sin, the image of God is more and more marred. As the irresponsible child with paint and brush carelessly soils the masterpiece of the immortal, even so sin soils the image and the possibility of the image in man. Here is the curse. Here is man's degeneration. "Who shall delievr me" exclaims Paul, "from the body of this death?"

Mark in his Gospel gives us another picture of man, another image. Here man in his degenerate state seems to be all that man should not be and by the provisions of God, shall not be. What has become of the image? There are certain physical characteristics of man to be sure, but little to remind us of the image of God.

We are inclined to pass hurriedly over scenes such as Mark records in the fifth chapter. We dismiss the subject by saying those people believed in demon possession; they believed in unclean spirits. This incident reflects the prevailing religious and social concept of New Testament times but have little meaning for us today. It was believed if a man committed sin he was a servant of the devil if not demon possessed. They accused Jesus of casting out devils through the prince of devils. This phase of the subject is beyond the scope of this paper. We will concern ourselves with the disposition of the matter as Mark records it.

In our modern day we have tried to bind men by the strong ties of moral suasion and legal codes. We are forever telling unregenerate man to "look for the beautiful" and "think on the beautiful." This doubtless has value. Some of us remember the principle of self-mastery by auto-suggestion as advocated by Emile Coue a few years ago, "every day in every way I am getting better and better." A newspaper correspondent wrote the other day as follows: "Multi-millionaires and billion-aires will soon become relics of the past under government fiat which compels industry to spread profits which heretofore went to one man or a group of men, over the domain of workers." Is it true that we can by government decree reverse the old process that our economic world has known and followed in the past? Indeed if we changed the economy without changing man we will have accomplished little. History can add many informative footnotes to this

kind of philosophy. Modern efforts toward social control are not to be discounted. Good has resulted from efforts to right many of the glaring economic and social evils of our day. But insofar as we seek to substitute these for the transforming power of God through Christ and his spirit working through the life of the individual, just so far are we previously at fault and doomed to failure. The observing soul has reminded us that, "the social life of today is full of devices and expedients for bettering the physical condition of the individuals, families and communities, while yet the soul life is untouched." These words were written more than a generation ago yet how truly they describe the modern trend.

"Sitting and clothed and in his right mind." This in brief is what I conceive to be the re-creation of man. The chain and fetters have all been dropped. The insanity he had known is a thing of the past. He is literally a new creature. The old ways and habits are past and forgotten. Paul reminds us that, "if any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature; old things have passed away and all things have become new." The Gospel writer does not pause to answer all questions. He nowhere tells us that this man has been born again, but it is clear enough that something has happened. This subject has been recreated. The old evil self has been transformed by a power and process that does not lend itself very well to our usual scale of analysis. We almost hesitate to call it strange for many of us have experienced this power in our own lives, mediated through the person of Christ. "For as many as received him to them gave he power to become of the sons of God even to them that believe on his name." Harold Begbie in his widely read book, "Twice Born Men" records many instances of perverse and unregenerate men changed in purpose, thought, and will. It is an old story for that is what Christianity has been doing through the centuries, transforming men and making them into the likeness of Christ. Is that not what Paul was talking about when he said, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

"He breaks the power of canceled sin

He sets the sinner free;

His blood can make the foulest clean

His blood availed for me.

He speaks and listening to his voice

New life the dead receive;

The mournful, broken hearts rejoice

The humble poor believe."

Historic Bath

(The following paper was written in 1932 and appeared in the North Carolina Christian Advocate of the date, December 29, of that year.)

On the east bank of Bath Creek, on a beautiful elevation, a short distance from the Pamlico River, lies the little town of Bath, the oldest town in North Carolina. The wide streets and the many old homes particularly the old St. Thomas Church, help to make the place an interesting site for the history buffs.

The first settlement made in what is now North Carolina was in the Albemarle region, that strip of land north of the Albemarle Sound and south of the Virginia line. The wilderness to the south remained largely untouched until some uncertain date between 1629 and 1663. The first road to be opened by the early pioneers extended from the mouth of Kendrick's creek in old Tyrrell County to a point along the Pamlico river later known as Bath. This area consisted of rich farming land, and, what was probably more important, convenient fishing waters of the Albemarle and Pamlico sounds. Hence the suitability of the town's location.

In 1663, at the beginning of the proprietary regime, the population of this region had reached several hundred but the hunger for land and "elbow room" kept the settlers widely scattered. It would seem that they remained scattered for quite a while as the largest and only town in North Carolina in 1709, having been founded in 1705, was Bath with twelve houses and no churches. At the end of the proprietary rule in 1728 the population had reached 10,000 with the town of Edenton, New Bern, Elizabeth City and Beaufort added.

Some of the most important figures in the colony resided in Bath. Governor Eden, the last landgrave of the province, resided here during much of his term in office. He maintained a residence on the opposite shore of the creek from Bath, where he is said to have negotiated many a clever deal with the notorious Blackbeard. Tradition has it that his castle was connected with the water by means of an underground passageway through which the valuable booty garnered off the North Carolina coast and beyond, was taken to be divided with the governor in turn for his protection. A huge kettle built of brick in

in which it is asserted the pirate boiled tar for caulking his ships, was visible on the banks of the creek until a few years ago. Other relics remain of those fierce, piratical days including the skeletons of several ships supposedly Blackbeard's, buried deep in the sands along the brink of the creek. Parts of these may be seen even now at that season of the year when the winds have blown away the thin covering of sand which engulf them.

Bath has interest for us today because of its connection with the early religious life of our state. The old St. Thomas church in which regular worship services were held today, is the oldest church building in North Carolina. While not the first church built within the province, this honor seems to belong to a wood structure erected near Edenton, it is one of the very few structures in this country that dates back to the early eighteenth century. This church, erected in 1734, twenty-nine years after the founding of the town, is easily the focal point of interest in the town. The cost of erecting a brick structure of this type at that time must have been considerable and indicates that the St. Thomas parish was of considerable size and importance. The correspondence of the Rev. Alexander Steward, one of the earliest missionaries of the Established Church in the province, shows that this was probably true. In a letter written from his headquarters in Bath in 1765, he states that there were about 1100 souls in the St. Thomas parish "besides a number of blacks."

Practically all of the building as it stands today constitutes the original structure. The door to the main entrance, the window and door frames as well as the "badly worn door sills" are of pine material and are still in an excellent state of preservation. The material used in framing the windows and doors are doubtless of original pine growth cut in the local forest. The bricks composing the walls and those in the pavement or floor of the church were brought from England. It seems that a saw mill was operated in the town as early as 1731. The whingle roof and the white glass windows present a striking contrast to other parts of the building and are the most conspicuous tokens of modernity visible from the interior.

On the right of the front entrance in the exterior wall, there is a memorial tablet bearing the names of the three men who founded the town of Bath in 1705, they are: John Lawson, Joel Martin and Simon Alderson. In a corresponding position on the left there is a memorial

tablet to Thomas Boyd and an epitaph , "An Honest Man."

Just above these tablets immediately over the door is a rather odd looking brick which has quite an interesting history. This brick, about eight inches square, is of the same color and texture as the other bricks. It has carved upon its face two words and dates: "Bath 1705--Church 1754." There is no doubt but that this brick is part of the original structure and for some reason it caught the fancy of some irresponsible visitor, for therein lies the story that is told about this brick.

In the year 1905 a yacht from New York docked at Bath where it remained for several days. Its appearance and departure excited no particular attention among the local people. Some six weeks later a lady from Baltimore who had on more than one occasion visited Bath, saw and recognized the little brick in the Metropolitan museum in New York City. She communicated with the Secretary of State in Raleigh informing him of her discovery and wanted to know if the marker which she fortunately remembered having seen, was missing from its place over the door of the St. Thomas Church in Bath. The Secretary made contact with parties in the Beaufort County town and the fact of the missing brick, which strangely enough at this time had not been noticed, was definitely established. After extended negotiations between parties in the two states, as the story goes, the much prized little marker was restored to its original and rightful place. The new mortar, at least newer than that in the other bricks, bears mute testimony to the truth of the story. It is believed the brick was removed from its place in the wall and carried away by some party aboard the yacht. It is too bad that the person who was so helpful in bringing this matter to a satisfactory conclusion, has to remain anonymous. We do not know her name.

Within the interior of the church there might be upon first inspection little to remind one of the antiquity of his surroundings. A wide center aisle with the floor paved with large, square, red bricks might be the first attraction. These bricks as well as others in the structure, were brought from England. The pavement constitutes a substantial base for the two rows of obviously old, hand made pews. While quite old the pews are not said to be part of the original structure.

That the early churchmen of this province conformed to the early custom of burying their dead within the confines of their churches is well attested to by the number resting beneath this crude pavement. The number is estimated to be about sixty. This type of burial is said to hark back to the early centuries of the Christian era and is said to be closely

related to the custom of praying for the dead. Burials within the churches or on adjacent grounds seems to have been some kind of solution to the problem of providing consecrated ground for the purpose. Crypts within the churches were first appropriated. When these were no longer ample, adjoining ground was procured for the use of the particular people entitled to attend divine services in that particular church.

Some of the customs observed by the English colonists, particularly with reference to their church and religious life, are interesting. Custom decreed a certain seating arrangement within the church according to age, social position and estate.. This custom was perhaps more rigidly adhered to in said old Virginia than any of the other colonies. One family in the old Dominion is said to have displayed its disregard for the "commoners of the community" by having them wait outside the church until their superiors were duly seated in the pews especially provided for them. So strict in keeping the vulgar lot in their places, that one member suffered great remorse of conscience just before her death. Feeling that some atonement was necessary, she gave orders that her body, as an act of abasement, should be buried beneath the pavement in that part of the church reserved for the poor.

In the northeast corner of the St. Thomas Church, beyond the chancel rail, there is a slight marble slab inscribed to the memory of Margaret Palmer, wife of Robert Palmer, Esq., one of His Majesty's surveyor Generals. The stone is a beautiful tone of gray, highly polished and artistically engraved in the conventional style of lettering and spelling of that period. The inscription reads:

"Here lies the body of Mrs. Margaret Palmer, wife of Robert Palmer, Esq., one of His Majesty's council and Surveyor General of the Lands of this Province who departed this life Oct. 19, 1765, age 44 years After labouring then of them under the severest Bodily Afflictions brought on by Change of Climate, and tho' She went to her Native land received no relief but returned and bore them with uncommon Resolution & resignation to the last."

Those who have read Edna Ferber's "Snow Boat" will doubtless recall, with a few minor changes, the whole of this inscription. Miss Ferber spent several days in September 1925, in Bath and vicinity collecting material for her book. This particular scene as she presents it is laid in Tennessee.

The old church, as she describes it, is covered with vines and the haunting atmosphere is pervaded with odors fragrant and mysterious. The floorsteps, as she truly says, are worn but the pillars are not visibly sawing. Miss Ferber's interest was also captured, as many others have been through the years, by the old English Bible that is one of the prized possessions of the church. It was published in England in 1703, and is a rare example of the early bookmakers' art. With heavy substantial covers, the volume is surprisingly well preserved. The thick, heavy pages are of excellent texture and in spite of their great age show little signs of discoloration. The printing is in a bold, clear type of beautiful old English. In recent years the Bible has rested securely in a glass covered case beyond the ~~examine~~ touch of curious spectators.

The Bible was a gift to the congregation by John Baptista Ashe who directs in a few well-phrased words on a faded typewritten sheet attached to the cover page of the Bible, that it be kept within the St. Thomas parish. He calls attention to the fact that the valuable old volume was printed in 1703 "contemporaneously with the founding of Bath." He adds that the Bible may well have been used in the first services held in the town. He continues: "In presenting it to the Wardens & of the St. Thomas Parish, I beg it may serve as a remembrance of Baptista Ashe and his wife Elizabeth, who was among the few residents of Bath from their marriage in 1719." Beside the deed of gift of Baptista Ashe, bearing the date of 1719, in which he disposes of his slaves and estate among his several children, there is also his last will and testament. The Bible is specifically mentioned in Miss Ferber's "Show Boat." As she describes it, the Bible contains the will of the hero of her story, a "time-yellowed document" clear and legible, hid away within a tattered and leather-bound Bible a century and a half old. There follows at this point in the author's story an extended quotation which obviously enough comes from this "time-yellowed document".

Resting on the altar before which officiating ministers through the years have bowed, may be seen the centuries old candelabra given to the congregation by King George II of England. These relics of silver upon a copper base, have been greatly admired by many thousands of visitors and widely sought by museums.

has

The church has on several occasions been the hapless victim of thieves. In 1924 when Bath was celebrating its bicentennial anniversary, two of the little drip caps were removed. One other had disappeared sometime previously, so only one still remains.

The old church as it appears today presents what might be a somewhat unusual appearance for an Episcopal church. The distinguishing mark of the cross is nowhere in evidence. A tower which was originally a part of the building, was blown down during a storm in 1811. Doubtless upon its summit at one time the cross could be seen. The old bell after the havoc of the storm, has been provided a less conspicuous place to the rear of the building where it may be seen today. This bell is one of the oldest church bells in America, given to the congregation by Queen Ann in 1710. It had been in service for more than half a century when the historic Liberty Bell of Independence fame was rung in Philadelphia in 1776.

A roster of visitors to the St. Thomas Church has been faithfully kept and dates back over many years. The long list contains the names of many widely known men and women. Last year more than three thousand visitors made the trek to this historic shrine. A few years ago the number went over the five thousand mark.

Intimations of the Past

(A visit to Roanoke Island and the "Lost Colony" pageant, August 1951)

The symphonic drama that has helped make Roanoke Island a focal point in North Carolina each summer for the past eleven years, has been witnessed by more than a half million people. On Wednesday of last week (August 15) we sat in the much written about "Watergate Theatre" and observed for the second time this pageant, the oldest of all the out-door dramas. We witnessed the production the first year it was staged. Seeing the pageant for the second time enabled me to catch some of the emphasis that I missed in the first show.

The whole spectacle is written and staged with the idea of making it a good show. And I suppose all the elements are there. This explains the fact that so many have counted it worth the while to journey to Roanoke Island for the showing of this historic drama. History is not often presented in such a vivid manner. The rustic theatre occupies the very site where the events depicted in the drama transpired. The tragedy is relieved by the gay and light hearted spirit of "Old Tom" perhaps the most unrealistic character

in the whole production and at the same time no doubt the most beloved character by many. For a drama to be complete it was necessary to insert the part of "Old Tom." Would a character like Tom be interested in making such a precarious venture as those colonists made on Roanoke Island? But who would want to eliminate "Old Tom" or even the villain, Simon Fernando? These various elements were necessary to make the pageant the well-rounded production that it is.

The thing that makes the drama appealing is more than its technical perfection as a drama. The Lost Colony story ties in with one of the most tragic events of our national history. Paul Green, the author, felt this keenly when he put this thing together. He was the first who undertook to portray so vividly the purely human element in this ill-fated experiment in English colonization on the coast of our state.

It was in 1921, while a student at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, that Paul Green visited Roanoke Island and tramped along the sandy road on foot from Wanteo to the site of Fort Raleigh, a bleak and barren site at the time, some four miles away. Green stood there on that winter's day and surveyed the lonely landscape surrounding him and brooded over that unfortunate event that transpired on that very spot where he stood, some three hundred and fifty years before. This young student went back to Chapel Hill and wrote a one-act play built around the imagined and half-legendary marriage of Virginia Dare and Manteo's son.. The script after finishing it, did not suit him so he put it aside and out of his mind until 1935 when he was approached about the anniversary observance ~~of the anniversary of the~~ on Roanoke Island. At this time Green had made quite a reputation for himself as a dramatist and was the one person best qualified by interest and skill to put the Lost Colony pageant together.

Paul Green the scholar and writer would surely make every effort to get all the available facts of the John White colony, to separate fact from legend. No attempt is made to tell the story beyond the point of their departure from Roanoke Island. Despite the efforts that have been made to get the facts concerning the fate of the colonists, nothing for a certainty is known. The most creditable theory perhaps, is the one that would have us believe that the colonists made their way and found a welcome among the friendly Indians in what is now Robeson County. the Indians living there today feel sure that their roots go back to the

English colony on Roanoke Island established at that place in 1587. After John White's long delay to return with provisions, the colonists in their great need and despair left the Island and sought refuge among the neighboring tribes in what is now the Pamlico area. Here they were discovered by white settlers early in the 18th century.. Evidence that seems conclusive enough supports this theory. A large number of the names found among the Indians there today are the same as those known to be on the roster of the Roanoke Island colony, fifty-four in fact. Traditions preserved among these Indians offers further proof. Words and forms of grammar common among the English in 1587, lend further credence to this theory. Recent refugees who early penetrated what is now Roberson County reported the area "thickly populated by a tribe of Indians living in well laid out villages, tilling the soil, possessed of slaves, practicing many of the arts of civilization and speaking English." There were, strangely enough, few Indian customs practiced among them. They used no Indian language. The 1850 census revealed approximately thirty-two thousand of these people living in Roberson County.

The first production of the Lost Colony pageant was in 1937. August 18 of that year is often referred to as the "big day" on the Island. On that day the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, as well as a distinguished delegation from Washington, brought more people to the Island than could be accommodated. There was hardly standing room. That evening there were two renditions of the pageant, the first, staged at a somewhat earlier hour than usual, was attended by Mr. Roosevelt and whoever else could cough up enough cash to pay the premium price that was charged for that particular showing. The second show which followed immediately the first, was charged for at the regular rate.

In the opening scene Father Martin is standing with his hands upraised and pronouncing an invocation. I did not see a more impressive figure or hear a finer voice than that of Sam Green who played the part. It is not clear why he is called "Father" for that title did not belong to the minister in the Established Church. The opening prologue was from Paul Green's poem, "Dream of the Lost Colony."

"For here once walked the men of dreams,
The sons of hope and pain and wonder,
Upon their forgeads truth's bright diadem,
The light of the sun in their countenance,
And their lips singing a new song---
A song for ages yet unborn.

For us the children that came after them---

'O new and mighty world to be!'

They sang.

'O Land majestic, free unbounded!'

This was the vision, this the fadeless dream---

Tread softly, softly now these yellow sands,

This was the grail, the living light that leapt---

Speak gently, gently on these muted, tongueless shores.

Now down the trackless hollow years

That swallowed them but not their song

We send response---

'O lusty singer, dreamer, pioneer,

Lord of the wilderness, the unafraid,

Tamer of darkness, fire and flood,

Of the soaring spirit winged aloft

On the plumes of agony and death---

Hear us, O hear!

The dream still lives

And shall not die!"

The pageant is helped, it seems to me, by the emphasis it gives to religion. We know that the colonies in many instances were congregations transplanted into the New World. The church was a big part of their lives and was not left behind when they migrated to these shores. George Martin as a priest, conducted divine services, administered the ordinance of baptism and was spiritual advisor to the entire colony. Virginia Dare, the first white child born in America of English parents, was baptized when she was two days old. Previous to this, August 13, the Indian Lanteo was christened Lord of Roanoke. Dr. A. B. Newsom says this was the first recorded Christian service by English protestants in America. Father Martin conducted funerals for the dead. When he was sick and not able to render this service, there was a woman assistant. There were stated times for prayer. In the center of the community life in the fort, there was the chapel with the altar and the cross in the midst. Religion, we can well understand, was not a sentimental thing with these people in the midst of their hardships. Their prayers were not said behind closed doors with shame-faced apology.

It is often said that the pioneers came to the shores of North America seeking religious liberty and this might be the explanation, as some believe, why North America has had a greater growth than the America to the south of us. To say that the colonists were seeking religious liberty is not ~~to~~ to say that this was even their primary concern after they were planted on these shores. Religion ^{was} just one of the many concerns as they tried to adjust to the hard life of the wilderness. These pioneers of whom we speak with the barest essentials and little assurance that even these would hold out, had little time or interest for the adornments of religion. They were religious in the sense that people ought to be religious: in the midst of their living and their work. They did not ~~attempt~~ try to convert the savages. No missionary societies were organized for that purpose. The only one so won that we know anything about, was Wampanoag and that after he had been in England for quite a while. This is not to say that the English were not missionary people. They were the most missionary minded of any people. John Wesley came to America, as he said, to convert the Indians to the Christian religion, not to say to the Established church. The first organized effort toward Christian missions in America was made by the English through the medium of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, one of the oldest missionary societies in the world.

The modern man looks upon a venture like that on Roanoke Island with a bit of wonderment. It is hard for us moderns to know exactly what was in their minds. They with what seems to us, little reluctance, tore themselves a loose from civilization, families, businesses for this uncertain venture into this new and strange American wilderness. Schwitzer and Grenfell in Labrador, if they might be said to be typical of modern missionaries, made a similar venture and yet not the same. They plunged into a primitive situation to be sure, but they never knew the isolation and danger of those colonists on Roanoke Island.

While the pursuit of religious freedom must not be lost sight of, it can hardly be said to be the dominant factor. There was something maybe a "faded dream" as Paul Green has said, that inspired such a courageous venture. A few things are clear. The great age of colonialism was just beginning. Spain was already established in Florida and had been since 1565. A little later the Dutch were to establish themselves in what is now New York; the French in Canada and the middle west. Queen Elizabeth and those around her felt that the future of England and the English people depended upon colonial possessions in the New World. How did all of this look to the individual colonists? Did he share this interest in colonial

expansion? It is doubtful. His desire and those of his fellow travelers we may reasonably assume, was to improve his personal fortune and at the same time perhaps, that of his nation. And but for an unfortunate turn of fate, this might have been so with that little colony on Roanoke Island.

One final and lasting impression after viewing the pageant for the second time, is that our best laid plans may certainly fail. The concluding scene is hardly a fitting climax for a brave colony with a heavenly vision and a fadeless dream. But as part of a piece of the historic drama, it marks the climax of a great story, grandly conceived and dramatically executed. The brave company of men and women, their number greatly diminished by treachery and starvation, march away and disappear into the darkness. And that oblivion that has so securely concealed their fate, closes in around them. It is another instance of brave men who were endowed with a vision that exceeded their grasp. They played their part nobly and well. We cannot help but feel proud that our day and generation should claim such heroic souls as our forebears and pathfinders of a new and better day.

Methodism and Union

(Delivered at the Wendell Rotary Club, January 6, 1976)

Talking with a friend the other day, he reminded me that it was his birthday. He had been around for sometime and I was interested in knowing how he felt about life in general. I asked him if he had been going to select the time to be born, would he have chosen that particular time? I was not prepared for the answer he gave me. "If I had been going to choose the time to be born, I wouldn't have been born at all."

I was born in 1897 and the world into which I was born was a relatively quiet place. William McKinley had been inaugurated president on March 4th of that year. Next year we found ourselves in a relatively insignificant war with Spain. Everything that was happening to us at that time had little significance compared to what was so soon to happen. In 1914 World War I broke out. In 1939 World War II and the world has never been the same since.

I began my thirty-year ministry in the Methodist Church in 1930, uniting with the M. E. Church, South and the North Carolina Conference that year. At that time the M. E. Church, South was much the same church that it had been since it was organized as a separate body in 1844. Most of us had thought of nothing else but that it would continue to be the church it had been. The matter of union of the three dominant Methodist bodies in this country had been talked and many gestures had been made toward union. But union in the minds of those who thought about it at all was an ideal the achievement of which lay a long way in the future. But in a world that was entering an era of change, it was not so far off. The time I had chosen to become identified with the Methodist Church, South was soon to witness the greatest change since its organization. In a short nine years the three separate branches of Methodism here in the United States were to unite to form the Methodist Church and the church we had known has never been the same since.

To clarify the issues it becomes necessary to recall some of the history of these three Methodist bodies that have together figured so prominently in the religious history of this country. And since the union came about so soon after I united with the church, it was my privilege to live through that period of adjustment following the union. Some of the problems of this union in the local church, I personally had to deal with.

We have made a great deal of this matter of separation of church and state in this country. The early founders of this country, those who laid the mud sills, so to speak, came from countries where this was not so. These people carried memories, sometimes unhappy memories, of a state controlled by a church or vice versa. The idea of a complete separation of the two was an ideal toward which they could hopefully look and earnestly strive. Many think the ideal of freedom of religion in this country has too largely disintegrated into something close to freedom from religion. The Declaration of Independence of 1776, which bicentennial we celebrate this year, incorporated both freedom of the church and state. Just what form this independence would take was not very clear until the formal adoption of the Constitution in 1787.

The interesting fact is that this Government of ours and this church of ours ~~xxx~~ ^{were} being organized and put together about the same time, and, as many have noted, there is a striking similarity between the two. The Convention that framed the Constitution met in 1787. Three years before this, in 1784, a little group of Methodist preachers in this country under the leadership of the two men John Wesley had appointed and ordained, Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury, labored through a few days in a little church known today as Lovely Lane Methodist Church, a name that hardly fitted the church or its surroundings, to put together the Methodist Episcopal Church as it was to become known in this country. This was the first conference held by the Methodists and it became the forerunner of the General Conference of the church. A letter was read from John Wesley in which he said: "Our American brethren are now totally disentangled from the both the state and the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again, either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty to follow the Scriptures and the Primitive Church."

This conference known in history as the "Christmas Conference" because it convened on December 24, although it was a little in advance of the Constitutional Convention, ~~xxx~~ organized the Methodist Church after a pattern very similar to that of the Government. The three divisions of our Government, the executive, the legislative and the judicial, have their counterpart in the Methodist Church. The legislative function was given and remains with the General Conference of the church; the executive leads up in the office of bishop. The judicial function heads up in the Judicial Council. This body passes on questionable legislation and procedures.

It is an interesting fact that while the ideal of democracy was dominant in the minds of those who fashioned the state, this ideal

didn't quite catch on with those men who fashioned the church. The General Conference, the legislative body, unlike the legislative body of the state, was not made up of representatives from the church at large. It was composed of the ministers of the church and this continued to be so until 1808. In that year a plan was adopted providing for a membership of delegates elected by the several annual conferences. These delegates, it must be noted, had to be preachers. At this point and for this very reason the church made herself the target of criticism and controversy that was to lead eventually to a division in the church.

The early history of Methodism in America was largely identified with the slaveholding section. We are told that the southern colonies furnished the majority of the young men entering the ministry of the church during the Revolutionary War period. In 1783 out of approximately 15,000 members in the Methodist societies, as the church was called at that time, only about 2,000 resided in what later came to be known as the "free states." Out of the nine bishops elected to the office previous to 1844, six had been natives of slave-holding states. All the conferences between 1776 and 1808 were held either in Baltimore or in that region. Because the southern element was dominant and perhaps for convenience of the location, the first annual Conference following the Christmas Conference was held in the farm home of Green Hill, a few miles east of Louisville in Franklin County.

The usurpation of power whether in the church or state, was not a problem to begin with. In the abuse of power perhaps the church is as much at fault as the state. As was a wise man who said, "Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Eight years after the organization of the church, in 1792, James O'Kelly of Virginia with a considerable body of sympathizers, withdrew because they objected to the episcopal power exercised by the bishops in appointing preachers to their field of labor. They organized the "Republican Methodists" which group later joined with others in forming what became known as the "Christian Church" not to be confused with the "Christian Church" sometimes known as the Disciples of Christ.

Thirty-eight years later there was another exit by a group who also objected to the arbitrary power exercised by the bishop and also because the rights of laymen were overlooked. This element withdrew in 1821 and formed the Methodist Protestant Church. This group favored the equal rights of both ministers and laity and opposed the office of bishop.

In 1843 the Wesleyan Methodist Church was organized in the interest of a more emphatic protest against slavery and in objection to the episcopacy.

A group calling themselves Free Methodists withdrew in 1860. These held different ideas concerning secret societies, discipline and the doctrine of sanctification.

The traditional way of solving problems in the church too often has been: when you can't agree, divide. Herein lies the explanation for the proliferation of the various protestant bodies. In 1844 the Methodist Episcopal Church split right down the middle, dividing into the northern and southern divisions. The former maintaining the original name while the latter retained the old name and added the suffix, "South." The more reasonable conclusion seems to me that one branch was as much a part of the original church as the other. It was a clear case of agreeing to disagree. Methodist preachers almost from the beginning had been opposed to the institution of human slavery. The Christmas Conference of 1784 enacted a specific rule requiring all slave-holding members under penalty of expulsion for non-compliance, to emancipate their slaves. This action is a little surprising when one remembers that this was at a time when the southern element was in the dominance. The rule, however, stirred up so much trouble and was so impracticable of execution, that in less than six months it was suspended. After this various and conflicting measures were adopted. In 1808 the General Conference provided that each annual conference should deal with the matter according to its own judgment. In 1816 this provision was modified by another statute to the effect that no slave-holder should be appointed to any official position in the church if the state in which he lived made it possible for him to liberate his slaves. This rule remained in effect until 1844. This compromise was based upon the supposition that, while slavery was an evil to be mitigated in every possible way, it was not necessarily a sin.

In the General Conference of 1844, the issue came to a head and no reasonable compromise could be reached. Bishop James L. Andrew of Georgia, a man of high Christian character and "eminent beyond almost any living minister" for the interest he had taken in the welfare of slaves, by inheritance and marriage, became a nominal slave-holder. The laws of Georgia did not permit either him or his wife to free their slaves. At this session of the 1844 session of the General Conference, a resolution was adopted calling attention to the embarrassment which could result in the bishop's exercise of his office as General Superintendent. The resolution

declared that it was the sense "of this General Conference that he desist from the exercise of his office so long as this impediment remains."

The southern element in the Conference resented this action and entered a protest against it. They contended that if the bishop had violated any law of the church there was no objection to his being put to trial, but they did object to his deposition by a mere majority vote without any specific allegation based upon the law of the church being brought against him. Such action they regarded as a flagrant violation of the constitution of the church, according to which, as they interpreted it, the episcopacy was not a mere office subject to the control of the omnipotent General Conference but a coordinate and independent branch of the church government.

A prolonged debate followed, conducted, we are told, in an admirable Christian spirit. A provisional plan of separation was adopted to become effective whenever the southern element deemed it necessary. This seemed, to say the least, an indefinite and inconclusive ~~xxxxxxxion~~ decision. But it opened the way for the southern element to take the initiative. This they did by calling the First General Conference which met in Petersburg, Va. in 1846. The name, the M. E. Church, South was decided upon. The church had two bishops, Joshua Soule and James L. Andrews and sixteen annual conferences. There were 1,519 traveling preachers, 2,833 local preachers, 327,284 white members, 124,956 negro members and 2,972 Indian members making a total of 459,569 members.

If 1844 is a date to be remembered in Methodism, 1939 is more worthy to be remembered. After ninety-five years vast changes had taken place in this country. In the state we had become more internationally minded, in the church, more ecumenically minded. We sometimes say as religion has become less vital, doctrinal ideas don't matter so much. Two people who don't believe anything will have less difficulty in uniting their efforts than two people who have settled convictions and are highly opinionated.

Maybe the plan of union that was brought forward in 1939 would have been acceptable many years earlier if it had been submitted. The plan that brought the church together in 1939 dividing the areas served by the church into jurisdictions was ingenious in itself. The question of slavery, the chief cause of contention heretofore, was now turned to the colored element. The southern church had its own ideas about this problem. An acceptable solution, at least a temporary one, was found in that all the negro element of the church were assigned

to one jurisdiction, the Central. This in substance gave the negroes their own church. Their bishops were elected by their Jurisdictional Conference.

On April 25, 1939 the Uniting Conference convened in Kansas City and the three Methodist bodies, the M. E. Church, the M. E. Church, South and the Methodist Protestant church were formally united to form the Methodist Church. The name was changed to the United Methodist Church in 1968 when the United Brethren Church entered the union. On the evening of May 10, at 8:59 in Kansas City the Declaration of Union was proclaimed: "No one stands in opposition ... The Declaration of Union has been adopted. The Methodist Church is. Long live the Methodist Church!" Bishop John H. Moore says, "It is well known and cannot be repeated too often and too emphatically that only the jurisdictional conference won the Church, South, to unification. The Church, South made great sacrifices in entering the union for which it expected compensation through the jurisdictional system."

As difficult as it was in uniting the church at the top, it was soon discovered that not the least of the problem consisted in uniting the church at the bottom. In the final analysis this was to be the test of the validity of union. A minority group in the south opposed the union and sought to organize a separate body using the discarded name of the Church, South. This objective was frustrated by the courts but this same element carried forward their objective in forming the Southern Methodist Church.

At the time union in 1939, I was serving the Maysville Charge on the border of Jones and Ansley Counties at that time in the Wilmington District. The union had little significance for Methodist people in this area. We were satisfied with the M. E. Church, South and there wasn't a church of either of the former Methodist bodies within a hundred miles. The significance of the change in name and policy just didn't register with the average layman. I considered myself rather fortunate that I was spared some of the problems other churches in the Conference were experiencing. There was one exception and this came from one of the most dedicated and conscientious Methodists on our whole charge, Miss Florence Wooten, a retired school teacher who had no other interest in life comparable to that of her church. She came to the persons one day greatly disturbed by what had taken place. Her problem as she presented it, was simply this: She had taken vows when she joined the M. E. Church, South, a vow taken by everyone uniting with the Methodist church, to support the M. E. Church, South with her presence, her prayers, her gifts and service. Now they had taken away her church and left her with no choice but to falter

in her sacred vows. She was greatly disturbed. She had told me previously that she had been in touch with Bishop Collins Denny, a bishop in the U. S. Church, South who bitterly opposed union to the end. It was reported that he never accepted his salary from the newly formed church. My feeling was that Miss Florence was terribly exaggerating the problem. I told her my feelings were that she could very well forget that such a thing as union had taken place, feeling that it was something that the Lord had brought into being for his own purpose, that the Lord would be pleased and served if she continued to support the only church she had known, the Paysville unit, in exactly the same splendid way she had been doing and her vows would certainly be fulfilled in an acceptable manner. I did not know how convincing I was but obviously she found a satisfactory answer to her problem from some source inas much as she continued her loyal service to the church until the end.

Moving time soon came as it does to all Methodists itinerants and I found myself moving to another appointment. The new Methodist Church had been trying to adjust to union for three years and it was assumed that some of the problems incident to union had been worked out. It soon became obvious to me, however, that some kind of fate had planned this move in 1942 to thrust me into a situation that made me keenly aware of some of the problems other pastors had been experiencing out in the field. It was a move that took me from Van to Deersheba as it were, from Paysville on the east to Saxapahaw on the west. There were four churches on the Saxapahaw Charge, two of which, Orange Chapel and Concord, came out of the former Methodist Protestant church. Clover Garden came out of the former U. S. Church, South. Saxapahaw was up to 1939 a union church. Three different bodies, Presbyterian, Methodist Protestant and the U. S. Church, South, while maintaining separate organizations, all used the same church building and facilities. The Presbyterians a little in advance of my coming had withdrawn and united with a neighboring Presbyterian church and for this I was thankful. I arrived on the scene in 1942 and had to deal with the two Methodist groups that were in the process of becoming accustomed to the spirit and practice of union. Saxapahaw affords a little study in church union. The two groups had supported the church services with their presence and were accustomed to listening to the man in the pulpit whether he wore the label of one church or the other. And the change brought about by union to some extent was not difficult for them to accept. Saxapahaw was a mill town and for whatever reason, the people in the town tended to divide into two groups: the working class belonged to the former Methodist

Protestant Church; the mill owners, superintendents, mercantile personnel almost entirely to the M. E. Church, South. Saxapahaw was the home of Senator B. Everett Jordan although at this time he had not entered politics except of a local nature. Senator Jordan grew up in a staunch Methodist home. His father was an outstanding member of the Western Conference of the M. E. Church, South. His brother Frank Jordan served his entire ministerial life in that same conference. The social and economic lines that were so distinctly drawn in the community, found expression in the church. It was always a feeling of mine that the M. E. element of the congregation felt that the leadership of the church had been taken out of their hands. This is certainly not to say that this group was not composed of a splendid type of people. Saxapahaw was the home church of Dr. Percy Lindley who served for many years as Dean of East Point College. His brother and two sisters as well as their families were devoted and invaluable members of the Saxapahaw congregation. Whatever problem we had to contend with as a result of union was a normal one and my feeling was that progress was being made toward toward bringing the divergent groups together and the progress that this particular church has made in these latter years is proof of what I am saying.

The Concord and Orange Chapel churches came out of the former Methodist Protestant church and they had not forgotten their origin. After seven years of union Orange Chapel refused to take down the name "Orange Chapel Methodist Protestant Church." This sign occupied a conspicuous place on the front of the church building. It was still there when I left. These two former M. P. churches and we found in both some of the finest Christian people to be found anywhere, did have to wrestle with change that the Saxapahaw and Clover Garden churches knew nothing about. I was the first pastor they had known that did not belong to their side of the house. It was understandable to me that these two congregations would look upon this man that came from somewhere they knew not where to preach the Gospel and supply spiritual leadership as a man from the outside. To them there was an aura of strangeness and strangeness about him. How well could I fit into the mold established by my M. P. fellow ministers? The parsonage occupied by the minister serving the Saxapahaw Charge, had been built by the M. P.'s. It was a two-story, six room, a non-too comfortable structure. The interior had been redone, some of it after our arrival. Running water and bath room facilities had been provided, an expenditure that had been made largely

by B. Everett Jordan out of his own pocket. It was a mite of make-shift provision as a new parsonage, completely modern, was soon to be built.

With exception of a few incidents of a minor nature, my pastorate on a charge that was struggling to practice the spirit of union, was quite normal. One Sunday morning at Orange Chapel as I was getting launched into my sermon, I was suddenly startled by a loud, angry scolding voice coming from a man who was standing in about the middle of the auditorium. He was calling upon me to account for something I had said that didn't exactly coincide with his idea of propriety. He informed me that if I were that kind of man, they, meaning the congregation, would be better off if I went back where I came from. I avoided the best I could entering into any controversy. I apologized for anything I had said that wounded his feelings. I tried to continue my sermon but I confess that the good sermon that I had prepared was something less than that. After the service I called an impromptu meeting of the Board. Perhaps here was something that was festering in the congregation all unbeknown to me. If this were so, then I was confronted with something more serious than just the cantankerous spirit of a chronic fault-finder. The members of the Board soon dispelled my fears about this possibility. They were embarrassed and most apologetic for what had happened. This particular individual was in the habit of doing this kind of thing. I served out my four years on the Saxapewaw Charge without another such experience. One of the official members of the Concord church accosted me on the church grounds one Sunday morning and questioned me about a statement I had made that he considered too praise-worthy for the negro. The congregation he informed me in no uncertain terms, would not stand for that kind of thing. This incident and another that took place at another time in another church, provoked further thought on this subject. During the sermon on that particular morning a man stood up and in a loud, commanding voice wanted to know if he could ask a question. I said, "of course." The question was, "Why do the Methodists love the negro so?" My answer might not have been entirely satisfactory to my inquisitive brother, but I was lead to rethink some of the things I had been saying and to wonder if I were getting a little too far in advance of my congregation. Paul cautions us about feeding a man meat when he is not strong enough for anything except milk.

The story of unification is not a complete story. In closing let me use the words of Bishop John A. Moore: "Honor the constitution, produce the boards and agencies, objectives and procedures contemplated;

and keep fait with the Plan of Union and the churches that adopted it.
~~25th~~ that has been done, the unification movement will have been completed
 and not till then."

The Minister's Study

(A paper prepared and read before the Richmond
 County Ministerial Association, Rockingham, N. C.
 of which I was a member, October 11, 1953)

The Christian minister today is a man of many interests. Some
 of which he enters voluntarily; others are interests into which he is
 involuntarily thrust. If there is one man who is supposed to know some-
 thing about everything and everything about something, it is today's min-
 ister of the Gospel. If you should compare the curriculum of the theologi-
 cal schools of today with those of a generation ago, you would discover
 that there have been many and varied additions to the course of study laid
 down for the young minister of today. We hear it suggested that the young
 minister ought to have a course in the agricultural college before entering
 upon his work as a rural pastor. Psychiatry and hospital care are some
 recent additions.

I do not purpose to find fault with all this. My feeling is,
 however, that the minister of the Gospel ought to be as much of a specialist
 as the doctor, the lawyer or any other professional man. The graduate com-
 ing out of our theological schools today, having completed the straight
 Bachelor of Divinity course, is not a specialist in anything. Maybe he has
 learned something about everything, but certainly he has learned everything
 about nothing.

I have been a consistent reader of the Christian Science Monitor,
 the newspaper published by the Christian Science church, for a number of
 years and not without appreciating the quality of this publication. During
 this time I have learned something about this particular branch of the
 Christian faith. Theirs is a concentrated approach to the religious prob-
 lems of today whereas ours is too often something else entirely. "The healing
 ministry of Christian Science!" You never miss this in their radio broadcasts
 or in their literature. You may not agree with the tenets of their faith
 or their technique in presenting it, but you will have to agree that they are

concentrating upon one thing "the healing ministry of Christian Science" and they are winning converts, we are told, at a more rapid rate, per capita bases, than any other religious body in America. They are specialists in one thing and the public is attracted to them because of this fact.

The Christian Church needs to prepare herself to do and to do well, the one job she came into being to do, namely, that of propagating the Gospel of Christ and bringing men into a saving knowledge of him as Lord and Saviour. Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edenburg, Scotland, ministered to many men of privilege and wealth in his day, was stopped one day as he was leaving his church by a prominent citizen and devoted friend, who said to him, "Doctor, do you have a word for an old sinner?" A problem no doubt the good doctor was able to handle and also a problem that bothers the masses today. But where do they get an answer?

I grew up in the rural area of eastern North Carolina and I have spent the major part of my ministry in this general area. I have never felt that I ought to tell the farmer how best to conserve his soil or the advantage of rotating his crop. I never felt they expected me to do that. But I have felt rather desperately at times the need of preparing myself and being ready to tell my people that God had a good word and a great plan for a sinning world. Paul said, "This one thing I do ... I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Forty years ago the British theologian, Peter Taylor Forsythe, said, "With its preaching Christianity stands or falls."

The minister of the Gospel in a very peculiar sense is a steward of time. Maybe he is freer in this respect than most men. His going and coming is not controlled by a time clock. He alone decides what he is to do with his day or, maybe more correctly, what he would like to do with his day. If he is to have any study habits at all, we doubtless would agree that this should be reserved for the morning. Arnold Bennett has interested us in talking about "How to live on twenty-four hours a day." This is something the minister and everybody else has to learn to do. No minister has twenty-four hours in his study. If you say "morning" that still doesn't say how much time he has in his study. Actually the "time" he has is small indeed compared to the volume of work he is expected to turn out. Some ministers have secretarial help; others have little or no help.

Let's look at it this way: How many mornings do you have for

study? You can rule out Sunday, Monday and Saturday mornings. That leaves four mornings for study. How many hours will each morning afford? That will vary. Are you an early riser? John Wesley chose the four o'clock hour. The recent death of Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman brought to light some interesting facts about his study habits. He was, as you know an editor and author and not a minister of the Gospel. But the minister can profit by looking at his schedule.

He was able to accomplish big results by using wisely his time. Ordinarily being editor of a great city daily newspaper would be enough for one man. But Douglas Southall Freeman produced several standard works of history. He was working on a biography of George Washington at the time of his death. He arose, we are told, at 3:30 or 4:00 a. m. and plunged immediately into his day's work. He had a news broadcast ready at 8:30 and another at 12:30 daily. His editorials and other duties having to do with the daily issue of his paper were always ready by the deadline. After these duties he busied himself in research and writing. He retired by 11 o'clock each evening unless he had a speaking engagement which he very rarely accepted.

If the minister could have a morning like that, it would be different from the one that extended from 6:30 to 12:30 with many interruptions in between. It may be shown, I believe, that "study habits" as much as "mental endowment" accounts for the achievement of men. I am convinced that the "pastor" as long as he does the work expected of him in the average pastorate, will never be a specialist. His work is too varied and widely distributed. Too much of his time will very likely be spent in talking with somebody over the telephone about everything in general and nothing in particular. Some pastors have found it necessary to betake themselves into the cloister for concentrated study beyond the reach of the telephone. How to be at the beck and call of his parishoner and at the same time do that concentrated study that is necessary for the effective minister, is one of the problems. A great volume of work must of necessity result from the limited time the minister has for preparation and nobody knows this better than the minister himself.

We are reminded of Dr. Frank Crane's little essay on the foolish little clock that set down one day and began to think how many times it had to "tick tock" every minute, every hour, every day. To think of one long twelve months was enough to make a little clock lose his mental balance. Looking back over my own record I find that I have, since

April 14, 1936, prepared and delivered one thousand, nine hundred and eighty-nine sermons and addresses and many others that were of a lesser nature that did not get recorded. I hardly think of myself as typical in this respect. The same thing might be said of the other things we do: breathing, eating, sleeping. Think of the pulsating heart doing its work from the moment life begins and lasting until the end. Fortunately the good Lord has so ordained it that we live only one minute at a time and so it seems possible when life is broken into such small fragments to live and do the work the Lord has assigned us.

Maybe this is just as good a place as any to tell of an incident out of the life of Charles H. Spurgeon, the great London preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle fame who preached in that one place throughout his entire ministerial life. It seems that he was spending a vacation in an obscure country place. On a certain Sunday he attended a little near-by country church. Nobody knew him. The young preacher, maybe wiser than he knew, preached one of Dr. Spurgeon's sermons that morning. After the service the great preacher went up and spoke to the young man and congratulated him on his sermon. He asked the young man how long it took him to prepare a sermon like that? "Oh, a sermon like that one this morning took all of two hours to prepare." Whereupon Dr. Spurgeon said, "Young man, it took me three months to prepare that sermon." Somewhat taken aback, the young preacher replied, "Oh, this is Dr. Spurgeon is it? Well, I want you to know Dr. Spurgeon that I am never ashamed to preach one of your sermons."

The verdict, from the great and the non-great, when they have chosen to speak frankly on this subject, is that there is no way whereby a man can excel in this important business of preaching than through hard, laborious effort. If you can master one of Spurgeon's sermons, or some other, and be prepared to deliver it in two hours and the practice doesn't infringe upon your sense of propriety and ethics, then you don't have this problem. But for most of us it has to be done the hard way.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick of Riverside Church, New York, says that he was compelled to spend thirty hours in preparation for his regular thirty-minute sermon for Sunday morning delivery, an hour in preparation for every minute of delivery. The secret of Dr. Fosdick's greatness as a preacher was not in the time he spent in preparation. A preacher of lesser endowment might have spent that much time without achieving any great results. The genius of Harry Emerson Fosdick together with his ample and thorough preparation is certainly not an incidental factor. Little wonder that his sermons were homiletical gems. Bishop Francis J. McConnell, the

philosopher of American Methodism, in his autobiography, "By the Way" tells us that during his residence in New York he lived on Riverside Drive within a five-minute walking distance of Dr. Fosdick's church. "Any Sunday" he says, "I could see a marvel---a crowd of eager worshippers 'flooding up-hill' to hear a sermon. His hearers always felt their minds and hearts flowing upwards."

Suppose the average pastor followed the schedule of Dr. Fosdick. Sixty hours of preparation would be required to prepare two sermons. The allotted time of four hours in each of the four mornings the average pastor spends in his study during the week, we can readily see, is hopelessly inadequate. Most of us whether it is our preference or not, will have to follow a schedule that is less exacting. Maybe it will have to be one submitted by Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin: "...The recipe for compounding many a current sermon might be written, 'Take a spoonful of weak thought, and water and serve.' The fact that it is frequently served hot, may enable the concoction to warm the hearers; but it cannot be called nourishing."

James S. Steward says, "The preparation of two sermons a week, to say nothing of other talks and addresses, is indeed a tremendous task. I would urge you, for your own peace of mind, to systematize your days. Aim at having one sermon finished by Wednesday night, the other by Friday. As far as lies in your power, guard your mornings from interruptions."

Phillips Brooks dubbs the man who can think vast, dim, vague thoughts and do no work, the "clerical visionary. He is the man who brings down upon the heads of the ministerial fraternity the accusation that his thoughts are vast, dim and vague because they are not part of his own vital experience." One of our good women (Mrs. Eva Webb) told us about the likable but secular young woman who responded to her efforts to win her to Christ, by saying, "No I do not go to church. I do not want to hear a man in the pulpit preach something he does not believe himself." But a little later this same individual sent for this wise counselor and asked her to speak the word of life to her, saying she had been wrong in making the careless remarks she did about the young minister. This was after she had fallen victim to incurable cancer. Life has its own way for preparing us for a hearing of the Word."

What a preacher reads for his preparation must be left to his own good judgment. The market suffers no deficit in sermonic literature. Bishop Edwin F. Benson, a man of broad and splendid intellectual endowment, used to take time at Conference to talk to the preachers about new books.

I recall one time he paused in the midst of his talk on books and asked the preachers: Where do you find out about books? This question might well be directed toward the minister who honestly tries to make his study hour count. Where do you find resources for your sermons aside from the Bible and your own vital religious experience? A Baptist minister I knew was heard to say that he found excellent material by reading "True Story" magazine. Ministers must indeed read a great many sermons coming to us from other preachers, otherwise I do not know how so many books of sermons and periodicals could find a market. Yet I heard a brother Methodist minister say he never read a sermon by anybody for fear it would cramp his own style and do violence to his originality.

James Steward calls the man who directs his reading with a deliberate eye to the garnering of sermonic material, the homiletical professional. The minister cannot afford to forget that occasion immediately ahead when he will have to have a message for his people. People who listen to competent speakers on all kinds of subjects during the week, has a right to expect equal competence from the man who speaks to him from the pulpit on Sunday. I shall not presume upon your time or intelligence by telling you what the good minister will do in this regard. The preparation done in the study must needs be the outgrowth of his personal experience with God and life. Surely his knowledge of men and the fellowship he has had with the great minds of the past and the present, is invaluable. It has been said that the range ought to be enlarged to include the great enemies of the faith. Know what men have said against our holy religion and how God turns the wrath of men to his praise.

Of course we will search the Scriptures, One of the great preachers of the past is reputed to have said, "I do not know how my soul would have been kept alive if it had not been for the searching of the Scriptures which preach has involved."

Once there was an artist, so the story goes, who worked hard and long but his paintings were always ordinary. He lacked the spark of genius necessary to produce great art. From sheer exhaustion he fell one day as he pursued his art. As he slept, a noted artist entered the studio and added the necessary touches to make the work a great painting. How important it is for the minister to know that while he may lack the spark of genius to produce great homiletical masterpieces, One greater than any of us works with us. God takes our ordinary efforts and crowns them with surprising results.

